THE MOCK ORANGE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.

By Grinnan Barrett.

"WELL," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Vice-President of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Whist Club. "When all's said and done I think bridge is a very much more rational form of amusement than belonging to a women's club. People may say what they please about bridge, but nothing happens to you except having hysterics occasionally or maybe a slight attack of nervous prostration. And I'm sure there's nothing very horrible about nervous prostration, especially if you can go to one of those real swell, expensive sanitariums where they have embossed stationery with a coat-of-arms on it, and you can write home to your friends and tell them how you suffer and wear beautiful bedroom robes with ribbon run in them and faint away whenever you feel like it and have pieces in the home paper telling of your condition and all that.

"But women's clubs are just awful. To begin with, you have to write long articles on Italian art and Norwegian mythology and a lot of other things you don't know anything about, only I do remember that Norwegian mythology has something to do with the midnight sun. And the worst of it is that they have to be original articles, and it's terribly hard work copying them out of the encyclopaedia. And then when you get up and read yours, all the others sit around and talk about clothes and things, and when you get through some of them even forget to tell you how perfectly splendid and instructive it was.

"No, I don't belong to any women's clubs myself, but I know about them from what Mrs. Wiseburd tells me. She belongs to so many that she never has an afternoon to herself unless somebody dies and they adjourn out of respect to her memory. And then at the next meeting after that they pass just beautiful resolutions and talk about how the deceased member neglected her children and quarrelled with her husband and everything, although, of course, they don't put that in the resolutions, but only refer to her happy domestic life and say she was an ideal wife and mother.

"Mrs. Wiseburd says she got out of the Kind Words Club because there was so much quarrelling going on that she couldn't keep her temper. But the Crowing Hens aren't much better. I went to their meeting with her Thursday—most of them were perfect messes in their clothes—and somebody proposed that they take up American history, and the President ruled that the point wasn't well taken, because American history was something anybody could understand, and then everybody tried to talk at once, and the lady who made the suggestion called the President 'an old thing,' and the President said the proceedings must be governed by strict parliamentary procedure and then burst out crying and said she wasn't going to be insulted by anybody, and much less by a woman who didn't know how to put her clothes on, and then she made a face at the other woman. The luncheon was awfully insipid, too—not a single new dish. I don't think you can learn much by belonging to those women's clubs, anyway.

"So that is what makes me say bridge is best if you like a pleasant, harmless afternoon occasionally with congenial companions. Only we did have a little tiff yesterday at Mrs. Beestinger's. Right at the table Mrs. Colefect accused the widow, Mrs. Putnam Asunda, of flirting again with Mr. Colefect and threatened to scratch her eyes out. But it was a very enjoyable meeting, taking it all around. The punch was flavored just to suit me, and I won the prize."

HOT GROUNDERS BY BARNES.

No. 7—The Pessimist.

I.

A MOST uphappy, churlish scowl
O'erspread the fellow's morbid features,
As he surveyed the doings from
The bleachers.

II.

When Dahlen nailed a hot near-hit—
'Twas very seldom done much slicker—
This kicker growled: "That play could be
Made quicker!"

III.

A double sailed from Taylor's bat,
Applause burst forth, a pleasing ripple.
The grouch said, "Huh, he should have made
A triple!"

IV.

The Giants won by five to three,
Or two to one—but I've forgotten—
The man sighed: "Whew, their batting was
Just rotten!"

V.

And later, when he'd thought it o'er,
He wrote McGraw this woeful letter:
"Your team may win, but then it might
Be better!"

CONCERNING MEN JELLY-FISH.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"I AM like a jelly-fish; I float all around and touch this one and that one, and if they respond I embrace them."

This remarkable statement is credited to the Rev. Charles T. Russell, of Pennsylvania, now being sued for divorce, who, it was further testified, declared to the co-respondent that a "man's heart was so big he could love a dozen women, while a woman's was so small that she could love only one man."

I wonder if the Reverend Russell is weirder or merely franker than his kind! At any rate his reflections on the single-heartedness of our sex are unwarranted and undeserved, and we resent them. While the newspapers are full of the exploits of a lady who kissed one man good-by when she started on her honeymoon with another and was met on the pier by him on her return, it is unfair for such old-fashioned notions to be attributed to us.

Some of us there be, to be sure, who still pursue the quality of constancy to such harrowing lengths as to suggest that we should have been a Dickens heroine, and loved and trusted pathetically till the end of three volumes.

But it is part of our latter-day emancipation to know the masculine jelly-fish when we see him, and, if we think it worth while, to have a little cheerful fun at his expense.

The jelly-fish is quite the most unpleasant object in nature, as any woman who has inadvertently slipped on one in the surf must shudderingly recall.

Next in order, however, comes the all-conquering male flirt, and it is surprising that one of them in a moment of illumination should have instituted a comparison so apt.

It is a peculiar thing about him, by the way, that in more senses than one he floats around like the jelly-fish, and "touches" this one and that one, for the professional lady-killer very often is a professional borrower of money from the victims of his bright eyes.

The surprising thing about the Rev. Russell is that he should not only have recognized his affinity with the gelatinous tribe, but should have boasted of it. I suppose the man jelly-fish has to exist, and after all we'd rather see him than be one.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Croquettes of Odds.

THESE are made from any bits of good food left over from one or more meals, but cannot be used separately. Take two spoonfuls of frizzled beef and cream, the lean meat of a mutton chop, one spoonful minced beef, two hard-boiled eggs, a little cold chopped potato, the gristle and outside taken off. These well chopped and seasoned, mixed with one raw egg, a little flour, butter and boiling water, made into croquettes and browned well in the frying pan or griddle, are really excellent.

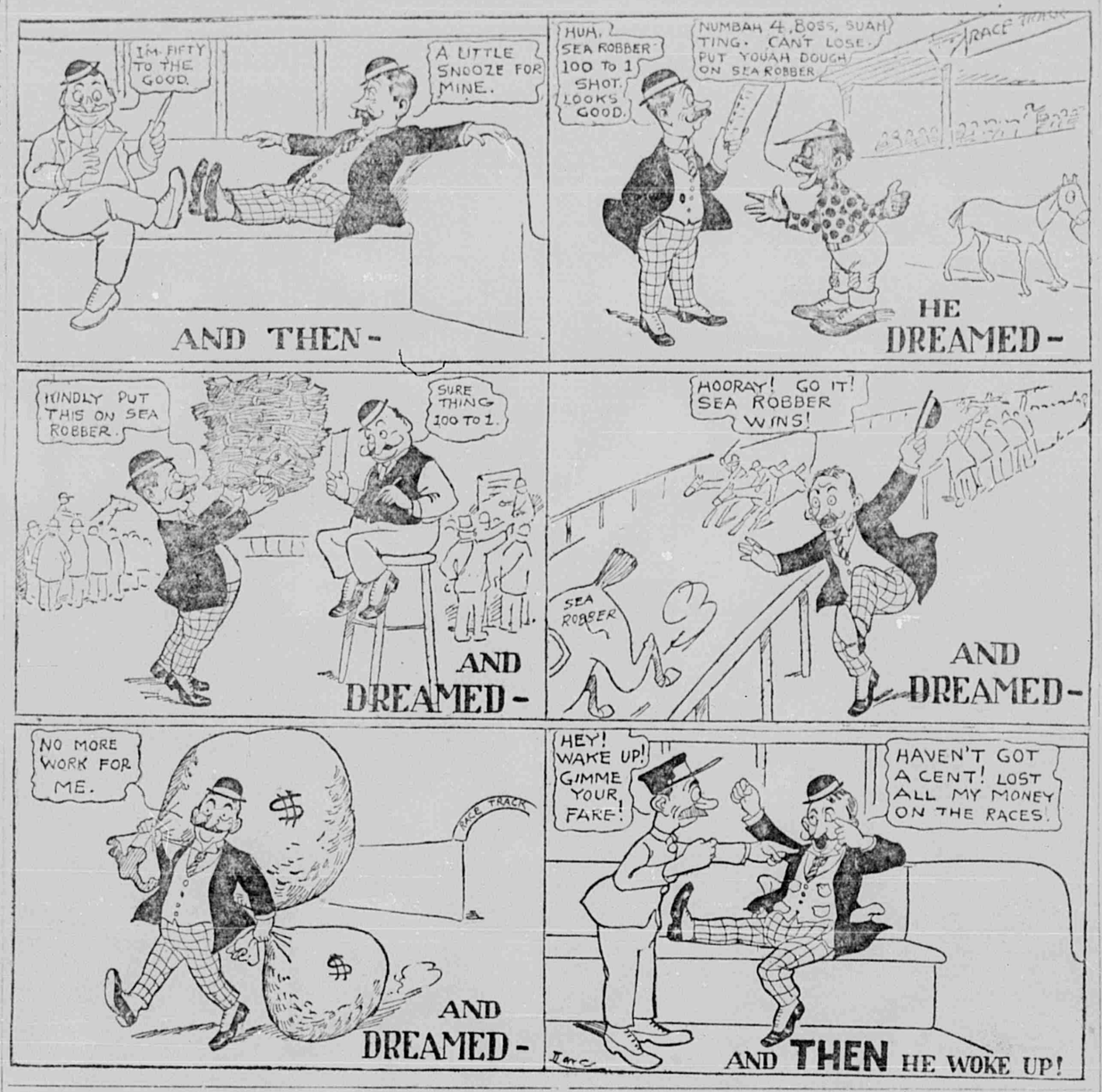
Turkey Omelet.

SEPARATE the yolks from the whites of six eggs and to the yolks add six tablespoonfuls of cold water, salt, season with salt and pepper; whip these to a stiff froth and fold in the yolks; beat for five minutes, then beat in a cup of turkey meat minced as finely as possible and mixed with two tabelspoonfuls of flour. Have pan moderately hot, put in two tablespoonfuls of butter, then turn in the egg mixture and cook until a light brown. Without turning, set in the oven to dry.

Chicken Rechauffe.

MAKE a sauce with one-fourth cup each butter, stock, flour and milk. Season with salt and pepper. Take two cups diced chicken and three of mashed potatoes beaten light with a fork. Mix with three tablespoons butter, three beaten egg yolks, salt and pepper. Make border around the dish of potato roses, fill centre with chicken and sauce, cover with coarse buttered bread crumbs, brush potatoes with beaten yolk and brown in oven. Place bunch of parsley and red radish cut into a flower on top and serve.

HAPPY DREAMS. By F. G. Long.



HEART & HOME DEPARTMENT

Edited by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THE UP-TO-DATE LINGERIE HAT AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

Most Popular Feature of Summer Wear Easily Constructed—"Shadow Embroidery"—Oblong Crown Surrounded by Roses.

NO other feature in this season's millinery is so popular as the hand-embroidered crowns.

The illustration shows the long-side oblong executed in the shadow embroidery. For this work a very sheer linen or lawn must be used with a medium fine cotton. Too coarse cotton is a common error and spoils otherwise beautiful work. Royal Society floss, size D, is best for all shadow embroidery.

The hat illustrated is faced underneath with valenciennes lace and banked in the back with maline. A wide bandeau is used in the back, to tip the hat well over the face. Roses without foliage are set entirely around the large oblong crown, and a high bow on the left side completes the trimming.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

She Would Write to Him.

Dear Betty:

I WENT with a young man one year my senior for the past year. I broke off friendship and now do not speak to this young man when I meet him. He had told me he was married when we had the quarrel, which was untrue. Do you think it would be proper for me to write to him, as I love him dearly and would like to have his friendship back again? V. A.

It depends upon which was in the right in the quarrel. But if you think the young man still loves you and is not married, go ahead.

Stern Parents on Both Sides.

Dear Betty:

FOR the past year I have been keeping company with a young man four years my senior, I being eighteen. He professes a great deal of love for me, and I in return love him dearly. Our parents, on both sides, object to the match, and about a month ago when his people first informed him of their objections, he wrote telling me we would have to part, which we did. At the end of two weeks' separation he came back and said he could not be without me, and I loving him

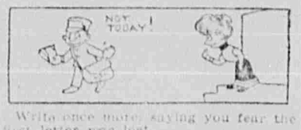
so very much consented to go with him again, without the knowledge of either of our parents. His folks have of late found a letter which I had written to him, and they again object very strongly to his going with me, having gone to the extent of threatening to disinherit him. My parents are in perfect ignorance of all this. Would you kindly advise me what I should do, leave for either him or me to take? He said he would leave home rather than give me up. ANXIOUS MADELINE.

If you are perfectly sure of the permanence of the young man's feelings and your own, I would not advise you to give him up. It would be much better if your parents knew of the affair, however.

He Hasn't Answered.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE known a man for some years, have corresponded with him for the past year, receiving a letter each week; have received none for three or four weeks. Knowing no reason, would it be advisable to write again?

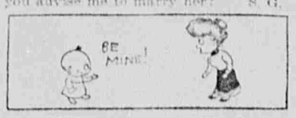


Write once more, saying you fear the first letter was lost.

17 Loves 39.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man seventeen years of age and am in love with a lady of thirty-nine, with plenty of money, and I know she loves me. Would you advise me to marry her? S. G.



I would advise you to get a little sense and not think of marriage for ten years.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Grace—"Why didn't you wear your religion to-day, grandma?"

Grandma—"Wear my religion? What do you mean, dear?"

Little Grace—"Papa says you use it as a cloak."

Teacher—"What would you call a man who makes an oration, Willie?"

Willie—"An orator."

Teacher—"That's right. Now, Johnny, what would you call a man who writes an ode?"

Johnny—"An odor."

Mamma—"For goodness' sake, Nellie, stop yelling at the top of your voice! Why can't you be quiet like Harry?"

Nellie—"Oh, he has to be quiet in this game. We're playing that he's papa coming home late and I'm you."

—Chicago News.

Poor Uncle Henry Had a Terrible Earthquake Dream.

Aunt Attie Stutts come in and hot 3c wuth of dog meat fer that darn Rover of hern.
The hand that roks the cradel is the hand that don't buy no dog meat.
—Snip Butler's Cash-Book.

"I BEEN goin' through Snip's private papers ever since I been ex-ee-cutor of his estate," explained Uncle Henry, "and that there extract from his general store cash-book reminded me of a dream I had night afore last.

"'Git up, thar!' I heered somebody yell in my boardin'-house on East Nineteenth street. And what you think? They was a airthquake, and the hull of Noo York was a-tumblin' over. Out I hiked in the road. Scared? Jiminy whiz! I was so scared that everyoody sudi: 'Oh, that's Mr. Caruso, the famous tenor; see him beat it!'

"I run and I run and I run, and pretty soon I was skedaddlin' up Fifth av'noo, and all to onct they wa'nt nothin' but dawgs around. They was a clear space in the road, and a pack of lovely ladies had laid their coats and furs and things there, makin' a nice soft place for them dawgs. The lovely ladies theirselfs was sittin' on piles of brick and debrises and shiverin' in the chill night air—b-r-r—b-o-o-h! 'Ladies,' says I, 'git me a rock and I'll stun them gosh fetched dawgs away from yere—skit—shat—shoo-oo!' I hollers, stompin' and lookin' fierce at th' passel of critters.

"'Go 'way, you horrid man!' they says, and I'll be switched if the hull mob of 'em didn't up and attackted me.

"'The Mayor says that vandals talkin' sassy at our dawgs will be shot!' says one, and as she was a truthful-lookin' dame, I run and I run and I run some more. Bimeby I come to the park. All was ruin, terrible ruin. Nobody had got no homes no more. I seen pore, shiverin' men a-sittin' on the park wall in their night gownds and six or seven cryin' children yowlin' for that dear old steam heat. Then I goes inter the park—and, my gosh!

"Wimmen folks was everywheres, makin' little tents for dawgs out of bedclothes and skirts, and floorin' 'em with Persian rugs they had grabbed when th' airthquake struck. Standin' behind a tree, I watched the doin's, shakin' in my scanty attire, and wishin' I could have one of them pieces of coverin'. But the devotion of them thin-dressed wimmin was toushin', I tell you.

"'There, there, Wiggle, don't cry,' one of 'em says to her dawg. 'Here's a jacket I snatched from a child.' 'Oh, Muggins, Muggins,' cried another, 'is oo cold? Here, I'll wrap my shirtwaist around you.' Lookin' around, I see that every inch of the park was occupied by them little tents for the dawgs. And, as I watched, a lot of sojer boys come up and went to work guardin' 'em. A fambly man tried to sneak the coverin' off one dawg and right pop off a sojer shoots him over. Then all of a suddin I heard a big commotion behind me. A beautiful lady had galloped up on a hoss and in a loud voice she announced: 'Chicago has heard of our misfortune and is rushin' ten thousand cars of dog biscuit!'

"'Hurrah!' hollered the wimmin. Then, in quick succession, came the Barnard, Wellesley, Smith and Vassar College yells.

"Then, all to onct, I was woke up by the allurin' strains of a dawg fight out in the street, and I was that wocked up over the dream that I opened the winder and hollered:

"'Sic 'em!'"

CLEVER THINGS I NEVER SAID.

By Lowe R. Case.

MY dearly beloved cellmate, Dammitair Helzdellie Bingham, had once more sought my opinion as to the proper way to run the police force. He goes a good deal by my advice—sometimes all the way past it.

"One blankety blank thing that I'd like your blazing opinion on," he cooed, "is the old question as to how long policemen ought to patrol one district."

"The same way that short policemen patrol it, I should think," I replied with a flash of original wit equal to that displayed by the genius who decided that a man's legs ought to be just long enough to reach from his body to the ground.

Scholarly old Bill Devery (the best Chief of Police New York hasn't got) was complaining bitterly to me that on windy days his classic face sometimes takes on a somewhat ruddy tinge.

"Are you sure it isn't blushing for the sins of your mouth?" I queried cleverly.

"Beat it!" he retorted in his pedantic fashion. "I don't take but one glass of beer a day. Sometimes less."

"Oh, I see!" I giggled. "Maybe your face is like our gas-meter—registers more than it consumes."

J. Pierpont Morgan was discussing with me a plan to leave Wall street and start life over again as a small market gardener. The peaceful rural life appealed strongly to his poetic, dreamy temperament.

"My only objection to becoming a farmer," he prattled on, "is the fear that some bunco sharp may try to sell me a gold brick. But, of course, no one would be fool enough to try that on me!"

"Of course not," I hastened to agree, adding as a witty afterthought, "Unless maybe he told you it was an 'Art Treasure!'"

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Prematurely Gray.

K. M. S.—I do not recall any tonic with corrosive sublimate to cure premature grayness. There is no cure but a stain for the hair that is already gray; but you can arrest the tendency in your case by scalp treatment. Here is a dye formula: Precipitated sulphur, 1 dram; acetate of lead, 1 dram; rose water, 4 ounces. Apply to the roots of the hair, which must be perfectly clean.

Rough Skin.

MRS. A. D.—The difference in the skin of the nose and forehead and the rest of the face is probably due to your treatment of the part which shows roughness. Be careful to dry the face well and not wash it in too hot water. Try this cream, which you can make up for yourself: Glycerine, 2 ounces; boric acid, in powder, 60 grains; white paraffin, 14 ounces; distilled water, 2 1-2 ounces; lanoline, 1 ounce; oil of rose, 6 drops.

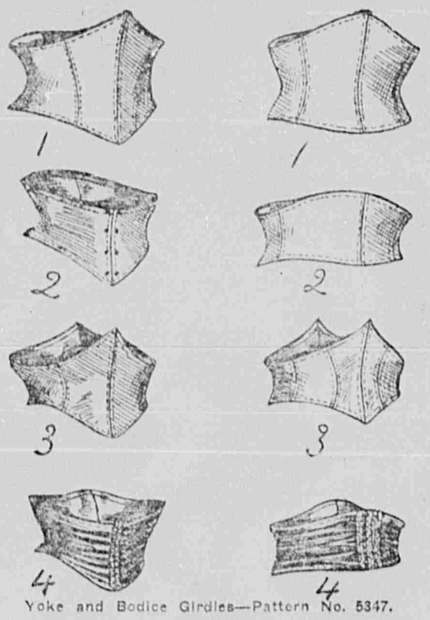
Heat the boric acid, glycerine and water until a solution is obtained; melt the lanoline and paraffin together, and add to the first mixture, stirring constantly. Last of all, add the oil of rose.

Superfluous Hair.

B. M.—Here is the proper treatment for taking hair off the arms. On no account use on the face, as it would be too irritating for the skin of the face. Use as directed. Get an ordinary five-cent cake of pumicestone. This is not pumice-soap, but the regular old-fashioned pumicestone. To remove the hair rub the skin afflicted with the superfluous growth and the pumicestone will wear the hair off. Be careful not to be too heroic and irritate the skin. In case the arms are made red by this treatment use a little cold cream. The pumicestone is best used at night before retiring.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE tiny coats that have become so popular and the very general adoption of the short-waisted effect have combined to make girdles essential features of the wardrobe. Here are a number of attractive and shapely designs that can be utilized either for the separate belts or for those that are made of material to match the costume. As shown, the plain ones are simply finished with stitching, but they can be trimmed with braid or with embroidery or elaborated in almost any manner that may be liked. In this instance Nos. 1 and 2 are made of heavy linen, No 3 is made of silk and No. 4 from messaline satin.



Yoke and Bodice Girdles—Pattern No. 5347.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, For either Nos. 1 or 3, 5-8 yard 21, 1-2 yard 27 or 1-4 yard 44 inches wide; for No. 2, 3-8 yard either 21 or 27 or 1-4 yard 44 inches wide; for No. 4, 1 yard any width.

Pattern No. 5347 is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large, corresponding to 22, 26 and 30 inch waist measurement.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.