# A BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

## DEALING WITH AN IDEAL—IN MARRIAGE.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"Of course," said the Bachelor Girl, tilting her head thoughtfully on one side, "every woman should marry——"

"What!" The Mere Man set down his coffee cup with an abrupt little clatter.

"When she finds her ideal husband," finished the Bachelor Girl. "But," she added, with a sigh, "that's such a difficult thing to do."

"And so disappointing, when you do it," remarked the Mere Man sententiously, as he took out his cigarette case.

"'Disappointing'?" The Bachelor Girl raised her delicate eyebrows and glanced across the centerpiece of pink roses in surprise.

"Ideals," explained the Mere Man, striking a match beneath the table, "are apt to be like the pictures in the anti-fat advertisements—so fearfully different 'before' and 'after' taking."

The Bachelor Girl twisted her coffee cup, reflectively.

"All husbands are," she remarked placidly.

"Ideals are likely," continued the Mere Man, leaning back to light his cigarette, "to develop embonpoint, or chronic dyspepsia, or a bald head, or nerves, or the asthma."

"All husbands do that," repeated the Bachelor Girl emphatically.

"But it's so much worse in an ideal," protested the Mere Man. "A woman places him so high that he has further to fall than an ordinary chap; and he's bound to come down with a crash. The trouble is," he continued, puffing thoughtfully, "that all husbands look about alike after marriage. In the dim, damp dawn of the next morning you can't tell an ideal from an ordinary, everyday husband—especially if his mouth is open and his top-hair is sticking up in tufts and he needs a shave and a clean collar and——"

"Oh!" cried the Bachelor Girl, putting her hands before her eyes with a little shudder, "do they ever look like that?"

The Mere Man shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Yes," he acknowledged, regretfully, "but it's much easier to get used to it and to come out of your dream if you have married a plain, commonplace fellow than——"

"Perhaps," cried the Bachelor Girl, with sudden inspiration, "that's why women who are married to great men never seem to appreciate them nor to stand in awe of them. I suppose poets and bakers and actors and brewers and statesmen and storekeepers are all exactly the same around the house, and when they are hungry, or can't find a collar button, or want to go to sleep, or have indigestion, or the nightmare——"

"Or a grouch," finished the Mere Man. "Exactly—only that poets and actors and statesmen are—are more so. I once knew a sweet girl who married a virtuoso. She had a fond illusion that her life would be › a Chopin waltz tune or a Beethoven ta or a Liszt melody, and that she d ripple down the stream of matri- y to the alluring notes of a violin; the sweet strains became a horrible ain after she had been listening to romatic scales for six hours a day for veral years; and the melody turned into discord and ended in a—clash!" and the re Man sighed sadly.

I suppose," mused the Bachelor Girl, cracking a nut reflectively, "that it is different. Listening to the dreamy voice of a poet while he reads you his fancies on a summer afternoon, after all, isn't exactly like listening to the click of his typewriter and the muttering of his groans while he is turning out those fancies on a winter morning."

"Of course," assented the Mere Man, "and an actor's flights of temperament on the stage are considerably more inspiring than his flights of temper when dinner isn't ready or his costume doesn't fit, or he is struggling with his dress shirt or his wig or his make-up. It's very flattering to feel that the world or the stage or the state needs your husband; but it isn't quite so satisfying to discover that it's the world or the stage or the state that gets him, and that about all that is left to you is his next morning headache and his nervous exhaustion and a chance to sit around and keep quiet, while he sleeps off his excitement. It's much more comfortable to spend your life with a man who can mend a broken bedspring or fix the faucet when it leaks than with one who can play Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," or write you a sonnet. And it's much wiser to marry somebody who will button your shoes and walk the baby than somebody who expects you to sit at his feet and walk a chalk mark."

"And I suppose it's more satisfactory," added the Bachelor Girl, "to be tied to the sort of man who knows how to say pretty things across the table and will lead the dog out to the park after dinner than to the brilliant person who knows how to carry a crowd away by his oratorical outbursts and can lead the nation on to glory."

"Yes," agreed the Mere Man, puffing idly. "The great man who can hold an audience spellbound and work the country both ways by pressing a small button is apt to be more peevish about the way his ham and eggs are cooked and more childish and fretful when he finds a button off his shirt or is hunting for a clean necktie than the little chap who can merely sit in the gallery and cry, 'Hear! hear!' Besides, a wife sort of loses her awe and admiration of a genius after she has helped him rehearse his speeches, and heard him swear at the cat and struggled to get him into his frock coat and to make him put on the proper shirt and part his hair in the middle. Ideals, like anything else, need distance to lend them enchantment—and the longer you are married to one, the more distance you are likely to give him."

The Bachelor Girl poured herself a cup of black coffee and set down the coffee-pot with a little thump.

"Then I'll give it up!" she exclaimed with conviction.

"What!" The Mere Man jumped.

"The search for a husband——"

"But I didn't know you were searching!" exclaimed the Mere Man. "I thought you were dodging!"

"For a husband," continued the Bachelor Girl, "to whom I can look up—for a man so big that I can't see over him and through him and all around him; for a companion who will be an inspiration and an example and a matter of pride; for——"

"For a thing of beauty and joy forever!" broke in the Mere Man cynically. "That's what most women are sighing and searching for; but the sad part of it is, that the thing of beauty is never the joy forever, not even for a minute. The joy forever is the little, unobtrusive chap in a tweed suit and a brown derby, who is so far beneath you that he has to strain his eyes to look up to you, and will run his legs off to wait on you, and work his fingers off to buy you frocks, and part his hair, and buy his neckties anywhere on earth to please you, and do his smoking in the kitchen and spend his evenings by the fire and his whole life trying to find out what you want. The sort of husband who makes a woman really happy is the one to whom she can play leading lady—the one she marries merely as a favor, and who is so deeply impressed by that favor that he feels under obligations forever afterward. Haven't you ever noticed that all the most brilliant and happiest women are tied to little 'annexes,' who adore them and sit under their thumbs with perfect equanimity and sing their praises and echo their words and aren't sure what they know or think about anything till they run home and find about what their wives think and——"

"Mr. Porter!" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, bringing her nut-cracker down on the table with a thud, "I couldn't stand a—a thing like that! There's a happy medium between a slave and a sultan!"

"But the trouble is," declared the Mere Man tranquilly, "that in matrimony there's always one slave and one sultan—or sultana. Marriage is like a pie or a doughnut, difficult to divide evenly. Somebody is sure to get the larger half, and the other person has to be satisfied with what's left. The important thing is to pick out an opponent——"

"A—what?"

"A husband or wife," explained the Mere Man, "who is weaker, not stronger than yourself; smaller, not bigger. Then you'll get all the prizes, instead of the leavings and——"

"And spend your life," exclaimed the Bachelor Girl scornfully, "sitting with your feet on—a doormat!"

"That's better," retorted the Mere Man cheerfully, "than sitting at the foot of a throne and gazing up until you get a crick in the neck."

"But not half so nice," declared the Bachelor Girl, with a toss of her chin, "as sitting on a tete-a-tete——"

"Or across the table," put in the Mere Man.

"With somebody exactly on your own level——"

"Who wears a pink picture hat," murmured the Mere Man, "and a frilly frock and an adorable——"

"And who can appreciate you," continued the Bachelor Girl, ignoring the flippancy, "without straining his intellect."

"And whom you can admire," began the Mere Man.

"Without losing your mental balance," finished the Bachelor Girl significantly. "That's just what I mean!" she declared.

"Why, so do I," exclaimed the Mere Man delightedly. "Now, we, for instance, are exactly on the same level."

"You flatter yourself, Mr. Porter."

"And while you are my ideal——"

"You aren't mine!"

"No," sighed the Mere Man, reaching over and catching the Bachelor Girl's fingers across the table, "but I'd make a beautiful——"

"Don't, don't!" whispered the Bachelor Girl, blushing.

"A perfectly——"

"Oh, Bobby, it's bad form, and you mustn't, and besides——"

"A perfectly ideal door-mat!"

"The waiter is looking!"

The Mere Man withdrew his hand and straightened himself with a sigh.

"He'll never believe," he remarked, "that that was merely a physiological emphasis in a psychological argument."

### CONCERNING SHORT WAIST.

**Cut of Skirt Is Largely Responsible for Its Distinctive Grace.**

If one takes the fashions analytically there will be noted much novelty in the way in which the short waist is managed, the cut of the skirt being largely responsible for the grace of the toilette and its unique, distinctive character. According to one of the latest decrees a skirt fits closely over the hips and is seamed up the center or arranged in one or two plaits in front to fall easily over the waist, and fastens just below the bust, where it is met by a small bodice and draped waistband. This new empire outline is the perfection of elegance and is beautifully expressed in one instance in a frock of dull gold-colored crepe de chine, with a deep band of embroidery on the skirt and a charming little bodice trimmed to match.

For dressy and semi-dressy occasions no model has made a better position for itself than the one-piece costume of chiffon broadcloth. This is shown by Paquin with the three-quarter sleeve, and by Francis with the mandarin effect, while both of these famous authorities vary their models with chiffon cloth waists in self color and waists of filet net in ecru and white.

Voile, too, is admirably adapted to frocks of this kind, and is much less expensive than chiffon broadcloth in most instances. Of course, there is nothing costlier than the finest qualities of French silk voile, but this is reserved for fashion's elect, which continues to spend money lavishly on dress, though complaints are heard everywhere regarding the scarcity of money.

# SPOONS REFLECT AGE

## Some Old-fashioned Styles Are Now Curiosities.

### VARIETIES ARE NUMEROUS

**Marrow Spoons, with Double Ends. Mulberry with Perforated Bowl and Spiked Handle—Caddy Spoons with Which Ancestors Used to Sip Their Tea Among the Many.**

We are familiar nowadays with spoons of many shapes intended for every variety of purpose, but some old-fashioned styles are now merely curiosities. There is the old-fashioned marrow spoon, for instance, which was used for extracting marrow from bones. It was made double, one end being used for small bones and the other for those of larger bore.

Another example is the mulberry spoon. This has a perforated bowl and a spiked and pointed handle. The implements were made for use in a day when mulberries were much more commonly eaten than they are at the present time. With the perforated bowl a little sugar was sprinkled on the berry, which was then conveyed to the mouth on the spiked end of the handle.

The introduction of tea led to the making of a variety of new kinds of spoons, including the necessary teaspoon itself, some of which still remain in use, while others have disappeared. At South Kensington, in England, may be seen, for example, a curious collection of the little scoops so well known to our great-grandmothers as "caddy spoons."

**Caddies Out of Use.**

The caddies of the old-fashioned kind have long been superseded, and when the cady with its two lidded and metal lined end compartments and sugar bowl in the cavity between went out of use the caddy spoon or scoop disappeared also.

Another obsolete curiosity is the snuff spoon, which, in the days when nearly everybody took snuff, and took it everywhere, was used for conveying the scented powder from the box to the hand, or in some cases direct to the nose, candle spoons and pap spoons are also out of date. A gentleman a few months ago wrote that he had in his possession a silver pap spoon which had been originally given by the Marquis of Exeter to a member of the Hoggins family, of Bolas. The possessor of this spoon remarked that it had been given to him by his father, with the wish that it should be handed over to the first married in each succeeding generation, for as such it had come to him through the intermarriage of the two families in years gone by.

Three hundred years ago there was a common spoon at Ilford, in Essex, which held more than a quart. Others of more legitimate make were such as the curious combination implement with which folks of that date were familiar. When most people still dipped their fingers into the general dish to help themselves to meat, more dainty diners carried about with them an implement which was a combination of spoon and fork and toothpick.

**Fork at the Back.**

The fork was at the back of the spoon, while the handle of the double article was finished off with a little figure terminal, which served as handle for the toothpick. The terminal figure was a very favorite form of spoon ornamentation.

It is most familiar in the apostle spoons of which original sets fetch such high prices and of which latterday imitations are so abundant, but the figures were by no means confined to the apostles.

In some cases the spoons were curiously finished with double heads, which can hardly have conduced, one would think, to convenience of handling. A curious but decidedly unpleasant form of ornament gave its name to the "death's head" spoon, which was made for commemorative purposes—a very unattractive kind of memento mori."

### WIVES FROM HEROINES.

**Andrew Lang Says He Prefers Sophia from "Tom Jones."**

If I were compelled to choose a wife from among the heroines of fiction, my heroine, if I am to be monogamous, is certainly Sophia in "Tom Jones," that peerless lady who was Fielding's wife, Happy Harry Fielding! though, perhaps it needed all Sophia's humor, good humor, and sense to be equally blessed in her lord, says Andrew Lang.

Every man who has had the liberal education of knowing Sophia has wanted to marry her, and if to want to marry a woman makes her your favorite heroine, then Sophia would assuredly be elected by a vast majority of votes. But, in real life, any man who knew both Sophia and Beatrix Esmond would have been captured by Beatrix.

The thing could not occur; the most fascinating girl in fiction (not counting Shakespeare's women) was the elderly Baroness de Bernstein, when Sophia was in her bloom, in 1745. She captured the hearts of men even as elderly women with alluring attainments attract to-day. Bewitching madcaps of fiction entertain unlearned youth, but men of mark spend time only with those heroines who perform worthy feats. They like in their reading the same qualities they demand in life.

### HOW NOT TO ECONOMIZE.

**For You Will Be the Sufferer in the End if You Do.**

By omitting your luncheon, for the body needs nourishment, and without it the health may be permanently injured.

By refusing to take a cab when caught in a shower. The price of a cab is much less than that of a new hat and gown.

By attempting to overwork yourself. No one can do good work under these circumstances, and the result is often an attack of typhoid fever.

By walking home after a busy day on your feet. Rather walk to the shop or place of business when fresh and untired and ride home at night when fatigued.

By riding in a car to a distant market in order to save 5 cents on butter and eggs.

By purchasing an article you don't want simply because it happens to be cheap.

# WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## TOUCHES ON FOIBLES AND FRAILTIES OF HER SEX.

Where is she once we held so dear,
The heroine of yesteryear?
Where have her frequent swoonings gone,
The muslin white she'd always on?
In what tale now does she appear,
The heroine of yesteryear?

She was so fragile, so petite—
What book girl now lacks full six feet?
The heroines to-day, galore,
Are aged from thirty to two-score;
We knew her in her sixteenth year
The heroine of yesteryear.

How she'd have shrunk and gasped, afraid,
Before the modern fiction maid,
Who smokes and shoots and rules a house—
She, who'd have fainted at a mouse!
How close she kept to woman's sphere,
The heroine of yesteryear.

Ah, Princess, tell us if you know
Where did that meek-eyed damsel go?
One can't recall she ever tried
To eat. Mayhape that's why she died.
Or did she melt to syrup clear,
The heroine of yesteryear?

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**Two People Never Alike.**

Talking about literature reminds me of a bookcase belonging to a friend of mine, which is filled, except for the expectant vacancy on half a shelf, with stories built about the lovely old idea of remarkable resemblances. Unless you'd been making a collection of such novels, as my friend has been, you wouldn't believe how many authors have made use of two characters so much alike that nobody can tell them apart. I haven't any doubt that ages before Shakespeare took his whack at it the popular novel of the week before the "Baghavad Gita" became one of the six best sellers employed the device, and critics called the author a plagiarist. It's a plot that the public always accepts, like the other stand-by in which the hero and heroine, marrying without carrying a rap for each other, fall desperately in love in the penultimate chapter. It's one of our traditions, a literary institution, as it were. Yet, after asking everybody I knew, I can't find a living soul who ever met with a case of identical resemblance in real life. Plenty of people are the "living images," or, as they say in Virginia, "the very spit," of somebody else; but even casual acquaintances haven't any difficulty in telling which is which by daylight. Of course, in a dim light it's different. I once knew a girl who was engaged to half of a pair of twins. Joe the half's name was, and she broke off the engagement because on the front steps of a summer evening she couldn't see Joe's gold tooth glitter. It was the only thing she had to go by to tell that he wasn't the other half, whose name was Hugh. (I always thought she was hasty, because after people are married they don't sit on the front steps enough to matter.) Barring twins, I defy anybody to show me two persons who are doubles. Even twins haven't voices alike. Still, it's not for me to upset a literary institution. A plot that has stood so many centuries of wear and tear is entirely too venerable to be sneered at.

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**Had Brown's Characteristics.**

Detectives say that in identifying a man his features are of far less importance than his mannerisms, speaking still of resemblances. A man may get new teeth and dye his hair, but he'll still go on holding his cigar at the accustomed angle. I recall an instance in which a very slight mannerism resulted in a man's arrest. One of the counties in Illinois built a courthouse once upon a time, and the inhabitants, instead of being grateful for one of the most beautiful buildings in America, asked awkward questions about where all the money went, and asked so often that one gentleman, who was supposed to know the answer, removed himself unexpectedly from that part of the country. We may as well call him Brown. Search was made for Brown, and after a great many people had taken an interest in the matter, a man in Oregon was decided to bear a resemblance to the missing gentleman. An officer of the law, who said he could pick Brown out in any crowd, went after him and brought him back to Illinois. Everybody was at the station to see Brown and his captor as they stepped from the train, and almost everybody snickered. The man was full two inches shorter than the real Brown, and had three times as much real hair. The officer of the law resented the jeers of the populace. For a time he found nothing to say. Then he faced the situation boldly.

"Well," he said, "maybe he ain't Brown, but he certainly do spit like Brown."

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**Why She Didn't Count 'Em.**

"I have a new superstition for you," said the woman who collects bits of folk lore. "I have a new cook from Georgia. You know I was brought up to be methodical. I like to know just how far my provisions go. A week ago I showed my cook how to make cookies. Afterward, I asked her how many cookies the batter made. She said she hadn't counted them. A day after that I asked her how many chops the butcher had sent. She hadn't counted them, either. I told her I wanted things counted. I impressed it on her mind, but yesterday when I went into the kitchen and asked her how many sandwiches she'd made for my afternoon at home, she said she didn't know.

"'Count them and find out,' I said.

"'I can't,' she answered.

"'Can't count?' I asked.

"She shuffled her feet uneasily.

"'O, I can count,' she said, 'but I certainly can't count victuals, if they's for you all to eat. If I counts 'em, they's certainly goin' to give you all bad luck. Don't ask me to risk countin' anything that's for the fambly to eat. It's certainly bad luck.'"

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**Golf Links at Second Hand.**

Mr. Charles Dryden, the eminent writer and chronicler of baseball, tells about an ambitious lady he met recently in the State of Texas. Viewing the extensive and gently rolling acres of the farm on which she lived, he said:

"What you need is golf links."

Replied the lady: "I been studyin' about gettin' some. I hear they ain't usin' them so much up North as they was. I reckon pretty soon I kin git a good second-hand link an' set it up in the yard."

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**Just Nobody at All.**

There were two small colored boys arguing at a Capitol Hill corner the other morning, and uncomplimentary remarks passed between them.

"Look here, niggah," one burst out, "who you talkin' to?"

The other swept the speaker with a look of withering scorn.

"Nobody," he said crushingly.

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**"Flays" the Head Writers.**

While I am prepared to have thumb screws applied to me before I'll admit that newspaper English hasn't Addison and Stevenson and Walter Pater faded to a pale mauve, there are times when I wish the press wouldn't be quite so exuberant with its language. When I went to school, I remember distinctly that "to flay" meant to remove the hide or skin.

Apollo did it to somebody or other, I think, and hung the skin up somewhere. You had to have a knife in the elder day before you could flay anybody. Of late, headline writers have all been affected by a perfect mania for using that word flay. If a great man disapproves somebody's resignation, he "flays" the offender, dictating the flaying to his stenographer. The President himself has been "flayed" twice within a month, according to the press, but judging from his appearance, he's either a human onion, or has the knack of growing a new skin over night. Mr. Bryan has been flayed, and has flayed, in turn. Mr. Taft was flayed—and that's rather a large-sized job—by a man in evening dress after supper. I take it that as a nation we're growing blood-thirsty. It isn't enough for us to "reprove" or "criticise," or even "condemn." We want to skin people alive, and if we can't do it actually, we're going to say we did. Personally, I think "massacre" a better word. It's more extensive and certainly more mouth filling.

(Note—The obscure and repentant head writer would gladly abjure such irrelevant words as "flays" if some brilliant person will tell him how to avoid them, and, at the same time, say "John Jones Bitterly Condemns the Practices of Sam Smith" in sixteen letters and spaces.)

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**An Irish Bull.**

I never guessed Mrs. X. had Irish blood in her till last Thursday. She came in to see Mrs. Y. while I was there, and began to reproach Mrs. Y. for being unneighborly.

"My land," she said, "if I lived as near you as you do me, I'd run in every day."

**Quite Up-to-date.**

He popped to her upon his knees—
His heart went pit-a-pat—
Old-fashioned? Oh, no; if you please,
'Twas there the maiden sat.

—Philadelphia Press.

# IN THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Any material that is worked in fancy design with colored cottons, linen, silks, or wools must be washed and finished with as little delay as possible. First, have ready a soap lather the same kind as used for flannels, a cold rinsing water, and stiffening that is to be used, and a clean dry cloth, large enough to hold the piece of work being treated. The kind of stiffening agent used, of course, depends on the material. If the worked part is in silks or wools it is best to use gum water, one dessertspoonful to a gill of water. If the work is done with cotton or linen thread on cotton or linen, reduced boiling water starch is best.

One part of prepared starch to four parts of water is a good average stiffener. Put the piece of work to be washed in the lather, and squeeze and press between the hands until quite clean. The material itself, if very soiled, may be rubbed. Then rinse in plenty of cold water. Squeeze tightly to remove all moisture, dip twice into the stiffening agent, wring tightly and pull straight on the clean, dry cloth. Iron the art work on the wrong side, and if the work is considerably raised have two or three extra folds of blanket on the ironing table. If the work is presed well into this the raised parts stand out well in relief when finished. Finish the hems and the unworked material of tea cloths on the right side, so as to give them a gloss. When folding art work never press in the folds with the iron, as that completely spoils its appearance.

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Shoes of dull gray suede—"London smoke" is the approved name—are fetching, especially when fastened with round ball buttons of gun metal.

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A wonderful assortment of pretty hand-embroidered collars are to be had for 50 cents, among the newest being white ones with an edge of embroidered polka-dots in color.

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An enameled amulet for a neck-chain has a tiny timepiece embedded in the face of it.

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The latest thing in the way of a purse is an alligator claw, worn swinging from the belt.

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Alligator claws serve, too, as thermometer stands, whisk-holders, memorandum pads, and in all kinds of handy ways that would much surprise their original possessors.

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A mere umbrella handle may not sound elaborate; but those of onyx, set with jewels and put up in small boxes for Christmas presents, are beautiful.

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How a woman's hat can possibly blow off in these days of hats of a hundred hatpins is a mystery. To be sure a woman's chapeau presents greater temptation to the breeze than a man's head-covering, by reason of its superior breadth of brim. But even so, anchored as it is by pins to the right and pins to the left, and pins through the crown and pins under the brim, and pins in all places and stages, so that to get it on hard and fast is enough to make a woman lose her soul, let alone her train; and to get it off again is sufficient to alienate the esteem of any friends who may be within earshot, and to come anywhere near it in an elevator or other circumscribed spot is to put life, limb, and eyesight in mortal danger—under these circumstances, certainly a woman's hat ought not to blow off.

But one did yesterday. It was a big black one, and it blew off a feminine pedestrian's head and landed directly in the middle of the car track. And, what is more, this damsel, wearing a smile of amusement and not a glimmer of embarrassment, walked calmly into the middle of the street, picked up her hat, put it on again, and walked on undisturbed by the interest of onlookers and the wordless question that arose to many lips: "How could she—in heaven's name, how could she, in this ornamental generation, when the pin is more important than the hat, forget her hatpins?"

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If men would pay their wives more attentions they would have to pay fewer bills. Many a woman tries to smother the ache in her heart by piling real lace over it.

No woman is so circumspect as she who has something to hide.

A man is as old as his arteries. A woman is as old as her artifices.

There are women who have so many children it leaves them no time in which to be a mother.

The servant question will never be settled until a perfect woman is born who has every virtue under the sun and is willing to work for $15 a month.

The real test of self-abnegating friendship between women is when one woman refrains from telling another that her new hat is ten years too young for her.

Pity opens the gates to the heart. Envy locks and bars them. This is why the poor have more friends than the rich.

Love is the only thing that is eternal. We remember the foolish fond words of affection that some one said to us after we have forgotten the wise advice of the sage or the vituperation of our enemies.

A woman can no more help probing into a secret that it will break her heart to know than she can help pressing her tongue against a sore tooth.

Most men expect to be passed into heaven on their wives' church letters.

When children take prizes at school, their father boasts to his friends about how he is bringing up his boys and girls. When they break the neighbors' windows, he makes sarcastic remarks about how their mother is raising them.

The grounds in the coffee pot furnish the grounds for many a divorce.

### WORK FOR YOUNG LADIES.

**How Women of Leisure Can Devote Their Time to Good Purposes.**

The young lady of leisure, if she is consciencious, looks upon her leisure as an investiment. Far be it from her to spend all her time in amusement, idle gossip, or fruitless drifting about among friends. She wants to be occupied in some way that will make her helpful to those less fortunate than herself.

If, in addition to leisure, she has at her command plenty of money, she ought not to envy a queen upon her throne. She is an American queen, says Margaret E. Songster, in the Philadelphia Press.

The young lady of lesure may prefer to avoid organized charity and to seek for herself quiet ways of helping friends, ways that are beautiful in proportion to their modesty.

She might make possible to an ambitious and struggling girl the college course that would without her aid be as far from realization as the moon to the hands of an eager child.

Her carriage or her motor car will sometimes give an outing to an invalid or an elderly friend who is half forgotten by the busy world, her voice will sing to the heavy-hearted, her eyes will read to the blind and her name on a subscription list stands for benefactions that may reach to the uttermost ends of the earth.

### CRYSTALLIZED ROSE PETALS.

Select perfect, fragrant blossoms, separate into petals, spread on an inverted sieve, and stand in the air until dry, but not crisp.

Make a heavy syrup, using one cup each granulated sugar and water, and cook without stirring until it spins a thread.

Flavor this syrup with a few drops of essence of rose and color with a tiny bit of cochineal.

Now drop the leaves in one by one, using a fine wire; take out and drain on the greased sieve.

Turn once in the process of drying, which will take several hours. If the leaves then look preserved and clear, they will need no further dipping; but if the petals seem dry and not candied, dip again, dust with sifted flour, and dry.

Serve on bonbon saucers.

**When Frost-bitten.**

Should you be unlucky enough to have your fingers, nose, or feet frost-bitten do not as you value your future comfort go near the fire for several hours.

Rub the place with cold water or snow as quickly as possible, and after the numb sensation is over bathe with witch-hazel, or apply cloths wet in it. This should relieve the itching and burning that is so annoying.

**The Skin Around the Eye.**

Never massage around the eye without using a good skin food, as the skin there is very delicate and is apt to grow inflamed and irritated with pressure of the fingers.

Also be careful in using greases, even those that are pure, that they do not get into the eye.

**Test for a Pure Powder.**

Great harm is done to the skin by the use of a powder which contains mineral substances in a large degree. Lead, arsenic, mercury, and bismuth are all active poisons, and their continued use is most injurious.

The presence of sugar of lead in any cosmetic preparation can be detected by testing it with ammonia, which will turn it black.

**A Silk Waist Hint.**

If a silk waist is laid away without taking out the shields, the rubber will cause the silk to crack in a short time.

# FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

A young physician, who is having phenomenal success with patients who have been pronounced hopeless by other doctors, declares that it is due to common sense more than skill. He prescribes for each patient a good deal more than medicine since he probes their daily habits and makes changes which invariable work for the good of the patients.

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For persons with a tendency to bowel trouble recommends the wearing of a knitted seamless band, broad enough to throughly protect those organs and so fine and snug-fitting that they add nothing to one's measurements. Summer and winter these are to be worn and changed and washed like the other body coverings. He declares that they are a preventive of appendicitis, and who is to dispute his word when the disease does not attack those who wear the bandages?

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Of cold baths he has this to say: "There are strong men and women who can stand them up to a certain age, but the average person is not able to stand the shock. Thin nervous women should not bathe too often—three times a week at the most, and sponge baths at that. A great deal of vitality is lost in this way." He believes in water taken internally, six glasses a day between meals, and he thinks that one apple, eaten at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and another at bedtime, is better than any medicine he can prescribe.

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Plenty of air in the house at all times and particularly at night, he declares to be as necessary as food, and sleep, taken at seasonable hours, is a restorer to frayed nerves and tired bodies. He has not ben ill in thirty years and he works hard—very hard—and does the things that experience proves are good for him. Now that is a new theory, one worth considering. We must find out the things that agree with us and stick to them if we want health. If cold baths give us new life, then cold baths are the right things. If the afternoon nap makes us feel horridly stupid and dull, then we should cut out the nap. We want to live as comfortably as possible, of course.

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There are healthy women who think it a penance to sit idle for an hour or so. They are happier when their hands are employed, and perpetual work is just what they need to keep in good condition. A woman who had been accustomed to assist at the tasks in her own home and was healthy and happy while doing it, hired a second maid to please her husband and began to take life easy as he wished. First she lost her spirits, then her health began to fail, and she ended with a genuine fit of sickness the like of which she had not experienced for many years. She knew the cause and had sufficent sense to remove it by discharging the new maid and taking up her old duties again. The improvement in her was so marked that even her husband became convinced that she needed some wholesome occupation.

BETTY BRADEEN.

### FURNISHING POINTS.

Don't overcurtain windows. Light enables one to see those accumulations of dust and dirt which collect so rapidly on the appointments of a room, and it thus becomes a stimulus to cleanliness.

Abundance of light also makes for cheerfulness, and thus, for its effect on spirits, should be allowed free entry into rooms.

That bright sunlight fades the carpet is only too true; but careful housewives may consider whether the injury should not be tolerated, in view of the advantages secured by its intrusion. By avoiding certain shades of blue, and by buying carpets of good quality, the trouble may in a large measure be avoided.

Don't cover floors with fitted carpets. A carpet square, with a margin of at least eighteen inches, all round, costs less, and is preferable on hygienic grounds.

Carpet-surrounds of excellent appearance may be made of parquet-pattern linoleum. Plain linoleum is possibly better still on the score of good taste, as it interposes an unpatterned surface between the decoration of the carpet and the wall paper.

The floor boards, if in good condition, may be made to serve without any other treatment than staining and oiling. This is usually very badly done if done by the householder, and it is better to employ a tradesman who understands such work than to achieve an indifferent result by one's own efforts.

**Black at the Neck.**

The touch of black at the neck is more fashionable than ever. It is shown in many jewel-studded bands of black velvet to be worn at the top of the collar.

It is also used with low-necked gowns, not only studded with jewels, but combined with a chain arranged in graceful festoons.

This is an artistic way of using one of the old long, jeweled chains, or Roman-gold chains which were so fashionable years ago.

**Sleeve Smartness.**

Sleeves have undergone several changes.

The very newest model is the draped sleeve.

This is arranged in horizontal folds to the elbow.

Like the majority of the newest tailor-made sleeves, it is cut in one with the bodice.

**The Deacon Was Right.**

A minister of the gospel one Sabbath announced to his flock that he would have to leave them, as he was called to another field, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"How much more salary do you expect to get there than here?" asked one of the deacons.

"Three hundred dollars," remarked the minister, with some hesitation.

"I do not blame you for goin'," remarked the deacon, who had been a wordly man in his time, "but you should be more exact in your language. That isn't a 'call,' it's a 'raise.'"

## A BECOMING LITTLE BERTHA DRESS.

One of the prettiest little frocks produced this season is shown in this illustration. The becoming little blouse is made up over a lining, the upper portion of which is faced to simulate a yoke, which is charmingly outlined with a wide bertha cut in turreted effect. The sleeve is here shown in the short length, but full-length sleeves may be obtained by facing the lining (which is here cut off) from the wrist to the puff. The skirt is composed of three sections, the two sections that are visible being gathered in a double flounce effect to the under one. The frock is quite simple to make, and is thus an excellent model for home development. As illustrated, it was designed for party wear, pale blue Shantung being used to make it, with lace for trimming, but it would develop prettily, for more practical use, in any of the modish woolens, while braid or ribbon might be used to trim. To make the eight-year size requires 5 yards of 27-inch material. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving the number (2758) and size wanted.