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Table listing piano models and prices: Mason & Hamlin \$600, Hardmann \$525, Kurtzmann \$400, Chapman \$425, Sohmer \$550, Behning \$500, Fischer \$450, Kohler & Campbell \$300.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

As An Example of Real Low Prices, Note the following:

Table listing piano models and reduced prices: Sherwood Upright Piano \$135, Clinton Upright Piano \$180, Hensel Upright Piano \$199, Marshall Upright Piano \$155, Martin Bros. Upright Piano \$195, Shoninger Upright Piano \$265.

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THE WOMAN OF FIFTY

NEW LIFE AWAITS HER AFTER CHILDREN ARE GROWN.

She May Have Any of a Dozen Titles in Other Lives But Neither One Nor the Other Is Her Title.

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The woman of fifty, whose children have all grown up and left her, is likely to think that her work is over and her life done. But her life is, on the contrary, just beginning. She is not so taken up with being a woman now, and can realize at last for individual character. Here, before her personality has been submerged in the great common experience of love, marriage and maternity. She may have had any one of a dozen talents in other lives, but neither she nor the world is the better for it. She may have preferred other occupations; she may have particularly disliked this one; but neither capacity, preference nor distaste made any difference. A wife and mother, she must also be a nurse and housekeeper for better or worse.

One wonders sometimes, noting the wide difference in housekeeping and in child culture, whether that "better or worse" clause was not put in an account of them. If it is "better," the family is more comfortable; if it is "worse," the family is more uncomfortable; but, whichever it is, the woman must spend all her young years at it, and personally slumbers. If there any left when one is fifty? Is not the remainder a mere shell—a husk or a remnant of what was once a woman, all her womanhood accomplished? That's what we have always thought. We have peacefully taken it for granted that she who had so patiently obliterated herself in the interests of her family should stay obliterated, on general principles for all the rest of her life.

There is no reason why the woman of fifty should stay obliterated. She has ten, twenty, thirty years still to live, and in ten years of well directed effort, free from the blunders and backsteps of youth, what may she not do? "Once disintegrated from the clinging mounds of domestic habit, she finds, to her intense surprise, a fountain of youth springing up within her. She can employ the green earth as much as she ever did; more, if her soul has grown. She can take up some trade or business if she wants money—something perhaps, along the line that has previously occupied her. She can travel if she can afford it, study if she has time and wishes to go in for some kind of public work. If that appeals to her, or she may simply "loaf" for a while and "invite her soul." And what of the family? Is nothing to be lost by the emancipation of a budding grandmother? Will John at sixty-five object to these new courses? There will be no difficulty about any of these things. To say the truth, tyrant man is not half so black as he is painted. Neither is he as reactively content with the average wife and mother as the poets and some novelists would have us believe. There is room for a cheerful hope that the man of fifty-five will spend the rest of his days quite as comfortably with the active, happy, useful, growing woman that is in watching the gradual decadence and extinction of the woman who was.

A Successful Housekeeper. A woman to be a successful housekeeper needs to be devoid of interests "outside." She must be neat and systematic, but not too neat. Neat she destroys the comfort she endeavors to create.

Now, if a woman cannot broil, boil, stew, nor boil the coffee when it is necessary, if she cannot mend the linen, nor patch a coat, if she cannot make a bed, nor ventilate the house, nor do anything practical in the way of making a home, actually a home, how can she expect to be a successful housekeeper?

She needs to educate herself in the art of domestic virtues, to make a real "Home Sweet Home." She should have a place for everything and keep everything in its place. Remember and put in practice the motto, "Never put off till to-morrow that which you can do to-day."

Thus the poorest dwelling presided over by a virtuous thrifty, cheerful and cleanly woman, may be the abode of comfort, virtue and happiness; it may be endeared to man by many delightful associations, reminding a sweet resting place after labor, a consolation in misfortune, a pride in prosperity and a joy at all times.

A Delicious Treat. Put on a cup of granulated sugar with half a cup of water, let it boil without stirring until it attains a heavy thread.

Beat very stiff the white of one egg and into it pour slowly the hot sugar. Let the syrup cool a little before putting it in the egg or it will cook it. Beat steadily until the icing is cool and creamy.

Just before it is too cold stir longer and one ounce each of acidulated cherries, chopped citron, candied pineapple and sliced almonds.

HEEN WAS CALLED 'POOR THING'

Had a Way of Doing Things in Her Work, Living.

Fifty is certainly a kindly moment; nevertheless it can be so bestowed as to cast a shadow upon its light to a place among the virtues. There was an old-time seamstress of East Haverly who, if words were all, was beyond doubt the most scold-headed person in the village; indeed, her favorite expression of compassion had finally passed into a nickname for herself. She was known behind her back as "Poor Thing."

Poor Thing was not much of a talker. She had a way of sitting silently bent over her work, always with a mouth full of pins, listening to what other people had to say. Only at the end of the conversation would she utter her pitiful long drawn-out sighs, her long drawn-out sighs, her long drawn-out sighs, her long drawn-out sighs.

"You, poor thing!" she would sigh. "Fortunate, now, isn't it, she can turn her mind to pleasure and pickles and pickles, the way she does. She doesn't take much interest in her children, that's a fact; fourth-grading, rhapsodic, crying. I guess it's a compensation."

Or the beauty of some blossoming young girl would have received a tribute of praise. "She's real pretty-looking," the seamstress would agree, mournfully. "She certainly is—but those delicate features, light complexion, hair never kept that long, never a few years. She'll fade right out before she's twenty-five, poor thing!"

Again, the necessity of a neighboring farmer was discussed and his ability admired. "Drivers, both, of 'em—Mirandy and he," she would agree, promptly. "I don't doubt they've earned every mite of it. I never knew such folks for driving. There ain't any loafing 'round their place, nor any waiting, either. My land, but they keep things moving! I can tell you they make the children step lively about chores. I don't say it's good for 'em, or it would be if they weren't so little—but there, I can't help pitying 'em, poor things!"

Poor Thing was a good woman, but she never became popular with her fellow villagers, who, considering her concept over all they wore and felt, was rather hard on her—poor thing!

ELECTRIC EGG BEATER. Much Time and Labor Saved by This Invention. Electricity having been used for almost every purpose under the sun, now it has recently been harnessed up by a Jersey City man to beat eggs. In any hotel or restaurant where eggs are used in large quantities and where they require beating—be it a cake, this electric beater will be a welcome addition. It not only saves much hard work—but beating eggs



ELECTRIC EGG BEATER. It is an older's play—but it does the job better and much more expeditiously than it can be done by hand. Like most electrical devices it is a case of you press the button and the machine does the rest. The beater consists of a vertical support, with an arm holding the egg-beater shaft. Below this is an adjustable bracket, provided with a bowl in which the eggs are placed. By pressing the button the beater runs up and down in the bowl and as the speed of the stroke does so, the eggs are beaten with uniform consistency. Washington Star.

Testing Baby's Bath. Theoretically every mother ought to have a thermometer to test the baby's bath water, obviously every one does not. However, it is mainly (itly) unsafe to rely on the time-honored method of testing with the hand, as much infantile discomfort, even real injury, may result from the practice. A good substitute for the thermometer is the mother's hand, elbow applied to the water. Not being accustomed to extremes of heat and cold, as is the hand, the back of the elbow responds quickly to the slightest change of temperature. Some blood heat, thus indicating the degree of warmth required.

Society of Wholes. The Society of Wholes is a new organization. Every young wife in town belongs and the title of the society is taken from the faith a bride has in her husband. She would believe him if he said he saw a whole swimming up Commercial street. After she has been married for a few months she drops from the high

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