



INTEREST to WOMEN

In the City's Lodging House

First Woman Doctor Appointed to Look After Municipal Guests Enjoys the Experience.

She was a wisp of a little old Irish woman, gray haired and about four feet high, but there was glint determination in the way she thrust her bare feet out of the bed which was hers for a night in the Municipal Lodging House, down at the foot of East 25th street, and stood erect, a funny figure in her abbreviated municipal nightgown.

"Sure an' I'll not be vaccinated this night, not even to please you, doctor," she declared.

Dr. Mary Hoffman Jones, the physician who was appointed by Commissioner Hebbard of the Department of Charities shortly before he gave place to Michael J. Drummond, of the Gaynor regime, to look after the health of the women who seek refuge at this lodging house, took such an appointment from the city, laid her hand on the little old woman's shoulder and argued with her persuasively. The bathroom attendant, who is six feet tall and bony, adjured the insurgent in a deep voice to be "sensible, now." Mrs. Kate Griffin, the matron, one of whose arms was to be the woman as big as the one before her, tried what a threat would do.

"It's the rule to be vaccinated when ye come here, an' if ye don't mind the rules ye'll be put out on the street in the pourin' rain, an' ye won't get the 75 cents ye brought in with ye," she warned. The waifs in the other beds added their persuasions.

"Ah, mother, be good!" they chorused. "We was vaccinated, an' it didn't hurt." But the little old woman stood to her guns. "No doubt vaccinatin' is good," she conceded, "but I'm an old woman, an' I wish to be peaceful an' quiet this night. Where's me clothes? I'll go out on the strate, but I'll not be vaccinated."

"Is there any one like the Irish for sass?" said the matron to the doctor, as the three defeated ones moved away. "Well, now, we're supposed to report her an' call the patrol, but she's too old for that. And the doctor, who she's laughing, and moved on to bandage a sore toe for the next waif.

Though Dr. Jones has apartments at the Ansonia and a strong liking for pretty clothes and a list of patients whose worldly circumstances are as far as possible from those of the women who seek shelter in the Municipal Lodging House, she declares there is no part of her work that she likes so well as that which takes her to East 25th street every evening.

"On the rare occasions when I am prevented from coming," she told the reporter, "the girls here, I'd rather be here than anywhere else. You get close to human nature here. You see it in the raw. People ask me if the poverty of these women doesn't depress me. No, never. I've been a doctor a good many years, and a doctor gets too accustomed to tragedies to be depressed by them. Besides, there is this about it—most of the women who come here have been so battered and cuffed that they don't mind homelessness and want as you or I would. Of course, some feel it terribly. The women who come in with little babies, the women who have been deserted by their husbands, the women who are out of the hospitals with babies—these are the pitiful cases. A woman came in last night, a frail creature, pretty well educated, evidently, she said her father was a judge, now dead. On one arm she held a tiny infant. In the other a small newspaper containing the news of the day. She was one of those that tug at your heartstrings." Just then an attendant came through the dormitory to Dr. Jones's little office.

"There's a woman downstairs pretty drunk," she announced. "Would ye just come down, doctor, an' see if she ought to be passed?"

"Not if the other women are to get any sleep to-night," pronounced the doctor, as she surveyed the applicant. The applicant didn't care whether she was passed or not. She wore something resembling the wreck of a straw table mat down over one ear, and it took two attendants to restrain her inclination to break into song. The fat policeman summoned to take her away must have had a lively time before he got her to the station house.

"Many of these women will drink, but few so badly as that one," said Dr. Jones, as she led the way back to her office. "Did you take any whiskey to-day?" she stopped to ask a woman just settling herself under the blankets on one of the dormitory beds. "Just a nip," said the woman, lifting a pair of honest blue eyes. "It was that cold an' rainy-like outside. I lost me job in a restaurant, an' I've been trampin' around three days tryin' to find another, an' I couldn't pay me room rent."

"Some of them will drink, and it's not much wonder, but after all, they're just women, like ourselves," said Dr. Jones, as she passed on. "Their bodies, when they are bathed, are as smooth and white as ours. But in the morning they have to put on their old rags again—faded, to be sure, but the same old rags. That's what makes them different. If only people would send us their cast-off clothes—underwear, shoes, dresses, anything—and trust us to give the things to the right women, it would do no end of good. I am convinced many a woman who takes refuge here would get work much more easily if she had clothes that she would look decent in."

"I believe in the power of dress," added the doctor, who herself wore the trimmest of tailored suits and the neatest of shirtwaists. "One's garb affects others, and it affects one's own feelings. I can't be self-respecting in rags. I couldn't. And these women are quick to notice dress. One night I came down in a dinner gown—I'd dined with friends and hadn't time to change—and every woman here had something to say about it. 'Seems to me you're dressed up to-night,' they told me."

Dr. Jones, who came here not long ago from Chicago, where she worked so hard that she broke down and had to seek a change, is a slight little woman with a lot of brown hair, deep dimples when she smiles, and three grown children living back in the West. Perhaps what has kept Dr. Jones so young is her belief. She is a Wesleyan, and when a poor little woman who had been deserted by her husband comes to the lodging house with two or three children clinging to her skirts the doctor takes a good deal of comfort thinking of the dire things that will happen to that husband in his next incarnation.

At eleven o'clock she locked up her office and went to her room. A sleepy "God bless ye, doctor," from a woman whose cough she had been treating, followed her through the dormitory. "I've had more 'God bless you's' since I came here," laughed the doctor. "Isn't it a good thing, that more homeless women don't know of this place? Here are fifty beds—room for a hundred, and only twenty women. Over in the next side four hundred waifs at least take refuge every night. Of course, homeless men outnumber homeless women greatly, but I am sure there are many women in New York who don't know of this place. They get plenty of bread and tea for supper, and a good breakfast, besides beds. A woman may come three times in a month, but if the case is a sad one the rules are waived, and she is kept as long as there is need."

Some Ways of the World

The trains of wedding gowns surely have reached the maximum length, if the struggles of a bride to reach the altar with several yards of satin in tow count for any kind of evidence. The progress of fashionable brides up the aisle this season has been almost painful to watch, so visible was the fact that the train was actually being held up by the bride's hands. The processions have accordingly moved with great deliberation, for no hasty step has been possible, and the father of the over-weighted bride has been forced into a slow and mincing gait to correspond with the small-like pace of his daughter. Yet the longer the train the better pleased is the bride, and that its length was a matter of comment brings contentment to her heart that was never there before, especially if she is told also that she walked well. These trains have one good end, however—they send the bride to the altar with head up and shoulders back, with quite a martial air, and the return trip is the same, so all can see her face and note her radiance.

The ribbon with which the guests are roped in at church weddings is now divided into two sections, begun and ended with bows that loop about the pew posts, and thus it is not necessary to rope all the guests in at once nor to let them out again simultaneously. One piece of ribbon can be removed, and when the set of pews that it incloses is empty the other pews can be opened. This means that the guests depart more comfortably than has been customary. The ribbon is also used, especially if they are attached to the pews not trimmed with flowers, for the favorite floral decorations at the weddings of the season are tall flowers that nod, but do not bend, such as Bernonia or calla lilies. These, with superb palms and tree ferns, give quite a tropical effect.

The Socrates of a well known country club recently confided to ask a question. "Why do the So-and-ers" naming the most popular young married people of the colony, "go to their old farm every week end and take all their most attractive chums with them?" he inquired. "Wait until you are asked, and you will know," was the reply, and the next week So-and-ers accepted the bid. He found a farmhouse—not yet remodelled, so without modern comforts—and a farmer and his wife serving as the "staff." There was a stove in each room, where a wood fire would have been picturesque, but would have warmed only the chimney, while kerosene lamps lighted the rooms. Later in the evening he discovered that the latter gave out a very pleasant heat, though to his sensitive nostrils it was tainted with the odor of oil. In his bed he discovered a clumsy object wrapped in flannel, which upon investigation proved to be a heated piece of wood, almost a log, and on second thoughts he kept it, to his comfort later on. Next day when he awoke a spowstern was raging, and he was summoned as he unclosed his eyes to "come out and shovel snow." It's bully for an appetite," he was told. He struggled through a very chilly sponge bath, put on the old clothes he had been warned to bring and joined the acclimated. In just fifteen minutes he was a boy again. The falling snow seemed to blot out all misdeeds of the



PETTED CHINCHILLAS.

Concerning Health and Beauty

According to Miss Ethel Arnold, Mr. Asquith goes about in constant dread of vitriol, but his fear of the revolting woman is mild compared with that of some other people. A certain Dr. Carleton Simon, who writes in "Science Sitings," has had a terrible nightmare on the subject. In this dream of darkness he looked into the future and saw the inspiration of poets and artists bereft of all her loveliness. Intellectual effort had spoiled her facial contour. Her brows were knitted in thought. Intensity of purpose had developed a compression of the lips. The increased depth of breathing induced by greater cerebral circulation had enlarged the size of her nostrils, and the roundness of her cheeks had been sacrificed to the greedy brain, because the brain cells wanted all the superfluous fat in her body.

An unassuming forehead can be greatly improved by the manner of arranging the hair, while the most beautiful brow may be spoiled by bad hairdressing. A forehead that is too high is a simple problem, for it can be modified by coaxing the hair over it, and even by coaxing hair to grow where no hair grew before by massaging with vasoline or olive oil. A forehead that is too low is not so easily managed, and the drastic treatment by which Fredrika Bremer heightened her brow, long before the days of beauty doctors, is hardly to be recommended. As a child she shaved off what she considered a proper amount of hair, and then when she found the hair persisted in growing again, she patiently and persistently pulled it out until she attained the desired end.

A Chinese statesman, who looked twenty years younger than he was, told a foreign ambassador that the walls of his bedroom were hung with such mottoes as "I am young," "I am happy," "I am healthy." These suggestions of youth and vigor he considered no less important than the physical means by which he sought to hold the forces of time at bay, though the latter were by no means neglected, one of his dietetic rules being to take a

teaspoonful of olive oil before and after each meal. Fine feathers do not necessarily make fine birds. Something depends on the comfort of the feathers. Mothers who wonder why their children behave so badly away from home might not wonder so much if they would consider how much more comfortable and composed they themselves are when at home in a kimono than when on dress parade. The little folks, who have not been injured, like their mothers, to discomfort, notice the difference even more than the latter, and, though they may be pleased at first with the fine frock and wonderful hat, the constraint of their apparel soon gets upon their nerves and they grow cantankerous. If the mother would see that her child's best clothes are as comfortable as her every day ones, and of a kind that can be easily cleaned of soil, thus not necessitating the constant admonition, "Be careful not to soil your dress," she might be surprised at the improvement in her child's company manners.

"Many of our fruits and vegetables," said a well known dietitian the other day, "are difficult to digest because of their coarse grain or fibre. If this can be refined by chopping or boiling, the weaker stomach can digest the food. That is why soup, in which vegetables are practically reduced to extracts, are to be recommended to any one who cannot eat such things as corn or celery because of the mechanical irritation they cause in the stomach."

The woman who wants to make her neck and arms appear nice and white when she goes to dinner or dance should apply this treatment about an hour before dressing. After wetting a sponge with tepid water and a little eau de Cologne, rub a solution of rose water and glycerine into the skin. While it is still damp, cover with a thick coating of good powder, which may be left on until one is ready to go out. Then the neck and arms should be rubbed with the palm of the hand until the powder disappears.

Gathered Here and There

The market that is constructed so that it gives a loud alarm if touched by any one unfamiliar with its wares. It is made of wood, stands thirteen inches high and is nine inches broad and deep. It helps to solve the problem of stowing away the silver tableware at night when the household retires.

Many and diverse are the meanings that have been associated with the wearing of black. For men it has meant gravity, good sense, constancy and fortitude, but in young women it often seems to convey the impression of fickleness and foolishness. In married women, however, it has been, and is still, regarded as typical of constancy and sobriety. Although black is the color of mourning, it is possible to wear it with anything but a suggestion of the mourning spirit, and widow's weeds may be "louder" than the most conspicuous of colors.

Partially faded flowers can be revived by placing them in lukewarm water in which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved. The stems of the flowers should be cut before putting them in the water.

The "Paris Figaro" has discovered that Englishmen never talk about love, because they think too much and too highly of that passion to make it the subject of eternal conversation, like the French and Germans, or to find in it food for continued mockery and mirth, like the Americans.

The housewife who uses tin for steaming brown bread and puddings often finds that the seams and edges leave a greased mark on the contents. If glass jars such as are used for sliced bacon and marmalades are used instead this difficulty can be avoided. Furthermore, when a glass container is used one can see how well the ingredients are without lifting the cover.

In chopping food that has a strong flavor, such as onions or peppers, it is much better to use a piece of paper, which can be

HIGH-BRED FELINES

Cat Fancier Tells How to Groom and Feed Them.

"If you cannot keep an animal properly do not keep it at all," says Miss M. G. Decles, an English cat fancier who has kept cats since she was a child of seven years. And since her cats have carried off any number of prizes, one of them, Fulmer Champion Zaida, having won over five hundred first prizes, cups and medals, it must be that she knows what they need.

Cleanliness, Miss Decles says, is one of the chief requisites for cats, and if they get a fair chance they will be always sweet and attractive, for cats are neat animals by nature. Wood wool makes the best bedding, and their beds should be changed once a week at least, and dusted frequently with antiseptic powder to guard against fleas. Long haired cats require a lot of grooming. They ought to be brushed once a day—and twice a day when they are changing their coats. A fairly stiff brush with long bristles is best for grown-up cats, but for kittens a soft baby-brush must be used, as their delicate fur is very easily injured.

Miss Decles has sleeping boxes for her cats, square boxes with a lid at the top to open when the boxes are cleaned, and a side entrance for the occupant. A box must be scrubbed at least once a week, and thoroughly dried before the cat sleeps in it. A few things are so bad for cats as dampness is. If they sleep out of doors, the boxes must be raised at least two feet from the ground.

Never, says Miss Decles, leave a cat's food about after it has eaten what it wishes, for the food gets stale; and then, too, just like a person, cats get used to eating it. Never give cats rich food. Keep them on raw meat, cooked meat, fish, rice pudding, a little milk and plain scraps from the table. Once a week they may have some boiled liver, which they love. Every particle of fat must be removed from the meat that is given them, and every bone frothy the fish, the chicken, the mutton.

Every one has seen cats eating grass in the garden. Nature teaches them that they need it to bring up the fur they swallow in licking themselves. Cats that haven't access to gardens ought to be supplied with fresh grass every day, if possible. The long haired cats, the blues, blacks and browns are the hardest. Chinchillas are the most delicate. People who attend cat shows know that there is always the largest competition in blues. A really fine blue, long haired cat, one with no tinge of rust, but a pure slate blue down to the roots of the hair, is a beautiful creature. To be quite right, the blue cat must have eyes of deep orange, and, of course, the ears must be very small, the nose short and the face round and full.

A perfect chinchilla is beautiful, too—pale silver, with big, round, green eyes. Really fine chinchillas, however, are very rare, for it is difficult to breed one that is pure of any mark or shading. Some breeders are going in for the short haired Siamese cats, though it is a task to rear them, for they are delicate. They are affectionate creatures, and very pretty—of a pale biscuit color just pointed with chocolate on the ears, paws and tail, with deep blue eyes, and a rather long face. Abyssinians are another unique variety. They are brown, looking so much like rabbits that some people call them bunnies. There are just a few silver Abyssinians, bred in the last few years. Many cats are interesting. Their devotion in the matter of a tail makes them appear a trifle abbreviated, but at least they have distinction. Short haired cats are the easiest to keep, of course, for they don't require a quarter of the grooming, but there's a charm about a fluffy Persian that no short haired cat possesses.

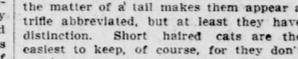
All cats need liberty and fresh air. Coddling, confinement and overheated kennels are bad for them. They should be allowed to romp around in the open whenever possible.

MENDING WITH COURT PLASTER.

The idea of mending a tear with court plaster is not new, but it is still unfamiliar to many. A rent can often be repaired in this way, so that it will be almost invisible with little trouble. The torn skirt or coat should be turned inside out, the raw edges should be drawn together and the material tacked with pins to the table. The court plaster should then be slightly dampened with warm water and allowed to get perfectly pliable before it is applied to the rent. Then it should be held in place for a few minutes, and finally a piece of paper should be laid over it and the material pressed with a hot iron.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

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SUCCESS WITH FISH

Have Plenty of Water and Plants and Avoid Globes.

"If anybody comes to me and wants to know how to fix up an aquarium," said L. B. Spencer, who has charge of the experimental laboratory on the roof of the New York Aquarium, in Battery Park, "the first thing I tell them is to have fewer fish and more water, because that's the mistake everybody makes—crowding in fishes where they can't live."

"Then I say, get a large, straight-sided glass jar—not a globe. A globe hasn't enough air surface, and that's the main thing. Put gravel or sand in the bottom—we like gravel best because we can get it easier—and put in your right proportion of plant and animal matter."

"What is the right proportion? Well, that's what we're figuring out here most of the time. Enough plants to give out the oxygen the fish use, and enough water to float eight gallons of water to four little fish. It is always safe to take more water and plants than you think you need, and less fish. Now, this little fellow here has been living in this tank for fifteen years or more, without once enjoying a change of water. That's because the plants kept the water clean and supplied the oxygen, and because I was very careful about keeping out any decayed matter."

"You need light, too, to keep the plants which supply the oxygen, but direct sunlight isn't necessary. Duckweed is sometimes used as a floating plant on the surface, and then there's fontinalis and salvinia for fresh water, and all kinds of seaweed for salt water fishes."

Mr. Spencer says he doesn't care much about goldfish, and the only reason they're used so commonly by people who have aquaria of their own is that they are easy to get and make a good showing.

"They're stupid," said Mr. Spencer. "Fancy fish aren't ever worth anything. They've been bred for generations and generations by the Japanese, who succeeded in making this glittering creature out of a plain fork-tailed fish. If you leave them alone now and don't bother about selecting them, they'll breed back to the original form in a few generations. They'll retrograde into the same dull-colored common little fish. These Chinese paradise fellows are much cuter and brighter, and they're more democratic and ready to fight for themselves. They don't need any selecting to be done."

"Here are some of the cunning little minnows and sunfish. They're much more fun than goldfish, and these solaris, with the bit of blue, we put in all the school tanks we fix up. I'd rather pay \$3 for a paradise fish than have all the goldfish in the world given to me."

"When Mr. Spencer approached a tank with the short stick which he carries about with him, the fish all swam toward him and opened their round little mouths in greeting.

"Oh," he said, "so you thought I was coming with your dinner. But I fooled you that time. You had one dinner yesterday, and you don't get another till to-morrow. I'm sorry, friends, but that's the rule."

Then he explained that the fish are fed three times a week, on chopped raw beef, which they all like very much. Salt water fish get chopped clams, and others little snails, but a starfish in one of the tanks had searched for a bit and had got himself wound around a piece of wood in a quest for barnacles.

"Well, if you haven't got the unmerciful cheek to eat barnacles when snails are all I can afford for your diet!" remarked Mr. Spencer, as he proceeded to untie the knots in the creature's five arms. You've got the salt of a lobster, and I always thought you were a nice, quiet starfish that knew his place in the world."

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