Of Interest to Women

The Root of Evil.

Money is not the root of all evil. For a woman, it is laziness. Half the women in the world who are sick or have "nerves" or who are all unstrung and feel "so languid" and really they "don't know what is the matter," but they do feel so tired. I know what is the matter, it's laziness.

If they would breathe and eat and live as they ought to, they would get over their languor and life would be worth living once more. Life is a race track, you know, and some of us, like the hare, sit down and wait too often, certain that we can catch up after a while. It is absolutely wicked to hinder your own progress and wrong to hinder anyone else. What is there in life beyond faithful friendship and the inspiration of learning?

You have seen a great musician or singer start his selection with instrument or voice in an ordinary way and before he is through you will see his face light up, his chest heave. He has forgotten all about his audience and the effect he is producing. He has lost himself in the wonder and beauty and melody of his song. He is enthralled by it and when he ends in one grand burst of harmony, he stands dazzled for a moment by the beauty of his own production.

Just so, your work, no matter how commonplace it may seem, will inspire you, if it is work on which you have set your heart. Lose yourself in it; forget people and the world and spite and malice, everything but your work and you will be surprised at what you can accomplish. I heard a very brilliant and beautiful girl make a remark some time ago which impressed me very much. She was telling me of some gossip and criticism which had reached her and she said: "Of course, it hurt for a moment, and then I said 'what do I care? I have my work. It is the most important thing on earth to me, and I am sinking myself in it, certain that some day, when I am famous, these people, with their petty gossip, will be the first to throng around me.'"

But you can't do your work well, you can't be a success, unless you are strong and healthy, with a robust, young appetite and good iron muscles. It is a rule which works both ways. If you would be well, you should work, work to learn how to live reasonably, rationally, sanely.

Lately, I've heard a great deal about the strong mind in the strong body, and the importance of physical strength for mental work is being borne in upon me more and more strongly.

I am fortunate enough to enjoy unusual advantages just now in the study of physical culture and sane living, and I would like to pass it on to the girls and women who are reading The Advertiser.

First and foremost in your plan of life is deep breathing. You will notice, if you watch yourself, that you breathe almost altogether from you chest and throat and aften through your mouth, whereas your breath should be controlled altogether by the muscles of your diaphragm, and should be drawn through your nostrils. A class of girls smiled the other day over our physical culture teacher, a woman who has enjoyed every advantage that study can afford, as she said, earnestly: "Girls, I do wish I could make you see the importance of this. I want you to eat, talk, walk, sleep and live deep breathing. It is the first principle of all voice culture and the first of good health and right living.

Mrs. Langtry ascribes her youthful appearance to the fact that every morning she has her maid open the windows while she, clad only in light woolen, goes through deep-breathing exercises for 10 or 15 minutes. All the great singers of the day preserve their youth to an almost marvelous degree, and they all practice deep breathing. Thanksgiving night I heard Melba sing. I watched her carefully, and all through her wonderful arias, not once did her chest move, all movement was of the diaphragm, her chest high, bare and immovable while she performed wonderfully difficult trills and roulades.

Then sleep properly. Throw away your pillow and either do without one or use a "baby" pillow. The nerves of your spine simply sizzle if your head is too high, and of what use is sleep to refresh you for the wear and tear of life if your nerves work overtime. If you can't go to sleep just imagine yourself a log. Relax every muscle. Don't tie yourself up in knots, even if the sheets are cold. They will soon get warm. Then when you feel limp and lifeless, breathe deeply and regularly, slowly inhaling and exhaling. Deep breathing is the most successful insomnia cure on record.

When you wake up in the morning, don't hop out of bed as if the day were going to get away from you and you'd barely catch it. Lie still for a few moments. Don't even remember that you have several engagements that morning and that the maid says if she doesn't get another dollar a month she will leave. Stretch your whole body, even to fingers and toes. Then take fifteen or twenty deep, slow, long breaths. Rest two or three minutes more and then crawl out.

Then take your beauty bath. Rub the body well with moistened salt, jumping into a bathtub, partially filled with tepid or cold salt water and going over the body briskly with a coarse brush. It is surprising how this will give you vitality and nerve force, brighten your mind, clear your complexion and make you good to look at. It does for your body what music does to your soul, good books to your mind. And it's so cheap.

The trouble with most bathers is that they take a bath as they clean house, think of it beforehand as a frightful trouble and tiresome bore, then go at it as if it were not to be repeated for half a year, thus becoming tired mentally and physically. When the bath is a pleasure, instead of an annoying task, it is twice as beneficial to mind and body. This bath only takes about four minutes. Prolonged hot baths are weakening, quick plunges in cold or tepid water stimulating and health-giving.

After the bath some exercise which any physical culture teacher will give you for a small sum and which you can do as well by yourself as with a teacher.

Lastly, do take care of your diet. Don't eat fat meats, rich soups, hot breads, an excess of sweets, salads or pastries, but live on cereals, eggs, crisp green vegetables, fresh fruit, broiled meats, poultry and game. Also drink at least six glasses of water a day. Drink a tumblerful before each meal and two hours after and an extra one at bedtime. Go to bed as early as possible and get up early, and in a month, if you pursue this plan, which is as good for men as for women, you won't know yourself and laziness will be an exorcised demon.

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WHERE WOMEN DO MEN'S WORK

Practically the Weaker Sex Run the Tropics.

Labor in the Fields and Conduct the Stores, While Men Smoke and Look On.

"I'm tired of this humdrum life we women have to lead," declared the girl who yearned for what she vaguely called "emancipation." "It's a shame! If we stay at home, life is miserably dull. If we go out to work men complain that we are taking the bread out of their mouths and starving their families. And there are only a few fields to work open to us. Why shouldn't we have a fair chance to do all the work that men do?"

"Why not, indeed?" laughed her brother, who has traveled. "Pretty near half the world is of your way of thinking. Go down to any part of the tropics and you will be allowed to do as much man's work as you like. You can take your choice of any occupation, from road-making to coal-heaving, and the men won't object. They will be quite content to recline in the shade of the sheltering palm, sucking brown cigarettes and watching you do the work."

FIELD FOR ENERGY.

He was right. Practically speaking, women run the tropics. Much is heard of new occupations being opened up to women in America, and advocates of women's suffrage point with pride to its great army of women workers. But if the "new woman" wants to do all that a man does she ought to go to the tropics. Women plant and harvest the crops, and carry them to the markets on their heads. Women labor in the fields for a few cents a day. Women break stones on the highways and mend the roads. Women run stores, tend the bars of the rum shops, mind cattle, break horses and ship as sailors on coasting craft. Women even act as conductors on the street cars, and in such "distressful countries" as Hayti, Venezuela and Colombia they carry rifles and fight in the ranks of the national and revolutionist armies, proving themselves quite as good soldiers as the men.

On market day in the West Indies thousands of peasant women and girls can be seen walking along the roads to the town from their palm-thatched huts in the mountains and the woods. They carry on their heads immense loads of bananas, oranges, yams, plantains, brown sugar or tobacco, stepping along at the rate of four miles an hour with the gait of a princess.

THEIR SPLENDID CARRIAGE.

Constant carrying of heavy loads gives them a splendid carriage. They will walk same stuff for a better price at their homes, but they enjoy the merry company on the road and the fun and gossip of the market place too much to give up their weekly jaunt. Most people think such a tramp hard work, but they would regard it as a picnic. Tramping along over rough mountain tracks, fording swift rivers, tugging fractious mules in the way that they should go, these women never let their loads fall. They could dance a jig without dropping them.

Meanwhile their men folk—who have not even taken the trouble to sow or harvest the crops, much less carry them to market—are sleeping in the palm-thatched hut or lying down in the yam patch outside and smoking the strong native tobacco, known as "jackass rope."

"On my estate," said a coffee planter to an American friend. "I employ about 600 people in the busy seasons, besides 200 or 300 children. The women outnumber the men by more than two to one, and do far better work, though they are only paid 18 cents a day, as compared with the men's 24 cents. The difference in wages is most unfair, but it is regulated by iron-bound custom, which cannot be broken, however much one would like to do so.

CONSCIENTIOUS WORKERS.

"The men don't work unless the eye of the overseer is on them. They prefer to lie down in the shade and gossip, or steal off to the nearest village rum shop. But the women are as busy as bees all the time, cutting sugar cane, picking coffee or gathering pimento. They can do everything that the men do much better than the men themselves, and they are far easier to manage. They will even carry heavier loads on their heads than the men."

"Then why don't you break that iron-bound custom and employ only women at men's wages?" asked the American.

"Because," answered the planter, "I should not have a single laborer, male or female, on the estate inside a week. You don't understand the coservatism of the tropics. Immemorial custom decrees that a woman shall be paid 18 cents and a man 24. If I paid the women men's wages they would grow suspicious and refuse to work for me. And even if they were willing to work, their men folk would not let them. Most of my women laborers support some lazy, hulking brute of a man out of their scanty earnings, and very often a family as well.—Kansas City Star.

CARMEN SYLVA'S IDEAL HOUSE

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania Tells of the Dwelling She Wants to Build for Herself

The ideal house I mean to build for myself some fine day must have, above all, an abundance of light. The outside walls are to be of glazed yellow bricks that will attract sunlight and reflect it in the rooms.

The front hall is to have a glass cupola. Sunshine shall flood the hall and the great wooden stairs, summer and winter.

The main furniture of the hall will be an immense flat table for newspapers—from all parts of the world and in all languages; for this will be my reception and waiting room combined, and no one coming to see me shall lose time in waiting. In the contemplation of good literature time can never be lost. On the walls will be shelves and pigeonholes for magazines and weeklies—the kind one wants to keep and have bound up at the end of the year.

Living in a warm climate, I mean to have windows reaching from ceiling to floor; in the smaller rooms there shall be only one, this to take up an entire wall.

My studio, where I paint and draw and enjoy the work of better masters than myself, is to be high up under the roof, where I can have both overhead and side light. North light will not do for all occasions. It's too cold; sunlight makes everything look more beautiful and more true.

The Dining Room.

I shall establish my dining room downstairs; one ought to be able to leave the festive board and take a stroll around the grounds at any time. Windows will be at the side, so that the light does not fall on my friends' eyes. Evenings the ceiling alone shall be lit up. No candelabra on the table; only a few fairy lights hidden between flowers. I do not believe in throwing too much light on people while they are eating. It is a mechanical process that beautifies very few people. The dining room will be decorated in dark colors, red and black, or corn blue and black, for instance. Electricity threatened, for a time, to destroy the beauty of the family board under the great lamp or collection of lamps. The main danger has passed, but a minor threat—overabundance of artificial light—remains. You who love the dinner hour guard against it.

The Parlor Nuisance.

There will be no parlor in my new house, no parlor of any kind!. What is the use of a place that is neither library nor music room? A corner in the hall will do for yawning! I abominate and hate parlors, detest the very idea. To me they are the sorriest and coldest rooms in the house, no matter how precious the appointments.

No parlor, then—instead, a music room and fine library.

Before I go further let me tell you that my new house shall not have an inch of wall paper or wall hangings of silk, cretonne or any other fabric. All my rooms will be done in oil, having furniture of the same color of wood, with detached cushions, the covers of which can be readily stripped off and [illegible] The trouble with our modern [illegible] them while none can be removed from the inside.

As to bedrooms, I have my own ideas, which few will indorse, I dare say. My own bed is a divan, with a mattress having a detachable cover, corresponding to the rest of the furnishings. When I rise mattress and pillows are stripped, beaten and exposed to the sun for many hours. Afterward they are hung up until night in an unfurnished room, where air circulates freely, my bed, so called, being meanwhile hidden under a Turkish shawl.

My Bedroom Without a Bed.

Do as you please about beds, only give them plenty of air, and attend to the airing yourself, if you want to be well served. I do. But here is an idea of mine that might strike you as worthy of imitation. At the side of my couch I keep a many-storied stand with books, writing material, paper blocks, post cards, envelopes, magazines, newspapers and the like. Many people, like myself, are cursed with sleeplessness. That is bad enough, but almost as bad is the habit of losing the hours of the involuntary lying awake which might be employed improving one's mind or doing something useful. I am quite expert with the needle, they say. Let me tell you that I invented some of my best "stitches" and modes of embriodery during sleepless nights.

On the wall opposite the bed I have a broad oaken kitchen table, containing many drawers and closets. The box of patent paint turned it a lovely Flemish oak, and a better writing table I never saw. My typewriter is on it, and often it is going before the servants are astir. Beside the machine are writing materials of all sorts, the latest novels and philosophic works, tracts and advertisements of health foods, a bunch of flowers, some letters dear to me, etc.

The walls are wainscoted to the height of six feet; then comes a shelf, running all around. On the shelf are the books one cannot do without, above good pictures—pictures of noble lives and noble men, of Christ, the Madonna, Moses, Confucius, Martin Luther, etc.; also saints' pictures and relics, if one inclines that way.

I shall have pictures in every room, in the halls, everywhere—oil paintings, water colors, pastels.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ROOMS.

Here are some suggestions for decoration, as carried out in my little tusculum known as "Segen-Haus."

Bedroom.—Everything is done in green—green paint on floor, walls and ceiling, wainscoting, tables, frames of chairs and divans. The detachable upholstery is also green—green ash goods, by the way.

Writing Room—Adjoining is my writing-room, a wee bit of a chamber in a diminutive villa. This is done entirely in peacock blue. Even the silken window curtains are in that color. The bedroom, on the other hand, has yellow India silk curtains, prettily embroidered in silver.

The Toilet Room—The toilet room is in white lacquer—walls, ceilings, wainscoting, shelves and cabinets, everything snowy white, with light blue curtains from India; these hangings are of a cheap grade, but very pretty; the steam from the bath does not affect them, and the cost of cleaning is inconsiderable.

My bedroom in the ideal house I am going to build when I have the money will have an ante-chamber bigger than itself. In the ante-chamber I will dress and undress. I won't take as much as a stocking into my bedroom. I don't believe in it. Many women litter up their bedrooms with underwear, evening dress and morning dress. That is wrong. Garments, when not worn, should be in their place; they should not take in the nightly exhalations of the body.

In the ideal house I speak of, there will be writing desk and books in every room. The writing desk is to be of the American kind, with a roll top easily locked.

Books in every room, you ask? Yes, even in the dining-room. No dining-room should be without a good encyclopedia. Intelligent conversation at table, when parents, children and good friends come together, is necessarily productive of disputes, and disputes are best settled by that universal authority—an encyclopedia.

THE IDEAL KITCHEN.

I will have my kitchen outside, at least 50 paces from the house, and connected with it by a glass gallery, the windows of which must be open to the very minute when the meals are carried through in covered dishes. If one has the kitchen in the house, one's life is made miserable for several hours daily by the smell of the food to be eaten later on.

My idal house will have small rooms with thick walls, admitting of plenty of closets. My apartments in Segen-Haus are like ship's cabins, every inch of room is utilized, one can get at things in almost no time. Of course, the house will be in the country—otherwise it would not be ideal—and will have many balconies and verandas. Give each dweller as much opportunity for fresh air as possible. Some people dislike to leave their house if the weather is at all threatening. The absence of balconies and verandas would therefore furnish them with an excuse for avoiding the air.

"But the winter," you say, "it will be impossible to live in a house such as you describe. The cold would kill us."

Not at all. One can provide double doors and double windows; they will keep the draft out, and the cold may be combated by hot water, rising from the floor and passing along the doors and windows, warming the air as it enters. Besides, there should be grate fires in all living rooms, and stoves in the bedrooms, allowing each occupant to follow his, or her, preferences as to temperature.

A GARDEN ON THE ROOF.

The roof of my ideal house will be flat and laid out as a flower garden—technical obstacles there are none. I have investigated. A roof garden is a Godsend to the city and a haven of rest and pleasure ground in the country. No lights to attract insects, indeed, one is out of the reach of most winged pests.

Whether one lives on a generous plan, or in close quarters, in luxurious apartments or in a house devoid of modern comforts, our friends, good books, should always be with us. And not only books for yourself, your wife and your grown children but books for the little ones, too. Every room in the house should have picture books and books on travels, which the little ones may take in hand at any idle moment, to aid their fancy and whet their appetite for knowing the many curious persons and things with which this earth of ours is crowded.

To me there is something positively repulsive in a home without books. I cannot bear visiting at houses where the library is not the chief room, toward which everybody, old and young, gravitates after the day's work is done. Let your library always be open. Do not furnish it with things that can not stand continuous use.

In my ideal house I hope to have a library with a circular staircase, galleries and light overhead. It shall have thick walls so constructed as to deaden noise from the outside. Let the women of the household, every boy and girl, know he or she is always welcome in the library; that if they have no one to play with here are friends in plenty.

And do not forget the children's corner, where they are out of the way, with good light and air. Their books must be within easy reach, and they must be taught to be proud of them and to keep them in order. Not every father can leave his children houses and lands and riches, but if he be willing he can leave them something better—good books. Books are sold so cheaply nowadays, and are so easily obtainable, that the parents who do not try to get together a small but select library for their own and children's use ought to be ashamed.

AND THE MUSIC ROOM.

The library should be at one end of the ideal house, the music room at the other, so that those in quest of study can study in peace. It's a good idea to have the music room adjoining the big reception hall, where non-performers may sit and listen, while turning over the leaves of the illustrated magazines. But I am afraid I am talking "too big" for some of my friends. If necessary, or convenient, one can have library, music room and reception hall all in one. Here is the plan: One wall for the library, the piano in the center, and in the other corner the big family table under the lamp, where every member of the household may indulge his, or her, pleasure; write or read, embroider or darn stockings, spin or talk, or loaf.

At one time in my life I myself had to turn my hall into a music room, and it did very well, indeed, save when small children were visiting, whose beauty sleep was liable to be disturbed, or when a person was sick and, for that reason objected to music. Still all difficulties of that kind may now be obviated by the new-fangled sound-suppressor, the invention of a clever Vienna woman, originally introduced to deaden practicing exercises.

Piano or violin practice is like the smell from the kitchen—nobody cares for it, but the results are agreeable to all.

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OUR GRAND TALKING MACHINE reproduces songs, speeches, band music, etc., as loud and clear as a $30 machine; 20 inches long; uses either Columbia or Vic or Gramaphone 7 or 10 inch disc records. In order to introduce MARVEL WASHING BLUE to every home we will, for a limited time, give away a GRAND TALKING MACHINE ABSOLUTELY FREE to anyone who will agree to sell only 25 packages of MARVEL BLUING at 10c a package. Each customer buying a package from you is entitled to receive a fine 5 drawer upright from us.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY. We trust you. Order to-day and we will send the 25 packages of MARVEL BLUING by return mail, postpaid; when sold send us our money, $2.50, and we will promptly ship you the machine complete with 25 points including Uncle Josh's popular humorous piece. No charge for boxing, packing, etc. This is a rare opportunity to get a high grade Talking Machine for a very little work. Your friends will readily buy MARVEL BLUING for it is the best in the world, and you will have a Talking Machine with which you can give entertainments or concerts in any size hall or room, as it is as loud and clear as a $30 machine. It has a 14-inch Metal Amplifying Horn with concert sound box, piano finished base, size of base 8 x 10½. All we ask after you receive the machine is that you show it to your friends. $1,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can prove we do not give away the GRAND TALKING MACHINE for selling only 25 packages of MARVEL BLUING. The Grand Talking Machine is open for inspection any day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Understand, this is not a Toy Machine, but is a full sized machine and uses the same records as is used on the $30 and $40 machines. Write to-day. Address

THE MARVEL BLUING CO., Dept. 319 Toronto, Ontario.

23c-t

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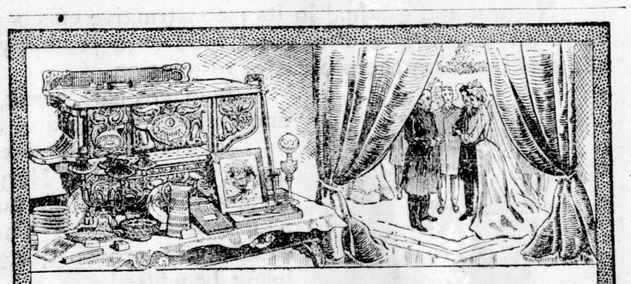
Girls, do you want this lovely big jointed sleeping Doll, comes all the way from Germany, beautifully dressed with long curly hair (dark or blonde) handsome bisque head, jointed body, pearly teeth, beautiful blue eyes that open and shut, very stylishly dressed, lovely fancy dress, underwear, with hat, shoes, stockings, etc., dressed complete from head to shoes, an elegant and lovely doll, sweet and pretty as a picture, she shuts her eyes and goes to sleep as natural as baby herself. Girls, do you desire to receive free of all charge and without a cent of cost this beautiful big sleeping jointed doll nearly

One-Half Yard Tall

for a few hours' work after school. In order to introduce Marvel Washington Blue in every home, we have decided to give away hundreds of big, lovely dressed sleeping and jointed Dolls for selling only 15 packages of our Famous Marvel Bluing, at 10 cents a package. Don't send a cent. Order 15 packages to-day. We send them by mail, postpaid. You sell it at 10 cents a package, and with each package sold you give a prize ticket, which entitles each customer to receive a beautiful present from us, almost everybody buys. You can sell the 15 packages in a few hours. When sold return us the money, $1.50, and we will carefully pack and promptly forward to your address this big lovely dressed and jointed sleeping Doll. We arrange to pay all charges on it right to your address. We want every honest girl to send in her address at once. We will treat you fair and right and expect the same from you. Besides giving you the lovely big dressed Doll we also give you a handsome little bisque jointed Baby Doll, with lovely long hair. We give you the two lovely Dolls for selling only the 15 packages. Please understand this is no catch word scheme to deceive our little friends, but an honest proposition made by a well known firm to advertise our business. We also send you another lovely present beside the two Dolls if you are quick in replying. Don't delay, order the Marvel Bluing at once and be the first in your locality to receive these lovely Dolls. MARVEL BLUING CO., Dept. 331 Toronto, Ont.

28c-t



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