THE SALAD BOWL.

A Disquisition on the Green Things That Please the Eye and Tempt the Palate.

Salads supply what the system needs in the way of mild acids, and when eaten in moderation and at seasonable times are a gentle aid and stimulant to digestion.

Green salads not only please the palate and aid digestion, but delight the eye by their fresh appearance, which we all know is an inducement to eat, as there is a very intimate connection between sight and taste. Articles of food that look tempting and appetizing when brought to the table appeal to the palate, while nothing will take away all desire for food more quickly than carelessly prepared or ill-looking dishes. And particularly is this true of the salad, which must never look mussy and pitched together in a hurry.

Women ought to be lettuce lovers, for this salad not only purifies the blood and tones the color, but steadies the nerves and successfully woos sleep. It can be found in the market every day of the year and is always reasonable in price, which fact alone may account for its immense popularity. The best variety is known as Boston head lettuce. The heads are comparatively solid, the inner leaves being thick, light yellow in color and very tender and juicy. And now let me tell you how to always treat lettuce before preparing it for table: Pull the leaves apart, allowing each to remain whole; wash carefully; then let it lay in very cold water for fifteen minutes, after which shake the water off of each leaf, placing them in a white mosquito nettting bag and hang in the refrigerator, there to drain quite dry and to become still more crisp. Lettuce should never be dressed until just before eating it, as it soon wilts and takes on a mussy appearance.

The best plain lettuce salad has a French dressing, which is a combination of oil, very little vinegar and a generous amount of salt and, if one likes, the very faintest suspicion of peppermint. An old Spanish proverb says: "To make a perfect salad there should be a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for salt, and a madcap to stir the ingredients and mix them well together."

A salad that is particularly appetizing and palatable is a sort of vegetable hodgepodge. Line the bowl with plenty of crisp watercress which has been treated to a drain and freeze in the refrigerator. Then fill with one cup of peas, one of beans, one of chopped carrots and one of chopped red beets, all of which have been previously boiled and cooled. Toss lightly until thoroughly mixed, cover with a thick layer of watercress and serve with a French dressing.

It may be well to mention that an eminent physician, who has been investigating the properties of the different vegetables, announces that a diet of carrots ameliorates harshness of character and reduces nervous irritability; peas create fatty tissue and encourage joyousness, while turnips have just the opposite effect. Celery taken in excess causes eye trouble, while cabbage is beneficial in pulmonary ailments, and lettuce aids as a sedative owing to the opium contained in its milky juice, which keeps the skin clear and fresh. Red beets are blood producing and will add plumpness to the thinnest form, providing they are boiled tender.

PARISIAN FANCIES IN HOUSE GOWNS AND NEGLIGEES FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Two classes of women are reputed to accord to the negligee its proper place in the wardrobe, the French woman and the stage heroine. Concerning the French woman it is a matter of common report that she considers her loose wrapper or her unconfined house jacket quite as important as the frock in which she takes her drives abroad or the one in which she holds her salon.

As for the stage heroine, every one who has eyes to see may observe how highly she regards her flowing tea gowns and jackets. Does she wish to rescue her lover from a dungeon? She does not wear a tailor-made frock to do the daring deed. Instead she dons some fluffy, graceful thing that makes a picture of her and flies to bribe the keeper or to swing on the curfew bell rope. Does she wish to bid him a last farewell? One may be sure that her convulsive sobs will not issue from beneath a whale-boned affair of cheviot, but from the ample folds of the most graceful piece of drapery that ever reconciled an audience to a heartbreaking scene. The stage heroine wears her negligee from a fine sense of the picturesque; the French women hers from an equally admirable appreciation of the practical value of house gowns in saving street frocks. It is a pity that a combination of the two reasons does not induce more plain American women to supply themselves as liberally as their purses permit with those aesthetically satisfying and practically economical garments.

If anything could induce the woman who provides house dresses for herself by the simple process of wearing old street frocks at home to mend her ways and indulge in house gowns proper, it would be a study of the negligees and jackets designed for this Spring and Summer. They belong to the class of clothes which couturieres delight to call "dreams." They are combinations of diminities, organdies, silks or batistes, with belts of ribbon leagues of lace. Sometimes, to be sure, they are a little expensive when the name of a French firm is branded in gilt letters on the white ribbon waist-string, but even then they are worthy of careful consideration for the purposes of imitation.

One negligee over which a little group of women went into ecstacies of admiration the other day was of flowered organdie. The groundwork was ecru, and against it blurred pinkish blossoms were tossed. In front the gown was simply gathered at the neck and fell in loose folds to the hem. In the back a very full Watteau plait was made shapely at the waist line by having the fulness of the wrapper itself shirred in beneath the broad, free fold. A deep sailor collar, with an edge embroidered in dull pink, fell over the shoulders in the back and over the sleeves. In front it resolved itself into a pointed jabot that fell to the waist line. A broad pink satin belt tied loosely on the side. The gown was lined throughout with a thin ecru batiste, which gave additional "body" without taking from the sheerness of the organdie. All of the thin wrappers, by the way, are lined with some semi-diaphonous material, the same shade as their own foundation color. Corset covers and skirts in many shades are also sold.

A tea gown which shows the possibilities of batiste, as far as expense is concerned, is made of the ecru goods, with a large, open-work embroidery design. It is lined—this simple little house frock—with yellow taffeta, and anything much prettier than the shimmering of the gold beneath the loosely woven ecru is hard to imagine. The style is the Empire. The front breadth is gathered squarely across a rather low neckband and falls loosely to the feet. In the back the fulness is gracefully managed by plaits starting below a little bolero jacket. The jacket, by the way, is of yellow satin, shot with silvery Marguerites. It slants away in front to a mere point below the waist line. The sleeves are shirred lengthwise from the elbow to the shoulder, so that they have a butterfly effect. A deep ruffle of lace trims them. Altogether, it is an attractive piece of extravagance.

Almost as pretty, though decidedly less expensive, is a tea gown of pink wool crepe, a material which is said to combine the attractive appearance of crepe de chine with the economical advantages of nun's veiling and the coolness of lawn. It is loosely enough woven to seem an ideal Summer fabric, despite its name. The back of the tea gown has the customary Watteau plait. In front a narrow, square yoke acts as foundation for the straight, full piece that falls to the hem. The yoke is outlined with broad, yellowish insertion, which extends around the shoulder seams. The same insertion, edged with rather wide ruffles of soft, yellow lace, forms s[illegible] hanging from the yoke to the foot [illegible]wn, and also makes the Medic[illegible] sleeves come to the wrist [illegible] open to the elbow to a [illegible]ttached to the insert[illegible]

HOUSECLEANING TACTICS

Hints for Meeting the Annual Trial with Comparative Ease.

According to a long established tradition housecleaning is imperfectly done if comfort is permitted a foothold in the house during the period of cleaning. The tradition is utterly and absurdly wrong. The "new" home maker—she was evolved from a college girl—has proved it so. She has discovered that the Spring rites to the goddess of cleanliness may be offered with much system and little upheaval. How she manages will be told in a short series of articles of which this is the first.

The wise housekeeper cleans from the top toward the bottom. If the lower rooms are cleaned first, they will be more or less soiled later with the dust from the upper regions, which has an unpleasant habit of sifting through closed doors. The garret is the first part of the house which should receive attention.

According to the same principle, ceilings and walls should be the first part of each room to be renovated. It requires only a little common sense to see that the kalsomining of a ceiling after carpets have been laid or floors polished, is apt to be disastrous to the carpets or floors.

Those parts of the house which are used as store rooms, such as attics and cellars, require particular attention. They need more soap and water, more quick lime and more dusting than the rest of the house to counteract the effect of lack of air and sunlight throughout the year. When the garret is to be cleaned, therefore, the hygienic housewife removes, if possible, everything from the room. Garments should be shaken vigorously in the air and hung out in the sunlight. Chests should be carried into the yard and dusted out with a cloth dampened in a mild solution of carbolic acid. They should then be exposed to the sunlight until they are perfectly dry. As much as possible of the clothing should be disposed of, and that which remains should be wrapped in paper and returned to the chests. The lid of each chest should have pasted or tacked inside a list of its contents.

While the contents of the garret are being freshened in the back yard or on the roof, the store room itself should be thoroughly cleaned. If it is plastered, a coat of whitewash will do wonders toward clearing the atmosphere. If it is merely lathed, the lathes should be swept and dusted with a cloth wrung out in a solution of carbolic acid. The floor should be treated in the same way. Then when the room is dry its contents should be returned to it and placed as neatly as is possible in a well regulated attic.

The bedrooms, which should be taken in order and not all at once, should be examined for useless or decrepit furniture. The former should be disposed of in whatever way the thrift of the owner may decide. The disabled furniture should be sent to a repairer's.

If carpets are used in the bedrooms—which is something hygienists forbid—they should be taken up and not cleaned on the floor. They may be sent to the renovating establishment or restored to their original state at home. A thorough shaking and beating prepares them for the removal of stains. Grease spots may be removed by chloroform. An old fashioned but effective method of cleaning an entire carpet which has grown dingy is to spread it on the floor, sprinkle it with pared and grated raw potatoes, and to rub these over it with a stiff new broom. When the potatoes are removed the carpet should be allowed to dry thoroughly.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A New Vocation for Women—Dainty House Gowns in Novelty Fabrics. A Woman Official.

A SWEET ENTERPRISE.

Two Girls Go into Bee Keeping and Will Raise Honey for Private Consumers.

Some Practical Information About the Management and Disposal of the Fruits of the Hives.

Two girls are going into bee keeping. They own a little home in a suburban town. This is no mushroom villa, but a grand ramshackle place with mossy eave troughs, a lean-to and an old-fashioned garden. As some one says, what prettier background to life than a garden, and what prettier employment than to provide a wilderness of sweets for busy bees to transmute into lucent honey.

These women tend the hives themselves with the occasional aid of a manly arm. They have a taste for natural history, and their labors will be lightened by the zest which comes with observation and experience, and is not limited to the rewards on the financial side. To love one's work is indeed a boon. To be one's own mistress, to command one's hours, to go and come at will, or restrained only by the exigencies of one's work is surely better than sitting at the desk of another and attending to the affairs of another.

Beyond question bee keeping is an occupation fit for a woman—whether she chooses to follow it for pastime or for profit. It teems with pastoral suggestion. All its associations are classic. Who has not heard of honey of Hybla? Of the bees of Hymettus? Possibly it was the tang of the antique which made Napoleon take the bee as his imperial symbol. We all know that the dream of France in the days of the Red Terror was to come back as nearly as might be to the golden age of Greece. In that good day bee keepers were held to be beloved of the gods—and small blame to the believers, when you consider that honey was the main reliance for sweets of every sort. Coming to later times, mead and metheglin, both brewed from honey, were among the mightiest potations wherewith feudal ladies delighted to store their castle cellars.

All this is, however, beside the mark. It is ever so much more pertinent to tell of the women who from that winged nettle, the bee, have within recent years plucked the flower competence. They are not overnumerous, and widely scattered, ranging, indeed, from Vermont to California. Any bee keepers' journal will give specific names, dates and methods of operation. Here it is impossible to do more than say a word that may open other women's eyes to the posibilities of the avocation.

It has so very much to recommend it. Since the Italian bees came in—and by means of Italian queens, which are mailable—the stock can be had in the remotest hamlet or countryside, the danger of getting stung is minimized, and the yield of honey both increased and bettered. There are no more interesting creatures in the world than bees at work. Though the modern hive is so much less picturesque than the old straw cone or cylindrical "gum," there can be no question that it has advantages to more than outweigh its lack of picturesqueness. Through glass slides you can watch the tiny workers, ever hastening, never resting, who wing hither laden and wheel away empty, as though impelled by a tireless machine. Then, too, the internal economy of the hive is full of suggestive charm. Several queens are reared with each new brood, but it is the workers themselves who decide how many shall be left alive to lead out new swarms and found fresh colonies. Indeed, the marvels of bee life are as innumerable as they are fascinating. Then the care of them is light and cleanly, and the keeping so much a matter of moonshine. Rangers of the air, they roam field and forest sucking up sweets else wasted and serving as they suck how many a deep purpose in the economy of nature? Besides, the proper handling of them brings out so many fine qualities—nice care, patience, courage, an exact sense of justice—which gives back equivalents of syrup for the honey taken away. "Bees sting only those who are afraid of them or who are robbers at heart," a woman aparian said once, moving freely among her hives. She had thirty colonies, the increment of five years of two purchased at the outset. She was a single woman, living in her sister's house, and keenly alive to her dependence, though those about her were delicately kind.

Hence the bee keeping. There were lawns and orchards about the house, full in their season of peach, plum, apple and white clover blossoms. Later came the Summer's varied largesse—truly a generous one there in the green country. All went to waste until the bees came in. They throve, grew and multiplied and brought money to their owner's pocket. Now and again a swarm slipped away and became vagrants of the wood. Oftener she was able to sell a stout stock to some one who wanted Italian bees, besides increasing her own plant until she had all she chose to care for. At the end of five years her bees had paid all expenses for hives, frames, new queens, etc.; had enabled her to dress as became her station; to make presents upon Christmases and birthdays; to spoil her young niece in the matter of games and toys to her heart's content; to pay her church dues; give something to those in need, and have still $50 over to set against the $15 which was the original investment.

Beyond that—and worth so very much more—she had had a full life—full of hope and eager interest, instead of dragging through leaden weeks, each more weary than the last. She had learned, too, many a secret of the air, many a trick of wind and weather, and some surprising things regarding flowers and their blossoming. She had been trained to nice observation and acute perception. She had found, indeed, in bee keeping a tonic for body, mind and soul.

It is, of course, necessary to know not only the details of bee keeping, but to know the most profitable way to pack and dispose of the honey. There is no profit worth speaking of in small dealers supplying the open market and sharing with the middle man the modest gains. The two women alluded to will seek private persons whom they will supply regularly or occasionally, as the case may be. To them they will take other fruits of the garden, for with bee keeping other rural industries flourish. They propose to cultivate neglected herbs, simples, as our forbears called them—Summer savory, thyme, tarragon, lavender.

A BELLE BECOMES A NUN.

In St. Louis a few days ago an heiress, a beauty and a belle, renounced the life of the world and entered upon her novitiate as a nun of the Visitation Order. She was Miss Mamie Cabanne, who two years ago was a "bud" in society, and who has been a belle since then.

The ceremony by which the belle was converted into the nun was most impressive. The candidate was gowned as a bride in a superb satin wedding dress. Archbishop Kain, who received her into the order, was clad in canonicals of white silk, lined with

MISS MAMIE CABANNE.

crimson satin and trimmed with yellow brocade.

After the young girl had knelt and answered the questions put to her, the bridal veil was removed by two nuns and the congregation of the candidate's friends saw for the last time the pretty head uncovered. Immediately the white head dress of the order was thrown over her and the candidate was pronounced "Sister Mary Ambrose."

One of the most impressive feature of the ceremony was the advance of the new nun between two rows of her sisters, embracing each in turn as she went. Beyond the chancel rail her old companions sobbed as they watched her. After she had kissed each of the nuns, she disappeared through a door behind the altar, and unless she recants at the end of her two years' novitiate, she will pass her life within convent walls.

YOUTHFUL DISCERNMENT.

Johnny was trying to describe to his mother the lady whom he had met at Jimmy's home.

"Was she old or young?" asked Johnny's mamma.

"Well," said the astute youth, "I think if she's married she'd better be called middle-aged."

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

CYCLING NOTES.

A celebrated baseball player, basing on his own experience of training, recommends women who are anxious for symmetrical development to supplement the abnormal use of the lower limbs in cycling with special exercise for the arms, and the daily use, for a few minutes, of the skipping rope, which is particularly efficacious in the direction of gaining that advantage known as strengthening the wind.

No bicyclist who has ridden much in hilly country can fail to have observed that women riders are much more indifferent to the dangers of coasting than the majority of men. This apparent intrepidity is chiefly accounted for by the more frequent use of the brake by those who are gloriously unconscious of its treachery and of its tire-destroying tendency. Coasting is unquestionably very pleasurable, but indulgence in its practice should be restricted to slight grades. It is rarely prudent to coast on a hill as an alternative to the difficulty of back pedalling.

The drop-frame tool kit is not complete without the means of repairing a rent in clothing. A great tear is sometimes the result of a little fall, and clothes-repairing stores are not as numerous nowadays as bicycle-repairing stores. Even a punctured tire is no more disastrous sometimes than a torn garment.

Some wheelwomen prefer leggins which come a few inches above the knee, because of the protection they render to that vulnerable bone, the patella. Besides, with them side supporters can be used. They are, however, too hot for Summer riding.

A CHANCE TO SWAP.

An Englishman has recently opened an "Exchange Mart" in this city, which is something quite new to Americans. It is an office where one article may be exchanged for another, a commission of 10 per cent being charged on each article. If one has a piece of bric-a-brac of which she is tired it can be sent to the "mart" and exchanged for books, a picture, or some other bit of virtu. Musical instruments, sheet music, silverware, jewelry, lace and statuary are among the articles that are constantly on hand and that the would-be trader may choose from.

A LINGUAL TRIUMPH.

A certain family of grown-up people in an uptown hotel, wishing to disguise their thoughts from their waiters and neighbors, have adopted the ingenious plan of conversing at table in the language which school children variously denominate "Hog Latin" or "Gibberish," and which consists of introducing the letter G before every vowel of what is sometimes called plain "United States." They have become great proficients in its use, but the effect is rather amusing, especially in the mouths of the elderly heads of the family, who rattle off the singular mixture as briskly as their daughters. S. ST. G. LAKRENCE.

A WOMAN DENTIST.

There is a woman dentist in New York who is fast attaining popularity and fortune. She is a German by birth, and has a large clientele among the singers and other musicians of her own nationality in the city.

TO WHOM THANKS ARE DUE.

The excellent pictures used in Monday morning's Journal illustrating the tableaux vivants were reproductions of photographs made and copyrighted by the Berlin Photographing Company.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Drawn Mexican work is more beautiful than Torchon lace. It also costs more. A woman who is unable to afford tablecloths ornamented with bands of the former may achieve rather effective results by the use of the latter. Insertions of Torchon an inch and a quarter wide, set at intervals of twelve inches apart from the centre outward, give a very pleasing result when the undercloth is of colored satin.

Women who prefer an ounce of prevention to a pound of cure study the properties of various articles of food. They learn that celery is a nerve food, that lettuce is as good for insomnia as the poppy, that onions are invaluable as a nerve tonic, that lemons are the best friends of the billious, that tomatoes and figs are aperients, and that apples are useful in cases of nervous dyspepsia.

Lovers of sweet peas who are blessed with garden plots of sufficient size to grow flowers should be taking advantage of early April days to plant their favorites. The seed should be planted about six inches deep. Any frosts which may chance to come will be powerless to hurt the seeds if they are planted deep enough.

Mush made with milk is not only richer and more delicious than that made with water, but when it is fried it is a much more inviting golden brown.

Never wash gold-banded china with water in which soda is mixed unless you wish to give your dishes the appearance of heirlooms. To prevent the gold from rubbing off and the edges from chipping wash the plates in a wooden tub, the bottom of which is covered by a crash cloth. Hot water and pure soap are the only cleansing agents needed.

Apricot toast is a delicious dish. Slice a milk roll and fry the slices in butter until they are golden brown. Turn the juice off a can of apricots. Add an ounce of powdered sugar and a small glass of sherry and let the mixture boil. Place half an apricot on each slice of toast, cup side uppermost. Place a kernel in each cup and pour the boiling syrup over the toast. Add a teaspoonful of cream to the apricot and serve.

NAPOLEONIC TREASURES.

A lady of this city has in her drawing-room three small gilt bronze busts of the first Napoleon and his two brothers. There is a small clock set in the base of one of them. They were made at the command of the Emperor, and it is a well-authenticated fact that they went with him through more than one campaign, always standing upon his writing table in camp.

A PROTESTANT RELIC.

Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, of this city, has a curious old ring that is supposed to be the one with which Martin Luther married his wife. It is strange that this relic of the leader of Protestantism should have found its way into a Roman Catholic family, by whose members it is valued very highly.

TO MAKE A NOISE IN THE WORLD

The little chorus girl had been toiling at a "thinking part" for some months, but the other day she was rejoicing.

"I've got a splendid offer for the road!" she cried, "and this time I am going to have a chance to act out loud."

JENNIE MARION, FEDERAL COURT STENOGRAPHER.

Brooklyn claims the only woman stenographer officially employed in a Federal court. Mrs. Jennie B. Marion, who has only recently attained her twenty-second year, fills the position in the United States District Court of that city, and is said by the District-Attorney to be not only capable in her own profession, but to have so complete a knowledge of law as to be a promising candidate for legal honors. As yet she is content to rest upon the laurels already earned, but when the question of applying for a degree is raised, her eyes sparkle in a way to indicate that her ambition lies along that line. By her personal friends it is expected that she may become a lawyer at almost any time. She herself is somewhat more reserved, and feels that further study and preparation are required. Of her life and work, she says:

MISS JENNIE MARION.

"I am a Dane by birth, Copenhagen being my native city. Twelve years ago my mother and myself came to this country, and at that time I could speak no English. We travelled extensively, both here and in Europe, and I was always kept at my books.

"I studied different languages, and have found my knowledge of Danish, German and Norwegian of great service in the court. My services are often called for as interpreter, as well as for my own work. I am fond of language, and it is not difficult for me to learn. To succeed in legal work one must know some Latin.

"Yes; I see many strange and pathetic sights. Sometimes the tears will not be kept back, but one gets accustomed to many things. I am proud to say that, while I am often the only woman in the court room, I have always been shown every consideration. Indeed, I think my presence often has a refining and restraining effect. One jury that we had last Summer was especially attentive, and every morning the foreman placed a bunch of flowers on my desk.

"We hold court only for two weeks at a sitting, and while I have duties pertaining to the District-Attorney's office, I am still free a sufficient amount of time to do other work. Literature and journalism are my ambition. I have already done translations from the Danish and Norwegian, and a little original work. Some children's stories from Hans Christian Andersen have been well received. In my position here I see strange sides of life and I hope some day to work them up for print.

Although Mrs. Marion is a girl in appearance, she boasts proudly of her fine four-year-old boy, and displays his picture as her dearest treasure. Her English is singularly pure and distinct. Were it not for her own statement that she is a foreigner by birth, the impression would be that of a native, except for the peculiar formation of the face, which is distinctly un-American.