



The New Boarder: "Don't you think there ought to be a damper in the pipe, Mrs. Hasbly? A damper? Why?"



Very Ardent Lover: "Jim, I love that gal so much that I'd marry her even if her mother-in-law wuz twins!"



Brown: "Say, Jones, you're not so 'manly'." Jones: "Why ain't I?" Brown: "Why, they've rung down the curtain to eat that cabbage you threw."



Young Man (on marriage bent): "What if she should say no?"



THE DOMESTIC WEEK

HOW ONE WOMAN LAYS IT OUT DAY BY DAY. The Advantage of System—From the Beginning of the Week to the End—The Routine of Household Duties—Instruction and Consolation Combined.

Sunday as the first day of the week is a very trying time. It rarely starts in quite right. The morning nap is a luxury you are credited with, and it has to be paid for later with some confusion, more or less of temper, a good deal of misunderstanding—incidents put off all congruous with the day of rest.

Monday is a stupid, dismal day. It has little to recommend it. "Blue Monday" it is the world over. The children hasten tardily to school and fall in their lessons. The housewife again begins the domestic routine. The holiday attire and the Sunday literature are alike put away.

Tuesday bears hard upon the good resolutions of yesterday. The domestic machinery is now in capital running order; there is an odor of fresh bread in the culinary department, the kitchen floor has no blot on its whiteness; the clothes bars are draped in glossy linen; the housemaid looks contented and happy; time and activity have made smooth the wheels.

Wednesday is the day of days. It sheds a luster over the days that are past and the days yet to come. About it lingers the chime of wedding bells. The week is in its prime, in the bloom of its maturity. Wednesday suggests clean table linen, fresh cut flowers, letters, cards, the social and literary and foreign mission club convocations. The work is well on its way.

Thursday follows so closely upon the heels of Wednesday as to be clad in some of its waning glory. The wedding is over; the flowers are faded; some of the stitches in the web of good resolutions have been dropped; the cook has an afternoon out. The week is far advanced.

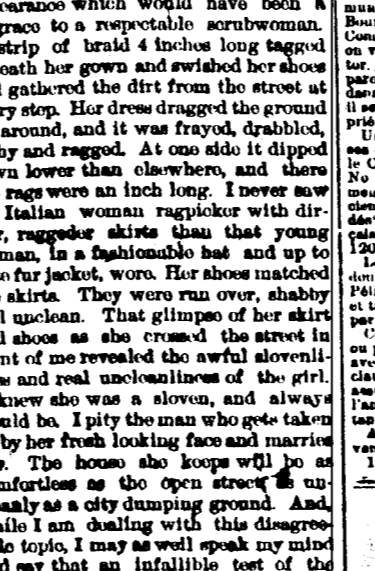
Odious, doleful Friday! Hangman's day! Sweeping day! With small excuse for being! A grim reality, a dismal necessity, a harbinger of ill luck! Without Friday civilization would come to a standstill, convicts and criminals would multiply and increase and all would be dust, riot and chaos. Resolutions of car-lid days relax and dissipate. Friday brings its own invoice of energy, and it is one of the pillars of the domestic week.

Saturday is a busy, encouraging time. It anticipates a day of feasting and prayer. It promises rest to the Christian and the sinner and brings it indeed to the Israelite. The minister adds the finishing touches to his sermon, the choir comes to rehearsal and disengage, the wage earner receives his hire and a half holiday, the family larder is replenished, the children wrestle with their Sunday school lessons and the week closes with soap and water conflicts.

Gladsome's Wife. Mrs. Gladstone has herself confessed that she has never bothered her husband when he has been getting up a new speech or book or article on any one of the vast number of subjects he has taken under his protecting wing. The Grand Old Man, however, says she "helped him" considerably in every work to which he has put his hand. All the praise showered upon himself Mr. Gladstone has always unselfishly passed on to his faithful Joan, who has had much to do in making her Derby the grand historical figure he is. Once her hand got jammed by the carriage door as she was getting ready to go to a meeting where he would be speaking, but she did not tell him about it until on their way home, for fear it might have prevented him from doing himself justice in his speech.

TAPESTRY PAINTING.

Notes About a Great Art and a Talented Artist. Right in the center of today's civilization Chicago is the home and studio of the greatest tapestry painter of the renaissance, Mrs. H. W. Dart, who first introduced the quaint art to this country from the great studios of the old world, where she studied under the first masters of Europe.



Mrs. H. W. Dart.

Now, tapestry work, whether it be done with the brush or the needle, has a long and illustrious pedigree. The pen of the writer of prominence is not the only implement that confers immortality upon man. The needle of the high-born dame is endowed with seaworn birth whose deeds were worthy of the annals of the world.

Tapestry painting is the natural outgrowth of tapestry work with the needle. Tapestry painting requires tapestry canvas and tapestry dyes. These are imported. The cheap imitations are of no value. The canvas used is either of wool or of linen. Special bristle brushes are required, with long handles. The canvas must be stretched in a frame—taut, even, smooth. The colors must be worked more quickly than oil. They must be applied again and again. The wool tapestries must be stained after the picture is completed.

In the studios of the great Leon Coligny, president of the Beaux Arts, Paris, Mrs. Dart perfected herself in the arts of portraiture and tapestry painting. One of her greatest tapestries is "The Missionary's Story," a canvas 7 by 9 feet, a copy of Vincent's famous painting. It portrays a room in the Vatican where a cortege of cardinals, enjoying luxurious afternoon tea, refuse to listen to the pathetic missionary monk. Mrs. Dart has caught the very spirit, the very expression, the absolute life of the picture's power. Her coloring is a marvel. The composition of the border of a tapestry painting is a very difficult work, more difficult even than the creation of the theme that the tapestry portrays. Her own tapestry borders are masterpieces in themselves. If her subject be a "Psyche and Her Love," look at this border built of birds—of fluttering wings, of song and song. Tangled growths of dark woodland lead at last, in the case of the immortal Twaïn, to Olympian uplands and light. Here is a Venetian palace interior. The troubadour poet has been singing to his lady, and now must come the farewell. He bends to kiss her white hand. She lets that little hand lie in a moment within his clasp. A knot of Venetian suitors, angry gentlemen, darken the doorway. Look at this border of the tapestry—Venetian vases of trimming roses swinging in the warm wind, full lipped, fair as those lips of my lady's that trembled in the great gust of love!

The art of tapestry painting is a beautiful adornment for the home, a portable, a wall painting, a picture for the home, which should be woman's first thought and theme.

The Wives of Two Writers. The wife of Count Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist, has been the means, more than any other, of making him famous. She was Countess Tolstoy when but 18, her husband being a score of years her senior. A year before her marriage she took her diploma at Moscow university. During the thirty odd years since she became the novelist's better half she has been his powerful coadjutor in all his literary pursuits. She copies and recopies the count's MSS., a task no little difficulty owing to the odd little system of shorthand he uses. On one occasion she made with her own hand 15 copies of a book by her husband.

Mrs. Grant Allen usually acts as her husband's amanuensis, and such duties, although they are performed as a labor of love, can be by no means light, as Mr. Grant Allen is one of the most prolific and versatile writers of the time. That his wife is a most clever and cultured woman goes without saying, seeing that as her husband's literary aid-de-camp she must of necessity know something about almost everything under the sun. That this is so is evidenced when we remember that Mr. Allen's fertile brain is constantly producing books and articles in every department of literature.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Her Rights, Duties and Privileges in the World and Church. The other morning I was walking along the street, when there hurriedly turned the corner ahead of me a young woman on her way to her daily task, whether clerk, stenographer, telephone girl, I know not, but one of these. She was a good looking person. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks rosy with the glow of health. She had a fur jacket on, in the top of the style, with fall sleeves and collar standing up to her ears. And around the bottom of her skirts that young woman presented an appearance which would have been a disgrace to a respectable workman.

A strip of broad 4 inches long tagged beneath her gown and swished her about as she stepped. Her dress dragged the ground all around, and it was frayed, drabbed, filthy and ragged. At one side it dipped down lower than elsewhere, and there the rags were an inch long. I never saw an Italian woman ragpick with dirt, ragged skirts thus that young woman, in a fashionable hat and up to date fur jacket. Her shoes matched the skirts. They were run over, shabby and unequal. That glimpse of her skirt and above as she crossed the street in front of me revealed the awful slovenliness and real uncleanliness of the girl. I knew she was a sloven, and always would be. I pity the man who gets taken in by her fresh looking face and married bos. The house also keeps will go so comfortably as the open street. And while I am chaffing with this disagreeable topic, I may as well speak my mind and say that an infallible test of the purity and honesty of a girl's heart and mind is the neatness of her shoes, hose and skirts. They need not necessarily be new. They must necessarily be clean and well mended. I have seen girls fashionably dressed and apparently well dressed wearing alleged white skirts so soiled that I would not have a dust cloth so black and discolored. Cleanliness and neatness of person and clothing are absolutely necessary to a refined and honest mind. There is a lack of conscience as well as of high breeding in one whose outside garments are meek and "slopped up," but whose undergarments are soiled and ragged. In rough work it is not always possible to keep the outer garments so clean. It is always possible to have the skin clean and the undergarments fresh and in good order, and every real lady keeps hers so.

A newspaper writer who seems to know says that the "ladies of the McKinley administration do not belong to clubs or take any part in public work, but they are devoted solely to their homes and families. If that is so, then the McKinley administration first and last will be socially the stupidest in record. The woman who cares for nothing outside of her housekeeping and her own family is as dull and uninteresting as a sheep in a herd. These creatures are devoted solely to their own families.

A lady at the congress of mothers suggested that there should be a training school for mothers. A training school for fathers would be a good deal more to the purpose.

When I see what good times and good chatters women have in the four states granting them full suffrage, sometimes I don't see how I can help moving into one of those states and becoming a citizen and enjoying my full human rights.

Do not regret that you were born a half century before women enjoy their full rights and are peculiarly independent and are strong, beautiful and free physically. Be glad that you live now and can help on with the good work of bringing about these grand results.

I lately saw a model of a so called "storm dress" designed by a man dressmaker. It was the most absurd thing and the least suited to its purpose of anything that even a man ever planned for a woman. It was so long that it reached to the ground. It was full 9 yards wide, and, as if to illustrate its fearful and wonderful possibilities in a real storm, the wind was shown to be blowing it all about her back and body like a balloon in a hurricane. For a genuine storm dress it would be the most maddening thing a woman could put herself into.

Jan. 18 Mrs. Alice A. Minnick of Brattle, Neb., and Miss Caroline H. Pier of Milwaukee were admitted to practice law before the bar of the supreme court of the United States.

Several women in New York city are having good success as real estate agents. Brown & Brown is the firm name of two bright, attractive sisters, Jennett and Cecelia Brown, who have opened an office of their own. Mrs. Brown, who is in the employ of a firm of dealers on State Island, has sold \$90,000 worth of lots in the past two years in spite of the dull times.

There are 800 women in the Chicago stenographers' union. I have often thought how much women stenographers might benefit themselves by forming a close organization of their own. Women stenographers, from the nature of their employment, are among the most intelligent of their sex. They ought also to be among the most public spirited, broad minded and progressive. I am glad to say that many of them are. They are among the ones who take pride in their work, who study constantly to know more and more, and who do not cease till they perfect themselves in spelling and punctuation, after that taking up the study of a foreign language or of English literature or some other branch of knowledge that will be helpful in their work.

Miss Mary S. Snow is superintendent of the public schools of Bangor, Me., and Mrs. Allen Harrison is president of the school board of Lexington, Ky.

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