

## Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

### SKIRT ALWAYS EVEN.

Marker insures its being made the same length all way around.

Women who make their own clothes owe a debt of gratitude to the Pennsylvania man who invented the skirt marker shown in the illustration. One of the most difficult things about dress-making is to make the skirt hang even all the way around.

With this device the length of a skirt may be made mechanically accurate by the very first try at the end that in a very short time the marker is clamped to the edge of a table, concave side out. The woman steps up to it and with a piece of chalk, or if the goods be perishable, with pins, marks a line around the



marker, turning so that the whole skirt is marked. She then measures the distance from the slot to the floor, subtracts the number of inches she wishes her skirt to clear the floor, and then measures that distance all around the skirt from the chalk-line near the waist. It is easy to see that the most skillful professional dressmaker could not gauge a skirt length better than this, if as well.

### COOKING RECIPES.

**Pea Soup.**—Have a fat pot, put in two spoonsful of hot lard, roll up in flour, salt and pepper sauce, put in the pot and brown both sides, adding two cupsful of water; more if it boils dry. The four bay leaves together, put in pot and cook until tender.

**Butterflied Filet.**—Two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of flour, butter the size of a walnut and yolks of two eggs. Stir well together, then add one cupful of butter-milk. Flavor with lemon extract and bake in a crust. Use white of one egg for frosting.

**Potato Cakes.**—Cut pieces of potato into thick squares. Dip in batter, made as if for pancakes. Throw into fat or oil from which a blue smoke is rising (the stage reached after it has ceased to boil). The latter will puff out round the potato, giving the appearance of a down cushion.

**Rice Balls.**—To one pint of hot boiled rice add a large cupful of finely minced chicken, a well-beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste, and sufficient cream sauce to moisten it slightly. Mix together and set aside until cold. Form into small balls, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry in deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper and serve at once.

### Sandwiches.

Following are some fillings to be used between thin slices of buttered sandwich bread:

1. Cream cheese mixed with an equal amount of mayonnaise dressing and one-fourth the amount each of chopped olives and pimentos.
2. Swiss cheese cut in thin slices and spread with mustard.
3. Baked and drained anchovies mixed to a paste with butter.
4. Finely minced chicken and ham mixed in equal parts and seasoned with curry powder.
5. Thinly sliced cucumbers dipped in French dressing.
6. Thin slices of mutton covered with chopped pickles.
7. Chopped prunes mixed with half the quantity of chopped English walnuts and seasoned with lemon juice and powdered sugar.
8. Chopped hard-boiled eggs mixed with chopped water cress and seasoned with salt and pepper.
9. Cold beans mixed to a paste and seasoned with mustard and chopped celery.
10. Chopped peppers from which the seeds have been removed, cooked for 10 minutes in 1/2 tablespoonful of butter and set aside to cool.
11. Lettuce leaves, chopped pimentos and mayonnaise.

### Horrid Parisian Fashion.

The Parisian fashion of painting a woman's face—cheeks dead white, lips vivid red—is anything but beautiful. A decadent song of Yvette Guilbert used to run:

"Savez at my lips—is it painful to be dead? I cannot say."

## Of Interest to Women

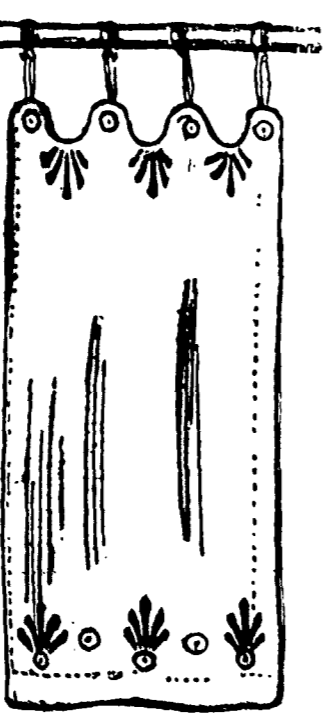
Women and The Ballot—Female Cry Of The Hour "Equality With Men" is a Plea Not for a Few, But for All Women—A Real Genius Rarest Among the Fair Sex

Few things can appear more obvious to a dispassionate observer than the form of discontent existing among women at the present day. Any discontent if it be strong enough will produce revolution, but a natural common result of revolution is a revolt into a more despotic absolutism than any that existed before the revolution. It is possible that such a result will follow on the present revolt of womankind meantime, coupled with another equally prominent feature of their sex in the present time, it is certainly one of the most serious of our social phenomena. We have studied it as such with some degree of attention and we have come to the conclusion that despite the prominence of its slogan, it is not altogether so original as it believes and it does not very clearly know what it actually aims at and requires.

"Equality with men" we are answered. But this is exceedingly difficult to define. Of course, it is not easy to pass by the term and not yet withdrawn out of being a subject they suggest themselves by the definition. The harder it is to define the attractively and factually together side of the subject and write upon it seriously. All just apart it is something difficult to define this equality with men that is the feature of the hour. If equality in principle be taken equally in abilities may be enforced also. Are women to be to this extreme? To become soldiers if they become statesmen? We doubt if they are prepared to reach to this length, but unless they are the desire for equality with men is another phase of the desire for every privilege and the exemption from every penalty.

We can thoroughly sympathize with the impatience of a clever woman in seeing herself excluded from the arena of public life in which many masculine foils and many masculine mediocrities succeed. We are fully prepared to admit that here and there may arise a woman of such brilliant abilities that she would be fully capable of governing an empire or commanding an army. But such women come once in five centuries and this question is not of exceptional, but of all women. The equality demanded is not for the few but for the many. It is of the admission of the many to its rights and exercise that we have to treat, not of the admission of the two or three great women who may adorn a century and who do it not generally contrive to do well for themselves and rarely are participants in the cry of which we have heard so much in late years. Where real genius appears it levels sex but this is at all times rare in women and it is of the vast mass of the general that we speak. Maria Theresa, Catherine, Manon Roland, Hypatia, Cornelia, Sappho will always mark their own mark on the world's history, but the plea now raised is for the admission of all women to the simple score of womanhood to the possession of the paths and thoroughfares of men.

### Stencil Design.



Curtain Done on Iorlin.

**The Most Beautiful Women.**—When Rodin, the sculptor, was recently asked what country produced the most beautiful women, "his reply was an English periodical," says an English beauty. "All of them. Each country has its own beauty." He added: "What is given? No exact definition can be given. Those who most resemble the classic type are some of the Italian models from the South, and from Sicily, really the Greek part of Italy. These also have a peculiarity rarely found nowadays with us, that the nose is being longer than the big statues. Another classic feature, the nose continuing the line of the forehead, is rarer. I once saw it in a young American woman, Miss D., who had produced it artificially by injecting paraffine to fill up the hollow at the bridge of the nose. The effect was very ugly."

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### CLOTH MARKER.

Moves on Wheels, Assuring Graceful Curves When Marking.

Tailors have no satisfactory device for marking cloth. The usual custom is to employ a piece of flat chalk, using the edges of the preliminary paper pattern as a guide producing very poor marks on the cloth. When the lines are straight a rule is employed, it being possible in this way to make intelligible marks. A novel contrivance, far superior for the purpose, has been designed and patented by a Cincinnati tailor. It is shown in the accompanying illustration. The chalk



is clamped to a graduated strip one end of which is attached to a wheel. In using the device the wheel follows the outline of the pattern. The chalk thus follows the same outline marking an outline the desired distance. In this way the pattern can be accurately enlarged in proportion. The user is also assured of marking the curves gracefully. Chalk of any color can be inserted in the marker.

### Novel Uses For The Chafing-Dish.

The housekeeper who uses her chafing-dish only for the purpose for which it was originally intended is not making the most of her opportunity for there are several other ways in which it may advantageously be employed. Especially in this time where the table equipment is so complete, if for instance, the table service does not boast a soup tureen the ingenious housekeeper has only to discard the entire chafing-dish set with the exception of the hot-water pan and the cover. The upper pan usually designated the "blazer," is set aside with the rest and the cover put directly on the hot water pan. This improvised soup tureen may be placed on the small circular tray which usually comes in connection with the chafing-dish set, and with the addition of a soup ladle, the outfit is complete.

If the housekeeper lacks an attractive baking dish for vegetables, macaroni, oysters or the hundred and one grain dishes now so popular, and which should be served direct from the dish in which they are baked she has but to take the hot water pan belonging to her chafing-dish to any housefurnishing shop and have it fitted with a granite-ware baking dish or one of freestone earthenware. This inside dish should be so carefully chosen as to size that it will fit inside the hot water pan closely and come just a little below the metal rim. A careful and patient search for just the particular size is sure to be rewarded. However, if there is any space between the two dishes when one is set inside the other, it may easily and prettily be concealed by a garnish of parsley or by a frilling of white tissue-paper long enough to go around the inner dish.

The hot-water pan as a receptacle also applies to the baking of puddings and other hot desserts which are to be served direct from the oven.

### Mayonnaise Dressing with Oil.

Put the yolks of four fresh raw eggs, with two hard-boiled ones, into a cold bowl. Rub these as smooth as possible before introducing the oil, a good measure of oil is a tablespoon to each yolk of raw egg. All the art consists in introducing the oil by degrees, a few drops at a time. You can never make a good salad without taking plenty of time. When the oil is well mixed, and assumes the appearance of jelly, put in two heaping teaspoons of dry table salt, one of pepper, and one of made mustard. Never put in salt and pepper before this stage of the process, because the salt and pepper would coagulate the albumen of the eggs, and you could not get the dressing smooth. Two tablespoons of vinegar added gradually.

The Mayonnaise should be the thickness of thick cream when finished, but if it looks like curdling when mixing it, set in the ice-box, or in a cool place, for about forty minutes or half an hour, then mix it again. It is a good idea to mix it in a pan of cracked ice while mixing, if the weather is warm.

Salad dressing should be kept in a separate bowl in a cold place, and not mixed with the salad until the moment it is to be served.

**Queen Goes Mattress.**—Queen Helena of Italy and most of the ladies of her court do not wear hats of any description, but instead have adopted a sort of light mantilla to wear in public.

## A Mocking Bird

It was a warm sunny day when I first saw him. He arrived suddenly, unexpectedly, just at sundown. He was the biggest kind of a surprise. In fact the idea of a mockingbird being anywhere around was the last thought in my mind when a shrill squawk smote the quiet air and he was here!

Fifteen minutes ago I had been carelessly listening to the call of the robins in the garden, and then he arrived without any warning, a present from a little colored maid we had with us, a little maid who had come back to school in the South.

I put my hand into the cage to draw him out when suddenly there was a transformation. His ruffled wings, flapping his two little wings, hopped toward my hand with his mouth wide open and a shriek that was a regular carving knife.

"What do mocking birds eat?" Surely not seed? I carried him around to the kitchen to consult with our colored cook.

Yes, she knew all about mocking birds. Thank goodness! While he sat on my forefinger with his claws lapped tightly around I opened his mouth again and bled broadly that we'd better hurry up he was most uncommonly voraciously squawkingly hungry!

As fast as possible we stuffed bits of strawberry down his gaping throat. Piece by piece they went down, and still he cried for more. Then unexpectedly he refused to eat any more, but his black eyes and started to take a nap as nonchalantly as a dormouse.

After dinner the cook and I labor further in his behalf and he showed such great partiality for Ida the cook that when he uttered his first little confiding note of gratitude and recognition to her I became distinctly jealous I confess.

I put him to bed on a bit of bloom, an apple bough, and in the darkness he was quiet.

But bright and early next morning he began to issue his regal commands. I rubbed my eyes and sought the garden to dig for worms. They had to be dropped adroitly down his throat at just the proper angle. The process required art, and a twig (I'm not kidding) otherwise there was a terrible hubbub with much flapping of wings.

Really I never saw such a greedy! I think he could have kept it up forever if I hadn't gathered him up out of the grass and put him back into his new abode, a large canary cage.

I look back with horror at the thought of those first days of his advent. He did make such a racket! If I ventured so much as out of the garden gate to the postbox one squawk louder and fiercer than all preceding squawks that had ever been sent me scurrying home at the rate of a book and ladder company on the way to a fire.

"Chuckchuck," he remarked in a flattering little voice when he saw me. "Of course you will kindly get two dozen nice curly little black garden worms this instant!"

Oh dear me it was terrible! These strenuous days were on me decided that so marked an individuality should have a name. All kinds of names were suggested. We named him after the little maid who had sent him, we named him after her school. He was called Squawk and other more flattering names but suddenly he became known to everyone as Peter Pan and Peter Pan he remained.

There could not have been a more fitting name. Peter and I spent most of our time in a tree-top house in the yard. It was far enough away from the house to take some of the edge off of Peter's voice culture squawks.

"Can't you stop him?" the family cried. "Oh take him away from the house or make him stop!"

So Peter and I camped in the orchard. Meekly I tied his tree-top house to a swinging branch near the ground and meekly I kept him company lest some hungry cat from the neighbors should be allured by Peter's megaphone, siren voice.

I don't know what might have happened if I had not suddenly decided to go on strike. Peter must learn to put those worms into his mouth for himself—he must! Moreover, he must learn to eat out of a dish, too! I did not propose to spend a summer tied to Peter, all rights reserved. I stuffed my ears with cotton and put a dish in his cage, from my feelings, took a book and went off and hid.

From this time on Peter's squawks moderated. If I could keep safely out of sight all was peace and quiet, but if I appeared anywhere in sight the air was rent with insistent shrieks for worms, strawberries, grated carrots—anything, something to go down that open void of a throat; something to be put into the gap at once!

So Peter was banished to the region of the kitchen porch. Here during the long bright days of spring Peter turned his thoughts toward his greatest ambition. In low, soft, hissing little tones, scarcely to be heard, he practised singing. This could hardly believe our ears. This indeed was Peter Pan, the little fairy of the woodland.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Electric Light in Ambulance.**—Electric lights, fed by storage batteries, have been installed in a new London ambulance.

### "LAST SIGN OF THE MOOR."

It Promises to Be the Most Distinguishing of All for Spain.

For more than 400 years the bodies of dead Spaniards have filled the trenches and the battle plains from North America to Terre del Fuego and from Cuba to the Philippines. Every family's dead is scattered over the earth. And it has all been in vain. The people of Spain have only really prospered since we relieved them of this burden of world-power and world-imbedding which we are finding so costly and troublesome. They have seen all go, save a few rocks on foreign shores of which Ceuta and Melilla are the most valuable, and they are willing to let them go rather than pay tribute to the war gods. The Libera's—the Republicans—the Democrats—the progressive common people and the mothers of Spain have had enough of it all. They demand less war and more education for Spain.

The Moorero was not new. It is only another echo of that movement, the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The present war is directly attributable to the opening of mines and raids on those mines fifteen miles inland from Melilla. But as a matter of fact this is only the present day provocation. Underneath and behind it smoldering through centuries are the fires of the hatred for the Spaniards that the Moors brought over to the Riff coast when they were expelled from Spain and when leaving Granada they even carried their keys with them to Africa with the determination to return to their homes.

The present war began in Melilla only five years after Columbus discovered America when the Spaniards following the Moors established the Spanish town and convict station on the rocky peninsula which is now Melilla and to which Spain is now sending her soldiers. And this time the Moors are equipped with the very latest that the Spaniards carried off Cuba and to them by a short-sighted government. They have the latest and the most efficient arms and the arms to make this last sign of the Moor the most distressing of all.

**Soap for the Orient.**—It is told by travellers that the homes of the common people of China are so wanting in cleanliness that a Russian dog would refuse to live in one of them. The peasantry are said to be unacquainted entirely with the benefits of water except for irrigation and drinking purposes.

From the report of the Deputy Consul-General at Hong Kong it appears that a new order of things is beginning to interest the Chinese. Among the inhabitants of Southern China a brisk demand has of late sprung up for soap. In the year 1906 Great Britain sold more than 500,000 worth, and in the same period soap to the value of \$22,000 has been imported from the United States. The European business has almost doubled in value and the Americans are doing better than ever before. The Deputy Consul-General says that the demand is growing on the taste of the buyers, and that the highly scented soaps and those with attractive wrappings. He thinks that American manufacturers could do very well if they sent after the business putting their products up in patterns marked with Chinese characters. Toledo Blade.

**Japanese Coins the Finest.**—In comparison is made with coins of other countries it is found that so far as the experience of the New York assay office goes the American coins, although falling considerably below the absolute fineness is about as good as any other gold coin current in Europe and better by a good deal than some of them. The average American coins that have been melted down at the assay office have proved to be about 899.225, the average fineness of French coins about 899.4, while the Spanish coins have frequently been found to be as low as 896. In these countries the legal fineness is 900 so that these figures show that there is considerable variation from the nominal fineness of coins, not only here but in Europe as well. It is an interesting fact light recently shown on Japanese affairs in general makes it possible to say a curling fact that the Japanese coins are the matter of fineness are superior to all others. Finance.

**That Blush That Won't Come Off.**—One can now have a blush tattooed on her face that is warranted "not to come out in the wash" or to yield to the weather. It will not come and go of course, like the delicate flush with which novelists so conveniently endow their heroines, and one is not sure whether it is not better to trust to Providence for an occasional blush than to wear it continually and never be able to pale on occasion. If one did naturally blush, moreover, with the "healthy flush" already placed there by artificiality's artful aid, goodness alone knows what the effect would be on her last state of rosiest might be worse than our first of pallor.

**A Winter's Tale.**—Mme De Navarro praised at a luncheon in New York American wit. "It was horribly old the other afternoon," she said. "A bitter wind whirled the dry snow through the air. The policemen had red, swollen faces and all the teamsters, as they drove, kept slapping their poor frost bitten cheeks against their breasts."

"Getting into my hansom I said to the driver: 'This is real winter weather, isn't it?'"

"The driver nodded and smiled grimly: 'I give you my word, ma'am, said he. I ain't seen a buttery all day.'"

### COPPERHEAD'S 1,400 FOOT LEAP.

Strange Snake Story from Northeastern Pennsylvania.

Two Wyoost (Pa.) men had a thrilling experience on Table Rock Mountain, one which they will not care to repeat.

As they were walking on the mountain they came upon a large copperhead snake which was enjoying a sun bath about 100 yards from the rock which gives the mountain its name. The men looked around for stones, but none that they could handle to good effect could be found, nor was there a good club at hand.

Taking sticks of good length they attacked the snake, which showed fight and struck at both men. Falling to land and not liking the lashing of the sticks his snakeship started for the edge of the mountain overlooking the river which flows at the base, some 1,400 feet below.

Reaching the edge of the table rock which hangs out from the mountain a considerable distance, the snake arranged itself in a peculiar shape and then with a hiss half jumped, half squirmed out into the air. The men rushed upon the sliding rock and peered over and watched the fearful descent of the snake, expecting to see it strike the trees or protruding rocks down the mountain side, but it missed all these obstructions. It was not thought possible the snake would clear the Lehigh tracks, but as the distance was covered the snake seemed to straighten out and, as the men yow, crawled through the air and succeeded in landing in deep water with hardly a splash.

While they were watching to see if the snake came to the surface one of the men became dizzy from peering over the edge of the rock and would have followed the snake's awfully example had not his companion caught him just in time.

Some idea of the distance travelled by the copperhead can be had when it is known that but few boys or men can throw a stone so that it will strike in the river as the snake did.

**X-Ray Traps a Liar.**—Doctor, do you ever do anything for charity? I am an awfully poor woman and have heart trouble. Won't you please examine my heart with the X-ray free of cost?"

This plea was made to-day by a poorly dressed woman of about 60 years old to Dr. George Hermann of Corryville. Happening to look a little lower than the heart he discovered two \$20 gold pieces in a chamois bag under the woman's garment.

"How is my heart, doctor?"

"Your heart is pretty bad," he ejaculated with a tinge of sarcasm. "Is there any hope for me?"

"Not if you keep on this way," he declared as the third \$20 gold piece came into view. "I really mean that you had a bad heart. You lied when you said you were poor. Take that money out of your waist and pay me \$5."

The woman nearly collapsed, but she took out the \$60 in gold and from another part of her raiment drew out a purse containing bills—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Humor.**—The temple of art devoted to that peculiar form of entertainment yodeling "polite vaudeville" was crowded to overflowing as Messrs. Biff and Bang, the refined sketch team and sidewalk conversationalists, stepped jauntily to the footlights in response to the deafening applause Messrs. Biff and Bang bowed condescendingly, as though it hurt them.

Without further preliminary Mr. Biff hit his partner on the rear of his ample trousers with a stuffed club, remarking: "It's a wise man that knows his own mind."

And Mr. Bang not to be outdone in this little exchange of pleasantries, promptly buried an ax in the skull of Mr. Biff, remarking the while "It's a wise man that minds his own nose."

Whereupon the intelligent audience screamed with delight and voted Biff and Bang the best ever. And yet they were a frost in the London halls," commented a man in the front row. "The English have no appreciation of real humor."

**Legal Status of the Snail in France.**—The French Minister of Agriculture, after a careful examination of the subject, has established "the legal status of the snail" by issuing a circular in which snails are defined as animals injurious to vegetation, and therefore legally subject to capture and destruction at all times and seasons. This decision has created excitement and dismay among the numerous persons who earn a livelihood by collecting snails for market. Snails are in high favor with French epicures, and immense numbers of these mollusks are eaten in Paris. In the winter of 1900 the consumption of snails in the French capital amounted to 800 tons. The consumption has since diminished, but more than 80 million snails are still received annually by the Halles Centrales, the Centrales, the great market of Paris.

**Saltina a Diamond Mine.**—Howard DuBois, the noted mining engineer, told a good story to the Tech men recently, illustrating the "art" of saltina a diamond mine. The story was 'old of a man in South Africa who, while walking one day over his property, suggested that they assay some of the soil.

In the search that ensued eight rough diamonds were found and offered for sale to the land, when the host's wife called out to her husband: "Why, John, where are the other two?" The sequel of the story was left to the imagination.—Boston Record.