# Polly and Jack Discuss the Game of Cards--and Love

## A Honeymoon Conversation by Helen Rowland, Author of "The Digressions of Polly"---A Page for Women Readers

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"CARDS," said Polly, looking at me with sudden inspiration, "are just like men!"

"They are very—fascinating," I ventured.

Polly suppressed a smile, but could not suppress her dimple.

"They are fearfully uncertain," she declared.

"And dangerous," I added.

"And it doesn't make much difference what card or what man you hold," went on Polly cheerfully, "so that you play it well."

"May I ask," I inquired humbly, "to what 'it' refers—the card or the man?"

"Oh, to neither," said Polly. "To the game, of course—poker or love or—"

"Poker and love are both games of bluff," I remarked appreciatively.

"And of science," suggested Polly.

"I don't agree with you there," I objected. "All the theory in the world isn't equal to a little experience in either of them."

"The whole art of playing consists," pursued Polly, making a cylinder of a card and talking thru it thoughtfully, "in keeping a level head."

"And a straight face."

"And in not taking the game too seriously."

"But you've got to take it seriously," I argued, "when you are playing for money—or matrimony."

"There are some people," sighed Polly, resting her chin in her hands, "who play just for fun."

"And when the game is finished, they haven't won anything," I declared, scornfully.

"Nor lost anything," said Polly, "and they've had a good time."

"Such people," I remarked sternly, "are very frivolous. Indeed you might call them cowardly. And they always turn out badly, Polly—confirmed flirts or old bachelors or something equally uninteresting and ridiculous."

"Is there anything on earth more uninteresting," sighed Polly, "than a contentedly married woman? Is there anything more stupid, stale, flat and unprofitable than growing middle-aged and fat and acquiring a double chin? Is there anything more appalling than losing your interest in the game?

"That's it, Polly!" I cried, "married people do lose their interest in the game, but they shouldn't. The trouble is that when a woman is married fairly comfortably she stands pat—"

"Stands—what?"

"She stands pat—she is perfectly satisfied with the hand that has been dealt her and makes no effort to improve on it. Whether she really believes she holds the prize hand in the game, or is only trying to bluff her friends into thinking she does, makes no difference. The moment one feels sure of having won, the excitement subsides."

"But," said Polly, scornfully, "can any woman feel sure of winning—either at cards or in matrimony—while men continue to be such excellent—bluffers?"

I lit my pipe and gazed at the chandelier in injured silence for a few moments. Then—

"I don't know what you mean," I ventured, coldly.

"Why, Jack," continued Polly, with conviction, "they are bluffers! From the time little Tommy is 4 years old he begins to bluff his mother into giving him everything that he wants and into imagining him an angel. And from that hour on he knows instinctively that women were made to be bluffed, and like to be bluffed. He bluffs the girls when he grows up into thinking that he is the bravest, cleverest creature on earth and into believing all the pretty things he says to them. He bluffs his way thru college. And finally, by the time he gets a wife, bluffing has become such a habit with him that he would rather do it than play fairly, even when playing fairly would be the best for him."

"All is fair in love and poker," I vouchsafed. But I was glad that a puff of smoke at that moment hid my face from Polly. "Besides," I continued, "a man doesn't want to quit the game just because he has taken the pot. That is the very point I am making. Men would keep on playing after marriage if they could, but a woman always insists on calling."

"A woman knows when to stop," interrupted Polly. "It is a good player, who knows when to stop—at love or flirtation—or cards."

"Yet the game only really begins to be serious on your wedding day," I sighed.

"And from that hour on," declared Polly, "it is liable to be too serious. Suppose a wife should keep on flirting with her husband—and should lose!"

"In poker," I remarked, "one is expected to take one's losses like a man."

Polly took up the pack and began shuffling meditatively.

"But a woman can't," she replied, sadly. "I suppose that's why women are poor card players. They take it too seriously. What they want to win is the jack pot of matrimony, and once they have taken it they haven't the courage to keep on playing and to stand the chances of losing it again. Woman knows that before marriage she has played her best cards and that, as likely as not, the luck will turn against her if she keeps on tempting fate."

What is woman's winning card, Polly?"

"Nobody can win with one card," said Polly, evasively, taking up her hand once more and pretending to study it carefully.

"Is it beauty?" I persisted.

Polly laid down her cards and looked scornful.

"Have you never seen a snub-nosed girl with freckles and a darning needle figure carry off all the men at a dance and the catch of the season, while tailor-made Venuses stood around and ground their teeth?"

"Oh, it's cleverness, then." I made a flying guess.

Polly's upper lip curled until you would have known Cupid's bow was about to shoot an arrow.

"Cleverness!" she cried. "Cleverness in a woman—is only a—a two-spot! It's more in the way than anything else."

"Well, perhaps," I suggested meekly, "it's the feminine domestic virtues. Or it may be wealth, or cheerfulness, or—"

"Listen," interrupted Polly. "Did you ever hear the fairy story of the Eligible Prince? Well, it goes something like this: The prince was a delightful person in search of a wife—"

"It must be a fairy story," I interpolated. "One doesn't have to search, but to avoid—"

"Do you wish to hear that story, Mr. Cutting?"

I replied by a meek and profound silence.

"The princesses from far and near came to his palace to offer themselves—"

"How very modern—and how natural!"

"They came," pursued Polly, fixing me over the edge of her cards with an unmistakable glance, "at the solicitation of his mother."

"Impossible!" I cried, "who ever heard of a man's mother—"

"Will you listen, Mr. Cutting—or do you want to tell it yourself?"

"Far be it from me," I protested, "to deprive you of the privilege of telling anything."

"Well," continued Polly, resignedly, "there was a beautiful princess, and a clever princess, and a domestic princess—and one other."

"And what did he do about it?"

"He had a painting made of the beautiful princess and hung it on the wall of the palace. He said that would do quite as well as the original to look at. He made the domestic princess chief cook to his majesty, and he had the clever princess banished from the kingdom, lest her witticisms should outshine his own and she should convince him that he did not know it all."

"And the one other princess—what was she like?"

"He never had a chance to discover that, for the moment they met she smiled at him so sweetly that he thought her quite beautiful and flattered him so deftly and listened to him with such appreciation that he pronounced her wonderfully clever and handled the servants so perfectly that he declared it did not make the slightest difference whether she knew how to cook or not; she could always persuade someone to do such things for her. You see, Jack, she held woman's winning card—the ace of tact."

"And did they marry and live happily ever afterward—and have a daughter, Polly?"

"Why?" asked Polly curiously.

"Oh, I only fancied I had met one of the tactful princess' descendants," I remarked very carefully avoiding Polly's eyes.

But Polly only giggled.

"Was she nice?" she inquired.

"How do I know?" I asked. "When woman holds the winning card—there isn't a man on earth whom she cannot bluff—"

"Nonsense!" cried Polly.

"Into idealizing her into a perfect—"

"Stop!"

"Venus and Minerva combination—a Helen of Troy and a Saint Cecilia in one. Shall we go on playing?" I added, taking up my cards and arranging them in order.

Polly got up slowly and came around to the back of my chair.

"I'm tired of cards," she said, putting her arms about my neck and her cheek down to mine; "I'd much rather play—at love."

I bent my head back and kissed the laces at her throat.

"You've taken the jackpot already, little girl," I said softly.

Polly laughed tenderly.

"That was just beginner's luck," she remarked.

# Detroit Woman's Poem Was Ascribed to Three Masters

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 20.

"TO BE the author of a poem which ever since its birth has been periodically ascribed to three of the greatest literary lights of England, is an experience which, while flattering, has its unhappy feature," said Mrs. Lizzie York Case.

Mrs. Case, who has achieved a reputation as a writer of short stories, essays and poems, was discussing the varied fortunes of her poem, "There Is No Unbelief."

"This poem of mine, which for twenty-seven years has been accredited to Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Kingsley and Mrs. Browning, not to mention a dozen others, was written by me in a moment of emotional turmoil compounded of resentment against dogmatic intolerance and enthusiasm for a larger belief.

"It happened this way: One morning about twenty-seven years ago I was breakfasting with a very young clergyman, whose ironclad orthodoxy permitted of no compromise. He questioned me as to my religious belief. I answered that I had an inherited creed, that I had clung to the faith of my fathers—I was a Quakeress, a Friend.

"'Then,' answered the pious young shepherd of souls, 'you are an unbeliever and you will be damned.'

"'I am not afraid of that,' I answered, 'for there is no unbelief. The thing is unthinkable. I believe in everything that is good and beautiful and true—in God and man and nature, in love and life and joy. There is no unbelief.'

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"That night I slept fretfully. The young zealot's words haunted and worried me. In hot refutation of his arrogant summary of a belief that did not coincide with his, the verses were born. That is the only way I can explain their being.

"I was living in Detroit at the time and was contributing a weekly article to a newspaper. But the next morning, instead of preparing my regular stipulation, I dashed off the poem that had been framing in my mind all night. The newspaper published it, and soon after letters came pouring in on me from all over the country, thanking me for the verses and for the consolation that had been induced in many cases by them."

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the future grow,
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever sets 'neath winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the futures grow,
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in sleep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever says tomorrow, the unknown,
The future, trusts that power alone,
None dare disown.

There is no unbelief,
The heart that looks on where dear eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows,

There is no unbelief,
For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

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"The verses were copied by numberless newspapers and magazines. They were translated into many languages. I heard of them being read from pulpits and quoted far and wide. I, myself, had the happiness of hearing them read from the pulpit of Minot J. Savage. Frances E. Willard and others set the verses to music. In short, the little poem that had been dashed off under the sting of a cruel word had touched a responsive chord in thousands of human hearts.

"But then began the strange career of appropriation by others and false ascribing of my little poem. A man named Bulmer, of Illinois, copied the poem and sent it under his own name to the Farmers Advocate of Chicago. A Wisconsin paper copied, it, changing the name to Bulwer, assuming that 'Bulmer' was a misprint. That accounts, I suppose, for its being accredited to Bulwer-Lytton. At all events, the poem was from time to time ascribed to Mrs. Browning, Charles Kingsley, Bulwer, McCreery, author of "There is No Death,' and to Robert Shaw.

"I had hoped that the question of its authorship was setled beyond all doubt," said Mrs. Case when informed that the controversy had been started anew. "Of course, I resent most bitterly that they should try to rob me of these little verses. I should try to recover them as I would seek to recover a lost child. That I have recently suffered the loss of some real estate is bearable beside the loss of this ideal estate, which I cherish with the fondness of a mother her offspring."

Mrs. Case showed a copy of James Whitcomb Riley's poems which he sent her on reading her poem. This graceful inscription is one of many tributes that she has received from her co-laborers in the field of letters:

To—
Mrs. Lizzie York Case,

Who lit the lone world's darkness, doubt and grief,
With truth's own song, "There is No Unbelief,"
A buoyant optimism is this writer's philosophy of life.

"The world has been my home," she says, "and a beautiful home it has been. It has sympathized with me in my ideals, it has extended to me the warm handclasp of friendship in my griefs. Life is lovely, and in spite of trial, the joy of living is with me.

"No more interesting problem than the so-called woman problem confronts us all today. But really I'm tired of hearing the ceaseless prate about women as women. Genius and ability ought to be considered apart from sex. Women and men should be judged alike as individuals, as personalities capable of doing and being great things. So I hate the words 'authoress and 'poetess' and the other feminizing suffixes.

"No, indeed, I do not thing that woman's so-called invasion of man's sphere has tended in any way to coarsen her or rob her of one whit of her grace and charm. Look at Susan B. Anthony, whom they all ridiculed some years ago, and Julia Ward Howe. Where can you find any of their sex who have mellowed with the years as they have? The living and doing of great and vital things brings with it, not bitterness and sharpness, but grace and beauty."

ALREADY preparations are beginning for baby's Christmas. A flood of toys will be thought out and provided for the child that is likely to inundate the nursery and make all semblances of order impossible. These gifts become so numerous that satiated little owners turn from one to another without gaining any thoro enjoyment, or their fancy lands on one to the exclusion of the others. Certain it is that the toys are no longer attractive after the first novelty wears off, and many of them become more or less broken or marred, and the little ones become discontented and long for new pleasures to conquer. Now the wise mother has a little scheme which she does not reveal to the child, and which averts this undesirable Yule-tide reaction. She selects from among the mass of toys a number which are to be laid aside for some future time. The upper shelf of some closet or a large box in the attic serves as a storehouse for some of these treasures. There they keep fresh and are a hidden treasure that is sure a little later to provide a delightful revelation. When the playthings in the nursery have become an old story, they, in turn, are relegated to the attic and are replaced in the playroom by the fresh toys, which have been sent down, and which are hailed with delight by the little ones, who have forgotten them.

It is a good plan. It keeps the nursery from being overcrowded with toys, and, best of all, it varies the monotony.

VELVET hat facings are the order of the day, and velvet crowns are introduced on felt, beaver and silk brims. There are fewer flower-trimmed modes this season than formerly, yet for evening functions flowers will be worn. Roses, always without rival, are mostly of the "Brusssels sprout" shape and are rich in color.

In colors the most popular shades are brown, prune, green and blue, with mixture of gray and brown, dull green and black.

Feathers are mounted in preference to lying flat, and wings long and narrow are very good.

In ribbons many fancy weaves are used, changeable effects very fetching in moire. Many of the most effective creations show a lavish display of silk, moire effects especially favored.

While there may not be to the overcritical any strictly new styles, there are enough to keep the novelties from being overlooked. As for materials it seems quite out of the question to say anything of materials used for hats without giving the lead to velvets, for while there are undoubtedly many other materials from which millinery can be developed, velvet still stands supreme.

A very beautiful breakfast set is shown in an unconventional design, underglase decoration and three colors—green, blue and pink. For the breakfastroom there are some fascinating plaques reasonable. They come in many colors and designs and are an appropriate decoration.

# Button, Poverty and Christening Parties Described---By Mlle. Merri

IT WAS with pleasure that I read the words "Button Party" in the corner of a dainty invitation which I found on my desk recently. A common agate button was sewed on the card, while underneath was written "Bring your thimble."

On arriving at the appointed hour, the guests were seated four at a table, the hostess giving each one a card with a number corresponding to the ones on the table, so all found their partners and tables in this way. At the head of the table there was a bell, and so far the arrangements were as for an ordinary card party. Small pencils were attached to the score card with which to keep the account. At table No. 1 there were fifteen large agate buttons for each person, with thread and needles.

On the other tables there were bowls filled with buttons. The person at the head table who sews on his or her fifteen buttons first, rings the bell, and progresses with the one who has sewed on the next highest number, first pulling off the buttons so as to be ready for the newcomers. The buttons must be sewed on as follows: Make a knot in the thread, sew once into each hole, then fasten enough to hold the button on. Break the thread each time. Every person reaching the head table sews on the fifteen buttons as the first did, the remaining persons beginning over again and keeping the score. Those at the other tables sew on just as many buttons as possible while the ones at the head table are doing the requisite number. After fifteen progressions, the score cards were collected; to the one sewing on the largest number of buttons a pair of scissors in a leather case was given for the man's prize, and a dainty thimble was the lady's reward. The consolation prize for the lady was a needle case, and a box of patent buttons for the gentleman. The affair was pronounced a decided success, and quite a relief from cards. The customary light refreshments were served at the small tables.

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There have been several inquiries for a christening party, and here is an account of one that must have been a very beautiful affair. To begin with, the rooms were lighted with pink candles, which were in a row on top of the piano, on the mantels and tops of bookcases. The gas jets were turned down very low and shaded with pink tissue paper. Palms were banked in the front window, and the shades drawn. The hour was four in the afternoon. To use as a font, there was a silver bowl on a pedestal surrounded by a wreath of pink rosebuds.

This baby's mother had so many friends that it was hard to choose who should be the godmother, so she asked eight of her "nearest and dearest" to act in this capacity. They were all young ladies, and wore gowns of white. At the appointed hour, when the beautiful music began, they came down the stairway two by two and formed a half circle in front of the window. The father and mother followed, then the dear 3-months-old baby in the arms of her grandfather. She wore her mother's christening robe—a fine specimen of French needlework. The little maiden was given to her father, and the minister began the impressive baptismal service. When he asked "What shall this child's name be?" the godmothers responded with the name, which happened to be "Frances."

A "lullaby" completed this very beautiful service. A quartet of soprano, alto, tenor and bass, with violin and piano, furnished the music. Light refreshments were served from a pink rose decorated table, the godmothers taking turns in "pouring." The hostess was gowned in pink, the whole affair assuming the rose color, as befitted the tiny miss, who, all unconscious, was the center of attraction.

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Of all the "showers" given to recent brides, these two have the advantage of being novel, as well as practical, and so inexpensive that the purses of the guests are not heavily taxed.

The first is a "glass-and-jar" shower. Each person will be asked to bring a jar of fruit, pickles, marmalade, bottle of catsup, chili sauce, a tumbler of jelly or preserves, and with it a rhyme or sentiment apropos of the occasion. The bride-elect was perfectly delighted with the contribution to her emergency closet. The second shower is exceedingly clever. It is to be a wash-rag, soap and bath towel "shower." The contributions will be deposited in a clothes basket and a soiled clothes hamper. All varieties of soap and such a lot of wash cloths, hand crotcheted, bag shaped, flannel and dainty hemstitched squares, all tied with ribbon in white tissue paper parcels, will be brought.

A luncheon will precede both these affairs. At one the bride's chair will be decorated with a huge bow of white tulle; at the other the dinner favors will be tiny slippers filled with pink and white peppermints.

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To break the ice at what promised to be a rather formal evening, the guests all being strangers, the hostess, as each entered the drawing room, after introductions had been made, pinned a card on the back of each. She announced that the person spoken to should be addressed as if he or she was the person whose name adorned his back—that is, the conversation should be along those lines until the person divined his own identity, when the placard was to be removed. Some of the names were "Buffalo Bill," "Mrs. Roosevelt," "Depew," "The Duchess of Marlborough," "Jean de Reszke," "Washington," "Napoleon," "Queen Alexandra," etc.

Afterwards photographs of famous people were passed, incorrectly labelled; the right name was to be substituted, and this filled a half hour. Some of the mistakes were very ludicrous. For prizes the hostess gave a framed photograph of Longfellow, and a hand-painted motto, framed.

A request for a "Poverty Party" is answered as follows: Write the invitations with a heavy pencil on red, brown or blue paper, and, if possible, have them delivered by a messenger all tattered, and just as forlorn looking as he can be made. This will save postage, and, of course, the more the spirit of the affair is entered into the greater success will be the party.

I should use pumpkins, carrots, turnips and corn in decorating. Pumpkins hollowed out and lined with oiled paper make fine receptacles for bon bons, which, in this instance, must be molasses and old-fashioned stick candy. Cabbages done in the same way may be used to hold salted peanuts. Stacks of corn stalks in the rooms will answer for palms, while large cornucopias made of brown paper and filled with leaves and grasses will make good wall decorations. Use paper flowers; real ones would be far too expensive for a "poverty party."

Large pumpkins placed around the rooms will serve in lieu of chairs, and be sure to use kitchen chairs in the dining room; all upholstered furniture must be banished from sight, as well as bric-a-brac, etc. For lights, use old-fashioned barn lanterns, and candles in vegetable holders. The refreshments should consist of cornmeal mush in crockery bowls, served with a bountiful supply of cream and sugar, brown and white bread sandwiches, apple and pumpkin pies, coffee in tin cups, doughnuts and cookies. No tablecloth should be used, and paper napkins are proper for this frugal, but wholesome, repast. Use tin, wooden and paper dishes, and serve cider from a large new bread pan, with a tin dipper. Offer a prize for the most poverty-stricken individual and one for the worst hard-luck story—a big apple for one prize, a bag of popcorn for the other.

—Ellye Howell Glover.

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Questions on any subject pertaining to this department will cheerfully be answered. A reply will be sent by mail if stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; otherwise answers will appear in this column. Address Mlle. Merri, The Sunday Journal.

### Superstitions of Stones

RUBIES are most suited for young lovers. They are also most expensive. The people of the Burmese empire believe that a ruby is a human soul just about to enter the sacred precincts of Buddha and consequently in the last stages of transmigration. A ruby is an emblem of the most passionate and absorbing love. A ruby in the old days of chivalry was supposed to lead a knight to conquest, to cause obstacles to melt away and to inspire one with bravery and zeal. It also kept his honor unstained and his character without a blemish.

Pearls have always been the particular emblem of purity. They are also credited with representing modesty. In Persia to this day people suppose them to be drops of water which by some means entered the oyster and became crystalized there. Pearls and diamonds are the most popular of gems among all classes.

An emerald that has no flaw in it is typical of the purest love. Some people say that, as few such stones can be found, purest love is necessarily rare. An emerald was always thought to possess the power of discovering treachery in alleged friends.

The emerald is exceedingly popular in courtships and in marriages. After marriage it is supposed to bring harmony into the household and to further domestic joys in every possible way. To lose an emerald is said to bring business misfortunes and disaster.

A new postage stamp has been issued in Tokio for use in the Protectorate of Korea. It bears the chrysanthemum as the emblem of Japan, the plum blossom as symbolical of Korea and two pigeons representing the postal service.

AN EMBROIDERED piece should never be put in with the regular wash. Let it be washed by itself in an earthen bowl. Take fairly hot water and make a light suds of some kind of pure soap. Wash quickly. If the linen is soiled rub that portion between the hands, but avoid general rubbing. Take it out of the suds and rinse thoroly in clean water. Having thoroly washed the article, commence to dry it.

A wet piece of embroidery should never be hung up to dry; never be folded upon itself and thrown in a heap; never left a moment while attending to something else. Lay the piece flat between two dry towels, or thick linen cloths and roll it up inside these in such a way that no part of the embroidery can touch any other part of the same linen. In this shape it can be wrung or twisted without danger, or can be lightly pounded that the dry linen may the more quickly absorb the moisture. In this condition it should be left until the silks are dry.

Lay the piece face down upon an ironing board well covered with several pieces of material. Spread a clean white cloth over the embroidery and iron lightly the whole surface, being careful not to press too heavily upon the embroidered portions. A hot iron placed upon embroideries that are wet will produce a steam that will injure the same. Do not press hard at first, but work rapidly. Should the center have become too dry, use a dampened cloth to run the iron over, as this method will leave the linen sufficiently damp for pressing. It also leaves the linen fresh and holds the natural stiffness of same. Damp linen, dry silks, heat in iron, and quick movement are the elements necessary to success.

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It requires an eye for color, great intuition, and a general artistic sense of the fitness of things to engineer the interior decorating of a home. Comparatively speaking, there are few homes that display good taste in the general scheme. It is far more desirable to have all the rooms in harmony than to have one elaborately decorated at the expense of another. The average woman, declares a professional, has no idea of artistic decorating. Let her go, for instance, to pick out wall paper and she can comprehend no farther than the little piece that is hung up for suggestion. She cannot with her eye get a correct picture of the room as it will appear completed. The beauty of simplicity does not appeal to her, and nine cases out of ten, she chooses an overdone scheme; she has no eye for color, and so combines the wrong tones, and this proves that it demands an artist to create a home atmosphere of unadorned beauty, which is the true spirit of gentility. The woman who is about to furnish a home and is not sure of her own judgment should value the opinion of the salespeople if she is assured that they understand their business. Unless one has enjoyed superior advantages, together with the benefit of applied knowledge, one cannot fail to do better than accept the suggestions of men and women who are specialists in that line, whose minds are concentrated on evolving designs and schemes which shall conform to the rules of science and are. The true and conscientious decorator will study the personality of his customer, and around that he will work. Color so affects the powers of endurance that they should be chosen with great care.

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It requires great care to clean oil paintings. Such accumulations as smoke, grime, and such stains are difficult to remove. There is one way to clean them that does not require the utmost caution in its use to keep from doing some little harm to the picture. Soap should not be used, as it mixes with the oil in paint and is apt to to make the colors fade. The best way is to wash the painting gently with clear water, using a soft cloth, and then, after it has dried, to rub it with a clean cloth, moistened with fresh olive oil. The oil will remove some accumulations from the picture that the water has softened and it contains nothing to fade the colors.

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Feather beds are most unhealthy. The body sinks down into them. This prevents the escape of perspiration, and makes ventilation difficult. They are heating, and, in case of illness, make the duties of nurse most difficult. If used, they should be shaken every day, and occasionally the feathers should be cleaned.

FOR AN informal dinner the fish may be served by the host and passed in the same manner as the soup, which has been served by the hostess from a tureen on the table, the assistant taking one soup plate at a time from the sideboard, placing it in front of the hostess, then, when filled, placing it on the service plate of each guest from the right. Large platters should always be used when carving is done at the table. If this is not convenient then a carving napkin may be on the table in front of the host from the beginning, to be left on until the table is cleared for dessert.

Entrees are always served from the side, and the roast is carved by the host. All vegetables and sauces are placed on the side table and passed to the left of each guest when required. The host or hostess makes the salad, and the hostess serves the dessert and pours out the coffee. Coffee should be placed at the lower right hand of the guest and cream and sugar passed to the left. The bonbons and relishes may be upon the table, and the number of courses should be less than for a formal dinner.

Experienced diners will always refuse anything that is to them especially injurious, and are expected to do so, but it is bad form to parade one's objections. A quiet refusal by a glance or a motion is all that is necessary.

These suggestions are for those households who have more than one servant. Now follow some for those homes where one pair of hands do both cooking and serving. The service plate should be omitted. All the knives and forks to be used may be put on the table, salts and peppers at the corners of the table, or one of each for every two persons. Small, round plates for the butter ball, and slice of bread or dinner roll, which should be put on before dinner is announced, are placed at the left of each cover, and the small butter knife, if one is used, placed on the plate with the bread. Goblets should be filled with iced water, and everything needed should be on the side table before guests are seated. Decanters, bonbons, and relishes may all be on the table from the beginning. The plates for each course served on the table should be placed in a low pile, not more than three or four at a time, in front of the host or hostess, the maid taking each one as it is filled, putting it on the tray, and placing it in front of each guest from the right with the right hand.

The housekeeper who has brains, good taste, and tact can serve her family and entertain her friends without drudgery and without extravagance.

Europe is ahead of us. They have begun to put fenders on autos in London.

### Famous French Tapestries

One hundred and forty thousand dollars is the sum the French government proposes to expend upon the work of restoring some of its precious old tapestries. The state owns, it seems, nearly seven hundred pieces which were made previous to the Revolution. With the greatest care it would have been impossible to preserve them absolutely against decay, but thru the failure of successive French governments to take even the most obvious precautions, they are in such a state of neglect that many of them will scarcely hold together. Some, like the famous Bayeux tapestry, are unique, and their loss would deprive future ages not only of priceless works of art, but of valuable historical documents. The work of restoration will be undertaken by the Gobelins establishment, which is owned and controlled by the French government, and will take twelve years to execute, for the reason that so few workmen can now be found who are possessed of the requisite skill to undertake it.

### Ivory Articles Popular

Ivory toilet sets are again in fashion after years of neglect, during which time silver-backed brushes have been in vogue, which have been superseded by gold ones, and again by lovely tortoise shell sets mounted in gold, at present the apex of refined popularity.

Some people say it is the interest we feel in the Japanese at this moment that has brought back the ivory toilet sets into favor, but others declare that it is simply the moment for ivory. A jeweler says that there is another cause, and that is that ivory is not quite as expensive as it was. It is being used either plain or carved, and is certainly very lovely.

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