Of Interest to Women

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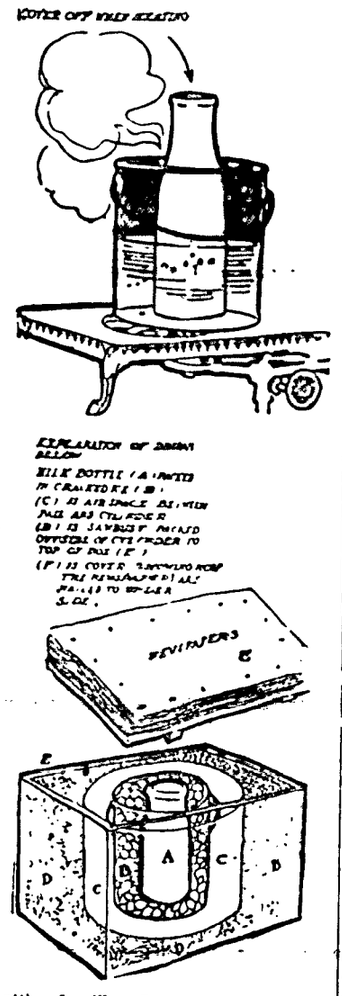
An Inexpensive Home-Made Pasteurizing System for Sterilizing the Milk Supply Can be Conducted At Home—Method is Very Simple and Insures Clean Milk for the Baby.

Dirty milk or milk that is the less bit sour will often throw a child into a fever. Convulsions are not uncommon with delicate children whose milk has not been as it should be. A little carelessness or a little dirt may mean a house robbed of its sunshine and the little voice that for few short months only was there to cheer it. The only way according to sanitary modes of thinking to be sure that the milk is in the right condition for the baby is to pasteurize it. This can be done at home. The method is a simple one.

The bottle of milk that is to be pasteurized should be placed in a can of water, the water extending about third of the way up the bottle, the top of which should be either entirely off or else loose. Then the water in the can should be brought to a boil. As soon as the bubbles begin to rise in the can of water with the bottle in it should be taken from the stove, the top of the bottle put on tight, and the milk and water allowed to cool in the same position in which they were on the stove. When cool the milk should be placed on the ice ready for use.

The cry of tenement mothers that they cannot afford ice and that they have no ice box has been answered by the Chicago Tribune says, by the health department, the members of which have designed an icebox which can be made for practically nothing and operated for less than 3 cents a day.

"Secure an ordinary wooden box 18 inches, with a depth of 11 inches," run their instructions. "This may be gotten from the grocer. In the bottom of the box place a substantial layer of sawdust. On this set a tin pail or can 8 inches in diameter and high enough to hold a quart bottle of milk. Care should be taken that the pail rests on the sawdust and not on the wood bottom of the box. Around the pail place a cylinder of tin a little larger than the pail, the pack sawdust around the cylinder not between pail and cylinder up to the top of the cylinder. On the cover of the box nail about fifty layers of newspaper. Set the milk bottle in the pail and pack broken ice around the bottle.



Alexandra's Perpetual Youth.

There is not the slightest loss of girlishness in Queen Alexandra's figure. Walking with the Dowager Empress of Russia she appears as youthful as a schoolgirl. Her step is light, her carriage erect and her form lithe and graceful. In the preservation of youth she far surpasses Bernhardt, looked upon in this respect the world over as a wonderful example of physical youth carried into old age. Alexandra's face is without a line. Her cheeks are rounded and almost plump. Her chin is as smooth as if she were 16. She attributes her perfection of complexion to a cold cream the preparation of which is a carefully kept secret. Many times she has been inclined to give the preparation to the women of the fashionable world, but so far she has contented herself with doling out only enough for a few of her intimate women friends.

Russian Toffee.

Half a pound of raw sugar, half a tin of condensed milk, quarter of a pound of butter. Stir for quarter of an hour after it begins to boil.

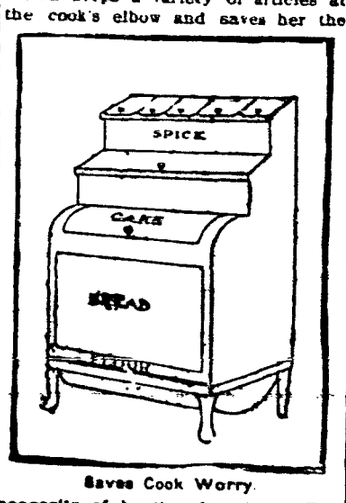
Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

NEW KITCHEN CABINET.

Bread, Cake, Spices and Flour All in Same Place in this One.

In household affairs as well as in business the best results are obtained where there is a minimum of lost energy. System can be as carefully followed in the kitchen as in the counting house, and a good cook never runs around in circles looking for a lost ingredient while the cake burns. In these days of handy devices, however, there is no excuse for losing anything. For use in the kitchen two Chicago men have designed a cabinet which keeps a variety of articles at the cook's elbow and saves her the



Saves Cook Worry.

necessity of hunting for them. The top of the cabinet, which is tall enough to stand on the floor, is divided into a series of small compartments, each with a separate lid, for spices. Below this is another compartment, a trifle larger, for miscellaneous articles. Then comes a still larger space for cakes, the biggest space of all for bread and a drawer with a semi-circular bottom for flour. Boston Post.

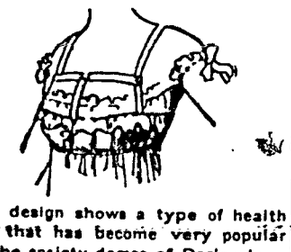
Art in the Country Home.

We neglect the corners of our rooms too much. Fine effects can be secured by hanging long and narrow pictures there. Try this and see if I am not right. Corners are excellent places for upright flower pieces.

Great care must be taken to hang pictures covered with glass in positions where the light will not strike them in such a manner as to cause reflections, as from a mirror. All pictures under glass are most effective on walls which do not face windows.

Never buy a picture that doesn't please you because a friend urges you to do so. You are buying for yourself, thereby let your own taste decide the matter. You may not have what is called "a cultivated taste" but you can tell when a picture pleases you as well as if you had all the cultivation in the world and that's the criterion for the purchaser to judge a picture by—does it please? A picture need not be expensive to be good. Really fine ones can be bought cheaply. A good picture has as much of a mission in the family as a good book has. Books, pictures, music and flowers are the four apostles of the gospel of the beautiful in the home.—From "The Country House Interior," by Eben E. Rexford.

THE LATEST HEALTH CORSET.



The design shows a type of health brace that has become very popular with the society dames of Paris where an advanced group of women are carrying on a crusade for its universal adoption.

Removing Iron Rust.

Wherever the ordinary hooks and eyes have been used on light-colored frocks there is almost sure to be spots of iron rust as a result. The very first thing to do is to rip off the fasteners and get the rustless kind.

Then rub each spot of rust with salts of lemon and wash out thoroughly. It may be necessary to repeat this two or three times, but it is worth the trouble.

If you haven't this preparation use plain lemon juice, soak the salt in it, put it on the spot and expose to the sun.

If all of this process is useless, and the garment is of white cotton or wool, try chlorinated soda.

Culture in Cambridge.

There is a famous "mothers' club" in Cambridge. Most of the members belong (by proxy) to the faculty of Harvard College. Some years ago a member met another member the morning after a meeting and asked about it, not having been present.

"It was charming," exclaimed the other member. "So helpful. Miss G— talked about the care of very young babies, and Dean H— spoke of the problems of domestic service and how to keep our maids."—Harper's Bazar.

Ordinary fine salt should be kept on every kitchen washstand since it is splendid in cleaning stains from the hands.

A Reward Withheld

With troubled eyes and a strange feeling of dissatisfaction, James Houston looked upon the small unhappy group by his fireside. His three children, Mary, aged 12, Alice, 10, and little Donald, only 7, were sulkily withstanding the gracious advances of his wife Gertrude, their new mamma. Since her homecoming, a year back, she was untiring in her effort to win these childish hearts, but they steadily withheld the love which they felt belonged only to their pretty mother, who had left them for a happier world.

Gertrude Houston's lovely eyes filled with pain and disappointment and she left the little group and went to her husband's side. Nurse Spencer took the children out, and she looked wistfully after them, then, turning to her husband with a sigh

"It seems like a hopeless task. I never wanted anything so much as the affection of these little ones, and yet I can't seem to touch the right chord at all. If they only knew how much I have given up for them, how many years of lonely wearines I endured, do you think they would ever understand?"

He answered with a sigh and a look of tenderest devotion. "Gertrude, no one can withstand you long. Don't give up, dear!"

A year had passed and sadness filled the Houston home. Mr. Houston's health had been rapidly failing, and the last hope was a serious operation, and the result of this was feared.

They were in the library, the same old constraint existed between Gertrude and her little charges, and the same sweet patience in the woman's face. She left the room to give some orders, and the father called the children to him and in a kind, earnest voice, pleaded for their hearts for his wife.

"My dear children, this may be the last time we will be together. During the past year I have watched with pain the earnest efforts of your mother to gain your love and your steadfast repulse. Why is it you cannot give her even a little affection? Is she not kind to you? Does she not do everything to please you? Dress your dolls? Help you with your lessons? Fix your kites and your train of cars? What is it? Do you dislike her? If I should not come back to you she would care for you with the same loving attention, yet you will not even give her a smile or call her mamma."

"Oh, father, how can we call her mamma! Our mamma has passed away and Spencer says we must never forget her! Every night we talk about her and wish her back again—and sometimes pray that we may be taken to her," and tears filled the big serious eyes of Mary, and the others remained silent.

"Many years ago, before you were born, Mary, I came to Philadelphia. My father had just died, and I came to live with your Aunt Marjory. Your mother was there, a sunny faced girl of 18. Her hair was light like yours, Alice, and her eyes big and blue. Her winning smile soon captivated my boyish heart, and I thought I was in love with Helen. The summer flew by and in the fall your mother's cousin Gertrude came to stay with us. She was entirely different from Helen, she was tall and dark, with eyes like the night. She was older than your mother and more serious, and they were fast friends. Soon I began to feel indifferent towards Helen, she yearn for Gertrude's society. I did not know what to do. I knew where my honor was, and I knew where my heart was and worst of all—I knew where their hearts were—with me!

"One bright afternoon I told Gertrude of this love for her, and instead of hearing a like response, she treated me with cold displeasure, and with withering scorn, told me what she thought of me for speaking thus to her, when I had already won Helen's heart!

"We had been walking in the woods and were returning to the city; as we were passing an unfinished house I was struck by a falling brace. I was unconscious for a time, and when I opened my eyes, I gazed into the white face of Gertrude—and then read her secret. For one brief moment I was wild with joy—but called for a moment. When she saw that I was regaining my senses, her attitude became totally indifferent. I was ill for a long time, and when at last I was able to leave my room, she had gone and with her all the sunshine of my life! She left a note telling me not to seek her until my debt of honor had been paid.

"And so I maried Helen, your mother. God knows I tried to be a faithful and affectionate husband to her, and she now knew Gertrude had left without a word, and never wrote or came to see her after we were married. And so she died, in the belief that she was the only one in my life. And all these years your mother Gertrude's heart was breaking. After three years I found her and brought her here. It was because she loved your mother so well that she sacrificed lifes happiness, and now, my children, can't you give her a little of that love she so nobly left untouched for you.

There was silence in the darkened room and then sobs. When Gertrude returned after her duty was done there were three wet little faces and outstretched arms to greet her. And when the last great grief befell them they wept together for the loved one who had brought them together.—**KATHERINE FITZPATRICK.**

MEAT EATING AND SHOES.

How the Spread of Vegetarianism May Boost Price of Footwear.

There are six really big shoe factories in the United States. These turned out 25,000,000 pairs of shoes last year. Shoes to the value of $10,000,000 were sent abroad, and the remainder, valued at $340,000,000, were used in this country. Although the trade in rubbers increases every year, only $70,000,000 was spent for such things last year.

We are told that the preaching of vegetarianism interfers greatly with the shoe business. Last year Germans took a notion to eat less meat and, according to the Bookkeeper, the shoe manufacturers in the land of the Kaiser were in despair. It is necessary to sell a great deal of meat in order that hides may be obtained without loss.

This is another instance of the need of co-operation between manufacturers of all kinds. Unless Swift and Armour and the other packers are able to sell their goods the factories in the East must do with less leather. When the factories are forced to get along with less leather the world must get along with fewer shoes, and must also pay a higher price for those it does buy.

It is interesting to know that the foreign shoe trade is constantly increasing. American salesmen are entering Darkest Africa and inducing the natives to court bunions and corns by departing from their good custom of going barefoot.

The Soiled Banker.

Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, was discussing with a correspondent a financial muddle.

"They lied," said the famous financier, "but, as with Hugh Ralston of Castana, their lying was absurd.

"When I was in the banking business in Charter Oak there was a young coal heaver of Castana who courted a Charter Oak girl. His name was Hugh Ralston, and he pretended to be a banker.

"But one afternoon the girl happened to visit Castana, and she saw Hugh hurrying home for supper, as black as the ace of spades. He would have dodged past without speaking but the girl held him up.

"'Why, Hugh,' she said, reproachfully, 'I thought you were a banker!'

"He heaved a kind of sigh.

"'Ah,' he said, 'we've had a terrible day of it to-day, cleaning all the ink wells.'"

Duty.

Duty is an old-fashioned word, but it is well to keep it in one's vocabulary. Some young people imagine that duty is something desperate, difficult and unpleasant. Some think of it only as connected with going to church and missionary work. To some it means a great sacrifice that man is called on to make on one or two great occasions in a lifetime. To many it is a word bearing no pleasant impression. And many more do not think about it at all. Duty is not a thing for special occasions, nor does it require any great courage or sacrifice. To do one's duty is simply to do right, a daily and hourly responsibility. It is one's duty to be honest and kind; to be cheerful and make happiness; to delight in every good and beautiful thing. "The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another."—Milwaukee Journal.

Their Advantages.

"So you have made up your mind to be a specialist. What line are you going to take up?"

"I don't know. I have been considering various advantages in different branches. A chiropodist can generally get a foothold, no matter how bad business is; a manicurist has usually something on hand; a beauty doctor can usually play a skin game and an eye and ear doctor can often get a hearing when there is anything in sight. I haven't dwelt on the possibilities of throat specialists and dentists or hair experts, because the two former always look down in the mouth and the latter may get but a bald living or be expected to dye for his patients."—Baltimore American.

Marine Spider.

In a French scientific periodical M. Louis Fage describes a new species of marine spider. It has been found among calcareous sea weeds on the Mediterranean shore. Like our own water spider, it can carry under water with it a bubble of air. It lives in the burrows of rock boring shells, or in the empty shells of other species. By spinning numerous threads across the mouth, it keeps the water out of its submarine abode. It can creep about the bottom, but has to keep a firm hold to prevent the shell from rising to the surface. Small flies and mites probably serve it for food.

Tempora Mutantur.

"A certain young man, wishing to be very thrifty, quit eating meat. "Franklin abstained from meat," quoth he, "and so will I."

But he didn't stop to consider how prices have gone up since Franklin's day, and especially within the last few years. The result was that when he hadn't eaten meat for about six months he was so much money to the good that he lost his head and became one of the gilded youth.

The outworn ideals of yesterday should be taken up very guardedly, if at all.—Puck.

A Satisfactory Toothache.

A lad who had just had a tooth extracted requested the privilege of taking it home with him. "I want to put some sugar in it," he said, "and watch it ache."

Bachelor Queen

"Old maids are a nuisance and old bachelors are an abomination," exclaimed sprightly Marie Courtleigh. The girls at the summer institute of Forest Lake were busy at work at their benches preparing lettuce slips for transplanting. They were enjoying camp life with its attendant discipline and studying school gardening at the same time. At the bugle call of "reveille" they arose each morning and worked, studied and recreated at stated periods. Every night when the echoes of "taps" reverberated from the surrounding hilltops, all lights were out, the camp was still, and Morpheus reigned supreme.

"Oh, the odium attached to spinsterhood," laughingly interposed Miss Gordon, one of the summer school instructors and matrons of the dormitory, suddenly appearing in the doorway. "What horrible creatures old maids are. Why does not Osler administer some of his soothing chloroform to these useless creatures and consign them to sweet oblivion? Girls, I beg of you, escape if possible this sad state of single blessedness; but if Fate should unkindly relegate you to sip your cup of tea in a lonely corner when you are old and gray, reject the odious title of 'old maid' and adopt the modern term of 'bachelor girl.'"

The girls stood aghast at this unexpected speech from their beloved teacher. She was a woman in middle life, intellectual, refined and sympathetic, the idol of her girls because of her scholarly attainments and her sterling qualities. In youth she had been fair as a goddess. Her Grecian head, crowned with a glory of silver gray hair waved over a smooth, broad forehead; grayish blue eyes, patrician nose and firm mouth bespoke honorable ancestry and gentle breeding. The years had dealt kindly with her; nature had not robbed her of many of her youthful charms, for she proved a kind mother to her ardent devotees.

Marie felt that she must redeem herself in her favorite's estimation, and apologetically added, "Miss Gordon, when girls get together, 'the eternal he' is generally the subject of consideration. I wonder if 'the eternal she' is the topic when the lords of creation assemble."

"Undoubtedly it is," said Miss Gordon, "although I say so tentatively, as I have not had the opportunities afforded me to settle that question beyond the shadow of a doubt. But, jesting aside, girls, I have come to ask you to honor me with your presence at a farewell chafing dish and marshmallow party to-morrow evening at the 'Bungalow.' The board of administration has allowed us the use of the building until the first call of taps. Will you come, my friends?"

"Of course we will," chimed all the girls, surrounding their "summer mother," dancing and singing a song composed in her honor by one of their number.

The next evening the "Bungalow" presented a scene from fairyland. A log fire was burning in the open fireplace, lighted Japanese lanterns swung gaily to and fro, and the girls in their airy muslin gowns gave the final touch of fresh, vivacious, bubbling, mirthful life. Miss Gordon presided at the chafing dish, assisted by her dancing butterflies. Marshmallows galore were toasted on hatpins before the open fire. Finally, the repast of fudge, sandwiches and fancy cakes was spread upon the floor, and all sat in a circle around the fireplace.

"A story, a story from Miss Gordon," shouted athletic Alice Burkhardt when interest in eating began to wane. Miss Gordon bowed graciously, saying, "I will tell you a true story of 'A Girl That I Have Known.'"

"Some years ago in New York I knew a young woman of 19 who was preparing to be a teacher. She was of an intense nature, strong in her likes and dislikes. The mediocre never satisfied her; she was seeking the ideal in life. Her friends said she would never marry because the paragon she sought did not exist in human form. Yet they were wrong in their conclusion.

"When her training was over she elected to work in the East Side, in that congested district where the stunted flowers in the 'Lord's garden' do not enjoy their rightful heritage of fresh air, sunshine and cleanliness. Here she met a young physician, another enthusiast, aiming to be a leader in his profession. His specialty was the study of the 'Great White Plague,' its cause, treatment and eradication. These two idealists became engaged, but their hopes of marriage were never realized; as he died a victim of typhoid. She still labors in her chosen sphere, teaching the beauties of God's creation to the children of the Ghetto. Her labor may not bear fruit in this generation, but it cannot fail to reap results in the next."

Just then Miss Gordon arose to sound the first call of "taps." The girls remained motionless, awed by the subdued voice of the narrator and the dull flashes of light reflected on the rafters from the dying embers.

"It is the story of her own life," whispered Alice to the wondering group.

"A toast, a toast to Miss Gordon," cried the irrepressible Marie Courtleigh. "All stand and lift your glasses high in her honor." As each girl was about to drain the cup of sparkling beverage, Marie proclaimed, "To Miss Gordon, Queen of Bachelor Girls," and with a wonderfully sweet but sad smile Miss Gordon silently accepted the homage.—**ELIZABETH E. HAGGERTY.**

THE [illegible]

As Delivered [illegible] Club.

"This year our department [illegible] cal economy and also [illegible] copy the new $1,000,000 [illegible] on us by our friend, Mr. [illegible] son, the gifted head of the [illegible] trust, while Prof. Hosken [illegible] chair of political economy [illegible] only established for a day [illegible] James P. Hogan, a [illegible] in the wrongful [illegible] Jonas, from New York, will [illegible] seminar on the power [illegible] municipal regulation of public [illegible] tics, a course made possible [illegible] the kindness of a gentleman who [illegible] not wish his name mentioned, but [illegible] has become interested in this [illegible] through his position as president [illegible] the New York Gas and Rapid Transit Company.

Owing to the action of our honorable board of trustees, Prof. Oldfather will not be with us this year. I am sure our good wishes go with the professor in his new fields, whatever they may be, in spite of his somewhat hasty article in one of last year's [illegible] magazines. His course in civic [illegible] ety will be changed to a lecture sequence in which the students will have the privilege of being addressed weekly by startling successful practical citizens. Mr. John D. Rockefeller of the gasoline industry will begin the course next Monday with a talk on honesty in competition.

We will now rise and sing the [illegible] lection on page 41: "Praise the [illegible] from whom all blessings flow."

Remained Unknown.

Two brothers were once at Count von Moltke's house at an evening party; both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to a group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers. After joining in the conversation, he asked the host, "Just tell me who is that tall [illegible] near the fireplace on the other side? I forget his name." "That's my brother, your excellency," was the answer. A smile stealing over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he wished. Some time after, he went to another group of people, [illegible] there joined the officer whose name he had inquired. Suddenly they [illegible] saw him turning away with the smile on his face. Afterward, when they inquired, from the young [illegible] what the general had asked him, he replied: "He asked me who that officer was over there." "And what did you say?" "I said that he was my brother." The general had been inquiring the name of the two brothers for that evening.

Asleep in Jury Box.

That jurymen could sit [illegible] ing a murder trial, when a man's life may depend on their verdict, does seem probable, but it happened in Gorz, Austria, recently. The great heat in the crowded little courtroom overcame the jury during the trial of a man for the murder of his sweetheart, and at one point in the court, pointed out to the judge, several of the jurymen were asleep. After the hearing had lasted [illegible] hours without a break the prisoner was pronounced guilty of murder and was then condemned to death. The indignant audience made a [illegible] rush at the jurymen. They, with the officials, had to flee by a side door. It is expected that the man will be pardoned.

Trial of Radiotelegraphy.

A powerful radiotelegraphy [illegible] has been contracted for by the [illegible] department. This plant will be [illegible] Washington, D. C., and will be guaranteed to transmit messages [illegible] miles across seas. The aerial transmission system will be supported by a 600-foot steel tower. The plant is guaranteed to be operative under atmospheric conditions and [illegible] proof against all interference from present radiotelegraphy apparatus in use anywhere. It is reported that navy officers [illegible] for four days to interview [illegible] operation of a preliminary [illegible] ment of the type of apparatus [illegible] used. The cost of the plant is [illegible] as $183,160.

Hogs Killed Driver.

An unusual tragedy occurred near Chilliwack, B. C., in which James Hosken, aged 18, lost his life. Hosken, in company with Charles Cook, a well-known farmer, was driving to market along a public highway when the animals became uncontrollable. One of them attacked Hosken and tore his leather [illegible]. The animals immediately jumped on him and gored him with their horns. Cook ran for help and three men armed with clubs finally drove off the [illegible] thirsty hogs. Hosken died from shock and loss of blood. He was a son of a Church of England clergyman of Mansfield, England, and had been in this country but a short time.

Judge's Sarcastic Advice.

Mr. Choate, having arrived at an "old-sighted age," did not [illegible] it, or did not wish to commence the use of glasses. In pleading a case he had difficulty in seeing his [illegible] and in order properly to discharge his manuscript kept holding his [illegible] farther and farther off. On one occasion this so annoyed the judge that he at last burst out with: "Mr. Choate, I would advise you to get one of two things, either a pair of longer arms or a pair of spectacles."

Things That Make Up Life.

Opportunities are the fuel of ability is the motive power, [illegible] and will power is the [illegible] the steam engine.