WOMAN AND THE WORLD

The Household Economic Association.

The National Household Economic Association has organized a branch in New York city. The organization does not expect to accomplish anything this spring beyond organizing for work in the fall. This economic association will take up the study of the chemistry of cooking, food adulterations, house sanitation, and physical culture. The beginnings of the Economic Household Associations are usually associated with the Columbian Fair, and are believed to have grown out of the work done at the fair by women. The idea originated fifteen years; it was presented before the famous Chicago Women's Club in a paper. Nothing was done until the Columbian Exposition, when the National Household Economic Association became a fact. Among the many subjects which will be treated by this economic association is the domestic servant question. The majority of the members of the Household Economic Association believe that this problem is to be answered through the establishment of training schools for servants, and this will be made, to a degree, the purpose of their organization. They also go a step further in believing that mistresses must be trained. One of the directors believes that much of the confusion in the domestic servants' problem is due to the lack of standards on the part of mistresses who take into their households servants who cannot read or write, and that it is impossible to have intelligent service performed by women too ignorant to read or write.

The Wife of the Mikado.

Space would not allow us to narrate even what little we know of the daily life of the empress. Those who have had the pleasure of seeing the suite of imperial chambers will be able to surmise that there is more or less of compromise between the foreign and native in the style of living in the imperial household. The empress dowager alone chooses to live in the old native style. It is said that the empress has decidedly simple tastes, both in matters of table and wardrobe. Having no children around her, one would naturally think that the empress would be lonely; yet she has a great deal to occupy her mind. She has her duties toward the ladies of the house, the least of whom does not escape her gracious attention. The strict decorum of the court, however, excludes all but those of noble birth from being her near attendants. She has always expressed intense interest in all that concerns the nation, whether it be a question of the year's rice crop or one of momentous diplomatic issue. She therefore keeps herself informed on all important subjects. The Japanese plenipotentiary, on the occasion of the recent treaty ratifications at Chee-Foo, was given a special audience after his return. He is not the only person who has been taken by surprise at the intelligent and sagacious questionings of her majesty. Little need be said about her literary accomplishments. Everybody knows that her special talent lies in the domain of the national literature. One of her poems has been set to music and is sung by school children all over the land. Critics are agreed on the fact that the style is decidedly classical. Very recently a beautiful composition in the form of a diary was made public, which is interesting not only in point of literary value, but also on account of the noble sentiments it expresses.

Her majesty has always assiduously patronized woman's education, and there has been no better incentive to ambitious girls all over the empire than her visits to the Woman's Normal School of Tokio. Everybody is so familiar with the numerous deeds of charity by means of which Her Majesty has set an example to the women of the empire that only a slight mention is necessary. Her liberality toward the poor and distressed is unbounded, whether manifested in the form of money given to the sufferers from fire and earthquake, of floss silk sent to the freezing soldiers in North China, or in the shape of bandages of her own rolling, and the substitutes for amputated limbs given to native veterans and Chinese captives.—The Chautauquan.

Heartless Millinery.

Extract from a sermon delivered in Buffalo before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:

Moses, the friend of God, recognizes the rights of birds and beasts in his laws.

"If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs and the mother sitting on them, thou shalt not take the mother with the young or with the eggs." Let us turn this law, like a flashlight, on modern millinery. Yonder, on that "love of a hat," is an "aigrette," a plume of white as delicate as the autograph of the frost king when he registers his coming on the window pane. This white plume was torn from the back of the "White Heron." It was natural once; it is artificial now. It was nature's hint of a new home and multiplied lives; it is now fashion's brand of shame on thoughtless women. The supply is gathered when the breeding season is well advanced; the young are fully fledged, but not able to fly; the mother seeks food for her young, and, returning, is shot by the waiting hunter, the tuft torn from its place, the body left to rot, and the motherless young to starve. One hunter kills a hundred in a day, forty to sixty hunters are sent out in the season, the air is tremulous with shrieks of suffering, heavy with the odor of decaying flesh, and all that vanity may be fed and pride nurtured.

The Imitative Quality.

To that far-distant region lying below Hudson Bay a fur trader took his Boston bride, and on the following Sunday proudly led her to the seat of honor in the little chapel. The congregation, to be sure, consisted chiefly of converted Eskimos, but there were a few English and American residents, and the natives, as the story will show, were not unappreciative.

The bride was dressed in the voluminous fashion of thirty years ago. A generous circle indeed would have been required to outline her skirts, and a coquettish little veil shaded the upper half of her pretty face.

Entranced sat the Eskimo women, but with the call to prayer their heads bent reverently in the customary attitude of worship. Were they following the earnest words of the minister? Were their petitions rising with his? On the contrary, all the women were busily engaged in dragging forward to the tips of thir noses the nets which, after long urging, the missionaries had induced them to adopt, to confine their flowing hair. The veil of the bride had demoralized their religious devotion.

Such was the honesty of these Hudson Bay Indians that never but once did the missionaries lose any possession by theft. The week following this memorial Sabbath the Americans could not keep a barrel for themselves, even the one devoted to ashes falling apart one night because its hoops had been purloined. Where they went, however, the former possessors had abundant evidence at the next chapel service.

It is not alone among primitive peoples that the imitative quality is prominent. After Fox made his brilliant speeches in Parliament it was the fashion, even as far as Paris, to be a thinking man—to think like Fox; while the story of some haughty Lady Imogen or of a wrecker of the West has ruined many a young follower. It is by imitation of what is trivial and false, or of what is beautiful and good, that we descend or mount a few steps toward the likeness of what we admire.

Preparing and Cooking Vegetables.

"Although it is well known that the American markets give an abundance of vegetables, it is regretted that there is no country where they are so little appreciated," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "To this omission may be traced much discomfort among the poorer classes. The leguminous seed, peas, beans, and lentils, yield almost double the amount of muscle-making food to be found in beef. One pound of beans costing 5 cents will give a food value equal to two pounds of beef at 50 cents, an item of economy worthy of thought. I am in this considering old peas and beans; those green or unripe contain a larger amount of water and more sugar; and less albuminous matter, but on the other hand they are more easily digested.

"All concentrated vegetable foods require long, slow cooking to render them suitable for use. A little baking soda added to the water in which old peas and beans are cooked removes the strong flavor, making them much more delicate. All vegetables should be washed well in cold water. Green vegetables, such as spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cucumbers, kale, onions, leeks, asparagus, turnip tops, beet tops, Swiss chard, young peas and string beans, should be cooked in boiling salted water, and boiled slowly until tender, not a moment longer or the flavor will be lost."

Too Many Church Societies.

The question has been under discussion for some time in the religious papers whether the increasing number of societies auxiliary to the churches was not a hindrance rather than a help to a religious progress. It has been alleged that strength is frittered away, and that time which might be occupied in prayer, meditation and Christian work is wasted in attending to the details of these numerous societies. The Congregationalist has an article on this general subject, the specific question which it discusses being, "Has the church retired and handed its work over to the societies?" A movement is suggested for the purpose of "bringing the church together and directing its united energies to practical ends." The article continues as follows:

"At present the time spent in attending meetings is out of all proportion to the work accomplished. The complicated machinery of the church grinds itself out. There is little except chaff in the hoppers. . . . Often only a nominal relation is maintained between these sects of our divided churches. No one except the pastor is acquainted with them all. Each glories in its efforts to maintain its own meetings. Sometimes one organization assumes the duty of investigating some of the others. In a Boston Christian Endeavor Society recently a motion to send a committee to the church prayer-meeting was seriously discussed. Almost every sort of duty which used to devolve on individuals is now placed in the hands of committees, and personal responsibility, except to attend meetings, is reduced to a minimum. . . . Many organizations in one body make the appearance of busy but superficial activity. Unity in spirit and action, a united sense of responsibility and call to duty, promote deep spirituality. This generation has carried division of life and labor in the church to an extreme."

The Presbyterian Banner quotes these paragraphs from the Congregationalist, and adds its own comments as follows:

"Certainly societies have multiplied to such an extent that the church is in danger of being lost sight of altogether. Not long since when at a dinner-table where several ladies occupied the time with discussing what the different societies were doing, a gentleman largely engaged in business, at a little lull in the conversation, asked, 'What has become of the church? When I was a boy, it was the church that did all these things.'"

For Boys And Girls

"Kissing Three."

Mrs. W. D. Field, in Babyland.

Our baby's learned to count to "three,"
And is as proud as she can be,
In counting dolls and books and toys,
And practicing on girls and boys.

But "kissing three" is her best fun—
Ah, do you wonder how it's done?
She corners first papa and me,
For he and she and I make three.

Then, with an arm around each one,
She draws us down, and in pure fun
She kisses both at once, you see—
And that's what she calls "kissing three."

Polly on a Wheel.

A parrot caused a good deal of amusement recently, and seemed to enjoy her opportunities greatly. She sat on the handle-bars of a bicycle, and kept calling out, "Look out! Look out!" making drivers quicken their horses' movements, and the people crossing the streets to hurry. Immediately after the parrot would call "Polly wants a cracker," and then the people who heard would laugh. Polly enjoyed her ride greatly.

The Lost Doll.

By Frances Bent Dillingham.

Has any one, anywhere, seen a big doll?
I've hunted and hunted all day;
First over the garden, then through the house;
Do you think that she could run away?

I'd never believe she could go very far,
Her feet are so slender and small
That she hardly can stand, while her legs are so weak
That she 'most always leans 'gainst the wall.

She's the prettiest dolly, with red, rosy cheeks,
And eyes of a beautiful brown,
And when I last saw her was dressed in her best,
Her very best, pink satin gown.

At first I felt frightened for fear she was lost;
Now I'm as angry as angry can be,
And when I have found her I'll punish her well
For naughtily hiding from me

Perhaps I shall send her directly to bed
Without any supper or light,
And, what I am certain will make her feel sad,
She shan't sleep beside me tonight.

But stay in this closet, so wide and so dark—
Look! what is that pink on the shelf?
Oh, now I remember: my darling lost doll,
Why, I put you up there myself!

—The Outlook.

The Relief of the Flood Sufferers.

By Mary Willis.

Catherine, Jack, and Bob were in the big playroom. All the toys were out, and it looked as if a cyclone had visited a toy shop, and a large portion of its contents had been blown into this big, sunny room.

The children were looking out of the windows, but nothing they saw seemed to interest them at all. Catherine exclaimed two or three times, "See that bird!" but the others did not even look where she pointed, and dear little Catherine flattened her nose against the window-pane, and wished in her little heart that mamma was at home, and that dear Martha did not have a headache.

Suddenly Jack called out, "There's Margery!" and the children stood on tiptoe to watch whether Margery would come in at the gate, or go down the road to grandma's. "She's coming! She's coming!" the three children exclaimed in one breath. Margery looked up at the window, saw her three cousins, and waved her tam frantically as she came up the path.

The children rushed down stairs so fast they nearly fell over each other. "Mamma has—no. Martha has a headache, and mamma's gone to town; we are so lonesome, and have nothing to play." And they hung round Margery as if she had rescued them from an awful doom.

Margery asked no more delightful game than to lead. "Boss" was Jack's name for it, when he was tired of following Margery's lead. To be the one to plan and direct other children was Margery's chief pleasure.

She looked around the big playground with shining eyes. She was wise enough to see that the first difficulty was that there were too many things about. So she proposed playing house-cleaning. Such beating and brushing and dusting was a new experience to Jumbo, the elephant; the team of horses, Dancer and Prancer, if they thought at all, must have decided that the way to care for horses was entirely unknown in that family, for they were groomed with a brush-broom and dusted off with Catherine's apron. The animals in the Noah's Ark, Noah, Mrs. Noah, and the sons and daughters, were all put to soak in the basin, while the inside of the ark was flooded and the roof shut down. Catherine was inclined to dispute this treatment of her dear, kind Noah, who saved all the animals, but today it was follow Margery or she would go home. Catherine consoled herself by lifting Noah's and Mrs. Noah's heads out of the water. The dolls were picked up and shaken, all except Catherine's Li Hung Chang. She saved him by holding him every minute. This debarred her from her full share of house-cleaning, but it saved her darling from Margery's broom. Long before the play-room was in order Margery tired of the game, to the joy of Catherine, who quickly rescued the soaking family and animals from the basin, and dried out the ark with her doll's bed-quilt. Bob had stood very close to his dapple-gray horse, named after the butcher's gray horse, "Bill." Bill was about the only thing in the playroom that had not been beaten, shaken or wiped with a damp cloth by Margery, with Jack's assistance. At last Margery, almost breathless, sat down.

Jack's cart and horse stood on the floor; at once Margery thought of a new game. They would send food to the people whose homes had been destroyed by the western floods. Barrels were taken from the grocery store, still damp from the scrubbing Margery had given them. Noah, Mrs. Noah, the sons, and the daughters would, in their damp condition, represent the flood sufferers, while the animals from the ark could be scattered about. Wa Sin, the new gentleman from China, whom nobody in particular claimed, and Mabel, Catherine's last doll, who had not yet grown into very warm place in her affections, were put into the big chair which, for the time was the roof of a high building, on the top of which they had been thrown by the flood. The horse started with his load, the children in procession behind him. Jack thought they ought to have a drum and flags, but Margery said that would be horrid, telling all the country how good they were in caring for those sufferers. Round and round the play-room went the relief party. The animals were put on their feet, the sons and daughters stood up in different parts of the room as the inhabitants of villages. Mr. and Mrs. Noah were put in the cart because of their great age, and driven to the ark, and put in it. Margery said the flood had receded, and the house was on dry land.

By some mistake the black bear Sancho Panza, given to Bob last year, was, after a vigorous brushing, left on the floor beside the house, on the roof of which Wa Sin and Mabel were deposited by the flood. Margery saw him, gave a scream which made all the children jump, pushed Jack in front of her, saying hoarsely, "The wild beasts have come out of the woods to eat the animals."

Jack jumped, overturning the cart and the horse, and throwing out the barrels of flour and potatoes. The children gathered in a group. "Jump on behind me to the rescue, Bob." Bob jumped on Bill, somewhat bewildered as to what he was to do. "Ride hard," commanded Margery.

At this moment the door opened, and mamma and papa with most fascinating bundles, stood in the door, and the flood sufferers, with the wild beasts from the forests, were forgotten—The Outlook.

A Smile: A Laugh.

"Does your poetry pay?"

"Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door."

"I suppose you read it to him?"—Tit-Bits.

* * * *

Mrs. Hashcroft—Is there too much seasoning in the turkey, Mr. Billings?"

Billings—No; I should say there is too little turkey in the seasoning.—Indianapolis Journal.

* * * *

"So the young widow is going to marry Mr. Jingles. Is he a good catch?"

"I sincerely hope so. They say she used to throw rolling pins at her first husband."

* * * *

Fond Mother—My dear, are you feeling any better?

Dolly—I dunno. Is the jelly all gone?

Fond Mother—Yes, my dear.

Dolly—Well, I think I am well enough to get up now.

* * * *

"Isn't the country air perfectly lovely?"

The modern girl, shrugging her shoulders, superciliously, rejoined: "Oh, I don't know. I had my wheel inflated with it this morning. I don't notice much difference."

* * * *

Bobbie—Oh, Mr. Highflier, may I go coasting with you?

Mr. Highflier—Why do you want to go coasting with me?

Bobbie—'Cos I heard papa say you had gone down hill faster than anybody he had ever known.

* * * *

Little Tom K. was to have a new father, and his grandfather, who was to prepare his youthful mind for the event, said: "Tom, by this time tomorrow you'll have a new papa, and your mother will have a new name."

Tom (with bewilderment)—And who will I be, grandpa?

* * * *

"The fact that I was a good musician," said the lady from Johnstown, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago."

"How was that?" asked the young lady who sang.

"When the water struck our house my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the stream, until he was rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, I accompanied him upon the piano."

* * * *

An English poet tells on an inspector of schools who was one day examining a class of village school children, and who asked what was meant by a pilgrim. A boy answered: "A man who travels from one place to another." The inspector, with elaborate patience, hoping to elucidate intelligence, said: "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed: "Oh, but please, sir, I meant a good man." The inspector enjoyed the jest exceedingly.

* * * *

The little maiden had a French nurse, of whom she was very fond and who supplied her with most of her amusement. One day this nurse departed, and her small charge didn't know what to do with herself. She wandered about the house, upstairs and down, into the garden and back again, and finally hung about her mother, who was busy just then with her baby. Receiving no attention, she turned away, saying dejectedly: "Nobody loves me. I guess I'll go down in the garden and eat bugs. I ate free yes'day—two smoove ones and one woolly one."

* * * *

The following unique advertisement recently appeared in a Western paper: "Julia, my wife, has grown quite rude.
She has left me in a lonesome mood;
She has left my board,
She has took my bed,
She has given away my meat and bread;
She has left me, in spite of friends and church;
She has carried with her all my shirts.
Now ye who read this paper,
Since she cut this luckless caper,
I will not pay one single fraction,
Of any debts of her contraction."

Make you eat three meals a day, enjoy them and sleep nights.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS 50c. PER BOX, 6 FOR $2.50, OR BY MAIL BY ADDRESSING THE DODDS MEDICINE CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased as easily?

The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED Instantly. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Self-adjusting. No Pain. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N.Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

Theso Competitions will be conducted monthly during 1897.

FIRST PRIZES—10 Stearns' Bicycles EACH MONTH.

SECOND PRIZES—25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the postal wrapper (top left hand corner) with the number of the district competitor lives in. The districts are as follows:

NAME OF DISTRICT.
1 Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe and all counties W. and S. of these.
2 Eastern Ontario, consisting of Counties Ontario, Victoria and all Counties E. and N. of these.
3 Province of Quebec.
4 Province of New Brunswick.
5 Provinces of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

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RULES. 1. Every month during 1897, in each of the five districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:

The two competitors who send in the largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Stearns' Bicycle with complete attachments.

The five competitors who send in the next largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gents Gold Watch, value $25.

2. The competition will close the 1st day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in retailers' stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., as final.

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The E. B. Eddy Co., Ltd.

Hull - - Que.

Suicide Many men, and women too, are guilty of this means of self destruction, by eating inferior or ill-cooked food. The Hub is noted for the excellence of its fare. Dine with us and prolong your life.

The Hub, 203, 205½ Dundas Street.

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