

# In the Realm of the Feminine

## Would Good St. Valentine Have Liked These Hats?



**T**HE good old saint had a prettier taste in hearts than in hats, methinks, though the smiling faces under the hats illustrated might have appealed to his saintly heart.

Who was St. Valentine, and what did he do to so impress himself upon the hearts of lovers for all time? Valentine was a priest, and he lived in Rome during the reign of the Emperor Claudius. He officiated in the temple and had a great following. His purity of life, his wonderful unselfishness, was in marked contrast to the unwholesome life of the Emperor Claudius and of his entire court. How he became the patron saint of love is a very pretty tale and runs something like this:

One day the Emperor Claudius in a fit of jealous passion because his favorite lady had fled from him issued a royal decree that for one whole year there should be no marriages in Rome. The people were very indignant, but they could do nothing, as the emperor's decree was law.

The priest Valentine heard the decree and grieved with the people. He knew many worthy drawers of water, many excellent young bachelors of stone, many ambitious stucco makers and smart young mixers of pigments, all of whom were looking forward to early marriages. Valentine courageously remonstrated with the wicked emperor, but without avail. Then the good priest disobeyed the emperor's commands and secretly performed the ceremony for all those who had planned marriage.

When the emperor learned of this he caused Valentine to be thrown into prison, where he mysteriously disappeared.

Of course the poor people whom he had always befriended grieved greatly, and upon the anniversary of his death it became the custom to gather quietly together and exchange little tokens of regard. This is the legend. History says that in the remote past our Aryan and Semitic forefathers had a holiday which they celebrated about the middle of February. During this holiday the wildest orgies and excesses were indulged in. It was a sort of greeting to the returning sun and the springtime and as such is still crudely celebrated by savage tribes in remote corners of Africa, Asia and the south sea islands.

Gradually as man progressed in mind this holiday became less barbarous, and about 300 B. C. the Chaldeans and Babylonians celebrated it in a much less reprehensible manner. The Greeks further refined it, and finally among the Romans it became a fairly decent holiday.

At the Roman feast of Lupercalia in honor of Pan (Nature) and Juno (Mother Earth) it was the custom to place the names of young girls in a box, and the young man who drew a young girl's name from the box considered her "his valentine."

The Christian religion failed to shelve this pagan holiday, and the old heathen celebrations were practiced in France during the middle ages. The old Norman French name for beau wa-

lentine, and it being similar in sound and spelling to valentine and in such as the holiday fell upon St. Valentine's day, the Norman French gradually adopted that saint as the particular patron saint of lovers, and there being nothing to do arrows in his quiver to shoot from his bow, he was called the god of Cupid.

disagree since the little god Cupid, busy emissary of the saint has many arrows in his quiver to shoot from his bow, he was called the god of Cupid.

Next to the center figure upon the right hand side is pictured a smart high crowned sailor of black straw and white banded with grosgrain ribbon.

spring chapeau, which must first be worn upon St. Valentine's day, 14th of February, 1915.

Here are a few of the varieties which have appeared in the shop windows. For love or money you can't purchase a velvet hat. Everything is straw and silk and flowers, flowers and silk and straw.

Last July nothing was shown in the shops but velvet, but I was skating the other afternoon and saw three fur bewitched women wearing the cutest little black shiny coarse straw turbans trimmed with luscious big red cherries. The whole effect was like a big confession. So you can wear fur in July and chiffon in February if you are so minded, and fashion only looks on and grins.

Upon the left of the illustration is a narrow brimmed hat of white kid handed by kid finished with a covered buckle at the front. The top of the crown is filled with black silk. Next is shown an alpine shape of natural colored chip straw. A brown and red feather ornament is placed on the side of the crown, which is banded with narrow brown velvet ribbon. In the center of the picture is shown a severe little sailor hat of natural colored chip straw. The narrow brim is slightly rolling, and the crown is banded with wide black grosgrain ribbon. A veil of black fillet mesh, with a lacy figure of four leaf clover, is worn quite effectively with this sailor hat.

Grosgrain ribbon is also worn as a band halfway up the braid crown and is formed into a flat pompon.

At the extreme right is a tailored hat of white felt, faced with figured ratine. Folded around the crown is a band of ratine fastened by a large covered button. A wing of white feathers is placed low against the crown.

On the lower left is shown a mourning toque, having a dome crown and drooping mushroom brim. The trimming of this chic toque is jet beads and dull jet galloon.

A jaunty school hat of red and natural colored chip straw in brim drooping in helmet effect is shown upon the lower right. A narrow band of figured velvet with an upright bow of velvet and satin ribbon forms the scant trimming.

*May Wilmoth*

**FOR THE DANCING SKIRT.**

The dancing petticoat is usually made with a slash in each side. This arrangement insures freedom, without which it is impossible nowadays to dance. The lower edge of the front and back of the petticoat are usually rounded, so that the petticoat is really formed of two sections rounded into a deep oval in the hem, fastened together along their long edges and fitted or gathered into the waist and the narrow edges.

### FANNIE HURST, FAMOUS AUTHORESS, DECLARES WOMEN NEED AWAKENING

**Feminism and Socialism are Sweeping Working Classes to Emancipation**

"Feminism and Socialism are the two great waves sweeping the American laboring classes toward emancipation," was the assertion of Miss Fannie Hurst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hurst of 6641 Cates avenue, New York, one of the youngest successful writers of today. Miss Hurst, who is prominent in literary and social circles of New York, has just declined a \$20,000-a-year contract because it confined, to one periodical, her output for the next three years.

Miss Hurst is the guest of her parents. She will remain in the city two weeks, being compelled to be in New York January 15 to begin work under contracts she signed just before coming to St. Louis, which call for six stories a year at \$10,000 for the six. A telegram received by Miss Hurst Thursday calls her to Philadelphia, later in the month, at the request of Saturday Evening Post publishers, who are eager to control a generous share of her work.

Reluctantly and modestly, with the diffidence of a child and a sincerity not to be questioned, Miss Hurst spoke of her earnest desire to understand the people—the "just plain working people" and understanding, to help them. Firmly she declined to take undue credit for the tremendous success which she has achieved, saying it is "only another case of grind" and turned the conversation in the impersonal channels toward the movements with which her name is becoming prominently identified in the East.

**Feminism Has Arrived.**

"I should think that everyone would realize that feminism has arrived," said Miss Hurst. "That it only awaits the enthusiasm, vitality and brains of the American woman, of every walk of life, to give it that impetus which would make it one of the most vital movements for good the country has known. To feminism we might add socialism and suffrage."

"If the silk and satin class of American women would only awake from their lethargy—would only use their magnificent supply of brains and energy and enthusiasm toward the realization of these movements, many of our so-called problems of today would be no more. There can be no immediate solutions for some of our problems until American women awake to the fact that suffrage touches one and all—that it is not a political movement, but a movement whose strength can only be perfected when it hits home to each woman as an individual, and when feminism or suffrage does not merely signify to her the tattered standard, 'votes for women,' but a tremendous emancipation of mind, body and soul."

"Take, for instance, the Englishwoman," continued Miss Hurst, pushing back the sleeves of a "morning" gown of palest blue taffeta. "To be sure, none of us want the militant—far from it. Yet the merest slip of an

### RECIPES TRIED AND FOUND VERY SUCCESSFUL BY WOMEN OF HONOLULU

- By MRS. WILLIAM M. GRAHAM.
- mould cover with greased paper, put on cover of mould and pack in salt and ice. Let stand 2 hours.
- SARDINES BROILED AU CARMESAN.**
- Drain six large sardines on brown paper, then put on greased wire broiler and broil lightly on both sides; cut six pieces of bread, toasted, on inch wide and four inches long, spread sardine on each one, sprinkle with Carmesane cheese and serve at once.
- CREAMED LOBSTERS.**
- One cup cream, 1 cup milk, mix with 1 well-beaten egg, 4 tablespoons cracker crumbs and 2 cupfuls cold boiled lobster. Put one tablespoon butter in chafing dish, add fat to lobster; yolks of 4 hard-boiled eggs and 1 teaspoon mixture and whites of eggs, chopped fine; season and when boiling serve.
- SPINACH SALAD.**
- Boil and chop fine half a peck of spinach; mould it in six claret glasses and stand until cold; prepare six leaves of lettuce, lay on each a square of cold ham or tongue, turn out the mould of spinach on this and put on each a tablespoonful of French dressing.
- FRUIT SNOWBALLS.**
- Two cupfuls bread dough, 1/2 cupful butter, 1 cupful currants and raisins or fruit. Form dough into six small balls, steam for half an hour, roll them in powdered sugar and serve hot with whipped cream sauce.
- EGGS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.**
- Cut six hard-boiled eggs into quarters lengthwise, put them on a hot dish and cover them with a tomato sauce.
- CHOCOLATE MOUSSE.**
- Soak one-third box gelatin in 1/2 cupful water for 1 hour, dissolve over hot water, add 1 cupful milk and 1 cupful chocolate, take and add 1/2 cupful powdered sugar. When cold add slowly 2 cupfuls of whipped cream; beat until it begins to stiffen. Put in
- English lass knows that about which our lay woman, who hasn't a pulse on things feminism, knows nothing at all. American Women Lethargic.
- "We cannot deny that recent election results showed an appalling lethargy on the part of certain American women to further the cause of suffrage."
- "It is the wage-earning women of America who ultimately will beget suffrage. The shirt-waist maker whose chest is too narrow and whose blood pressure is too high, will proclaim suffrage from a soap box and it is because her blood is crying. Comparatively few of our more fortunate sisters will proclaim from the front seats of their limousines. It is because, to them, the minimum wage is little more than an expression as vague as single tax or referendum, or because their Ison club and the Busy Bee society take two afternoons each week and mother is the last to rally to the cause of suffrage. Why, the original suffragette cartoon was the drawing of a splinter," she laughed.
- "Suffrage, to the English slaver and the duchess alike, is a vital, throbbing issue—the vote a morning star which precedes the new day. Until the American wives and mothers put their soft shoulders to the wheel and shove along with their sore shouldered sisters, the chariot of victory will con-

### WASHINGTON TO HAVE GAY TIME DESPITE WARS

**[By Latest Mail]**

**WASHINGTON**—What will be the motif of the social symphony in Washington this season?

This is the question which is agitating all circles these days, for in spite of mourning in the White House, in spite of war and war's alarms, the social season has opened with a flourish, and dates are being selected for festivities that will rival in number and charm, if not in size and brilliancy, the entertainment of other years. Benefits for the sufferers abroad are many and varied; knitting fingers are flying, busy with mufflers and socks for the soldier laddies; but young blood is young blood, and as long as battle songs are chosen with the swing of "Tipperary" the world will dance as well as die to its strains.

The formal announcement from the White House that there will be no state functions this season and that the President will take no part in any occasions of even a semi-social character merely verified the already prevalent idea of the course the chief executive would take. It means, however, the removal from the social calendar of the three state dinners and receptions to the diplomatic corps, the judiciary, the members of Congress and the officers of the army and navy, not to mention the New Year's reception, of many years' standing, but which the President omitted last season.

**Diplomatic Corps Negligible.**

With relations so strained in the diplomatic corps, perhaps no considerable embarrassment may be saved by the President's decision, for the diplomat has always loomed large in all White House functions. The representatives of the nations at war are to all practical purposes in mourning; they are the guests of the nation, and festivities for visitors in mourning are in bad taste, so perhaps it is just as well that official entertaining should be curtailed this season. More-

over, all are united in willingness to pay this tribute to the President's late wife. Accordingly the diplomatic corps bids fair to be a quite negligible factor in the social world this season.

The British ambassador and Lady Spring-Rice have no social plans and are accepting no invitations. Lady Spring-Rice will not even observe her days at home, and the members of the embassy staff are refusing all invitations save for dinners of six or eight.

The Russian ambassador and Mme. Bakhteff are pursuing a like course, and the splendid new ballroom just added to the embassy will not be christened this season.

The French ambassador and Mme. Jusserand are working industriously for the Red Cross and the sundry relief funds which have been started, and are confining their social engagements to the smallest and most informal events, sending out no invitations at all for the season. The same may be said of the Belgian minister and Mme. Havenith.

Count von Bernstorff, the German envoy, who is a great lover of music, is a boxholder for the concerts of the season and occasionally has guests with him, but beyond that and an informal dinner with friends he takes no part in the social season.

Mme. Dumba has but recently returned from Austria to join the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, and they too are refraining from taking any part in the social life of the capital, as also are the Japanese ambassador and Viscountess Chikida.

Even the representatives of the neutral nations, though they are of course accepting invitations, are confining their entertaining to festivities of an informal character in sympathy with their stricken neighbors, and most of them will make no definite plans for the season until after the first of the year.

**HOME HELPS.**

One secret of a warm house is having all the living-room windows facing the south and the north windows double-ashed.

Good floor adheres to the head, and when pressed, tightly remains in shape and shows the imprint of the lines of the skin of the head.

Before dressing her it should be soaked one hour in lukewarm water. Then dress, wash and comb these strands. The hair should be this.—Daily News.

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