BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

STANDING A MAN IN THE CORNER.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the Mere Man, as the Bachelor Girl smiled vaguely and just moved the tip of her chin at a passing youth. "What a crushing bow! What has he done to you?"

The Bachelor Girl glanced backward at the flushed and uncomfortable-looking youth with a malicious gurgle.

"It isn't what he's done to me, Mr. Porter," she replied with a soft ripple of triumphant laughter. "It's what I'm doing to him. I'm—I'm standing him in the corner."

"What?"

"Oh, punishing him for being naughty," explained the Bachelor Girl, "being very sweet and polite, you know, and not at home when he calls, and giving him nothing but extra dances and casual glances and a chance word in the conversation and a nod of the head when I meet him, and a sweet, ambiguous answer when he tries to quarrel with me. It's the only way," and she sighed softly.

"The only way to what?" inquired the Mere Man with characteristic masculine readiness to defend his sex. "To put a man through the third degree or to make him hate you or——"

"To make him do what you want him to do," returned the Bachelor Girl quite unperturbed as she lifted her skirts daintily over a puddle. "There's no use arguing with a man, nor explaining to him, nor bullying him, nor coaxing him. Wrangling is as foolish as—as March," and she grasped her fur toque with both hands as the wind swept down the avenue in a biting guest.

"What's the matter with March?" protested the Mere Man, trying to hold his hat and his cane and his balance and the Bachelor Girl all at the same time. "It's a pretty good month."

"Like some pretty good wives," rejoined the Bachelor Girl mockingly. "It just blusters and blows and makes a muss and a fuss and never accomplishes anything except to make itself disliked."

"But you can't stand a husband in the corner," retorted the Mere Man. "You can't treat the man who is paying the gas bill and the rent as if he were just the paper on the wall or an extra chair around the house or——"

"Oh, yes, you can!" broke in the Bachelor Girl, letting go her hat as the wind subsided. "And if you don't, he'll treat you that way. Just look at the wives who are stood in the corner so much of the time that they get an habitual apologetic look on their faces, as if they were begging your pardon for living. Those are the March wives, who wrangle and never get their way, and the April wives, who weep and never get what they cry for, not the May wives, who——"

"Who smile and smile and continue to be villains," interposed the Mere Man, sarcastically.

"Exactly," agreed the Bachelor Girl. "How well you fill out my arguments, Mr Porter."

The Mere Man grunted and subsided.

"Haven't you ever noticed," continued the Bachelor Girl placidly, "that it's the person who says least in this world who accomplishes most and that it's the person who says least in a quarrel who does as he pleases afterward? Argument is a little trick invented by His Majesty Satan for putting the right person in the wrong."

"But a woman must always have her say," declared the Mere Man maliciously.

"And that's why a man always has his way," rejoined the Bachelor Girl. "While she is thinking of stinging remarks to make and different ways to express her opinion and to present her side of the question and to strengthen her argument and wasting all her energy in windstorms and all her reserve force in recriminations, he is merely thinking of how he is going to get out and do what she is forbidding him to do."

"And of what a good excuse her harangue is giving him for doing it," added the Mere Man wryly.

"And of how he will punish her, if his conscience hurts him after he has done it," finished the Bachelor Girl. "But if she would just stand him in the corner; if she would just bite her tongue and clinch her fingers and let him fire the first gun or the first remark, and then warily lead him on and make him do all the talking and the firing, he'd find himself getting madder and madder and winding himself all up in his own argument, and gradually backing into the corner," and the Bachelor Girl laughed merrily at the thought.

"And then," remarked the Mere Man bitterly, "I suppose it would be her cue to smile triumphantly and go off and leave him there?"

"Yes," gurgled the Bachelor Girl, "and in half an hour he'd be only too glad to crawl out and to come over and sit at her knees and say his little 'Now I lay me down for you to walk over me.'"

"I know how it feels," sighed the Mere Man thoughtfully. "Just like it did when I was a small boy and the governor sent me upstairs to stand in a corner until he had finished his cigar and his morning paper before spanking me. The hour I spent in that corner was ten times more punishment than the whipping itself; and by the time the Old Man got to me I was ready to yell, 'Oh, spank! spank! and have it done and over with!'"

"Exactly!" agreed the Bachelor Girl delightedly. "And that's just the way a man feels when he knows he deserves his wife's scolding and she won't give it to him, but just goes on ignoring him and keeping him guessing what it will be like when it does come."

"Ugh!" the Mere Man shuddered. "Why don't you write a book on it? 'The Refinement of Torture for Husbands,' or 'How to Drive a Man to Dr——'"

"But it doesn't drive him that way," protested the Bachelor Girl. "It drives him just the way you want him to go. It isn't asking a man where he has been, when he stays out late nights, that makes him tell you the truth; it's not asking him that gets him so nervous and anxious that he will tell you almost anything just to get on good terms with you again. It isn't sitting up for him with a poker that makes him sorry; it's going out yourself, or going to sleep that rouses his curiosity or makes him ashamed of himself. It isn't forbidding him to smoke in the parlor that keeps him out of it, but making the parlor so cold and stiff that he can't pass the door without a shudder. It isn't what you say, but what you don't say, that falls on his conscience with a dull, sickening thud. It's shutting the door on him theoretically, just as you would on the cat or a stray dog, that makes him want to come inside and warm his fingers at a casual smile or a kind word from you. The wife who does as she pleases and makes her husband do likewise is the one who never answers back when he begins to storm, but just slips quietly over to the piano and begins to play Chopin very softly or to read the Rubaiyat or to hum the 'Merry Widow waltz; the kind who, when she takes a husband, takes him for granted; the placid kind that asks for nothing, but merely expects what she wants—and gets it!"

"And treats a man," rejoined the Mere Man bitterly, "as if he were a pet animal or a baby or——"

"Well, that's what you are, mostly," interrupted the Bachelor Girl nonchalantly. "Of course," she added grudgingly, "there are a few who are—different; who don't have to be stood in the corner, if you begin by managing them properly."

"By tying them to the bed-post, I suppose," sneered the Mere Man, "or locking them up in the closet, or taking away their toys and awakening their childish interest in simple things, and——"

"And making them think you think they think they want to do what you want them to do," finished the Bachelor Girl decisively.

"Nonsense," retorted the Mere Man. "No woman can make a man think he wants to do what he doesn't want to do. A man knows what he wants, nowadays."

"Yes," agreed the Bachelor Girl, "but if he doesn't know you know it, he'll be ashamed to acknowledge it. A man doesn't care half so much whether or not he has his way, as he does whether or not other people think he has his way. He is not half so jealous of his rights as he is of his dignity; and it's his dignity that the wife who hurls questions and commands and invectives at him hits. But the one who takes for granted that her husband is the soul of honor and wouldn't gamble nor drink nor deceive her, and is dying to spend his money and his time on her, will find him trying to live up to her opinion of him before long. And the woman who takes for granted that every man she meets is going to fall in love with her is pretty apt to have them all doing it. Haven't you ever seen a snip of a girl with dough-colored hair and freckles and a silly nose, who had more flowers and attentions and sweethearts than any other girl in her set? And haven't you ever seen a wife without a redeeming feature or an original thought whose husband believed her a Venus and a Minerva combined—just because she expected him to?"

"It's Christian Science," murmured the Mere Man in an awe-struck tone.

"It's the science of managing a man," retorted the Bachelor Girl. "The wife who is always wondering whether she is getting all the devotion that is due her and doubting whether her husband is telling her the truth or not is very sure to find those doubts growing into strong, black realities, and then—and then it's time to put him in the corner."

"But just think of the shock to the husband," pleaded the Mere Man, flicking his cane resentfully.

"What?"

"Of how he feels when a nagging wife suddenly stops nagging, and of the cold shivers it gives him when he dodges a flying remark or a whizzing plate to put up his hand and find there's nothing there. It's eerie."

"Yes," said the Bachelor Girl, "and it's so disappointing to his vanity to see that she doesn't care enough about him any longer to question him or wrangle with him or to bother about where he goes or what he does, or how long he stays away, or what his opinion on anything happens to be. But," and she waved her muff expressively, "when a man fights for plenty of rope, a wise woman will give him so much rope that he'll get all tangled up in it and come around pleading for her to cut the knots and put him on a four-foot leash, so that he can't get into any more trouble."

"Perhaps," sighed the Mere Man, "but it must be an awful strain."

"On the rope—or the man?"

"On the woman," corrected the Mere Man, "to keep from saying all those pleasant little things that burn your tongues if you don't say them and our ears if you do."

"It is," sighed the Bachelor Girl, with her cheek on her muff, "but it's worth it, and it makes her feel so good afterward."

"To see her husband standing in the corner?"

"Yes, and to remember all the things she might have said and didn't. Don't we always feel better over the mean things we refrain from saying in a quarrel than we do over the ones we blurted out?"

"I don't know," replied the Mere Man with dignity. "I never quarrel."

"Wha——" The Bachelor Girl stopped short and shut her lips tightly.

"You know I don't!" declared the Mere Man with his head in the air.

The Bachelor Girl looked thoughtfully out over the line of passing carriages and smiled.

"If you are thinking," began the Mere Man, nettled at her expression, "of that last little—er—that last time you began it yourself,"

The Bachelor Girl turned and regarded him enigmatically through her lashes.

"And you said all the spiteful and unkind things and gave me the nastiest digs, and—why, you actually owned you were at fault and begged my pardon afterward."

The Bachelor Girl dropped her eyes and smoother her muff gently.

"Stop it!" cried the Mere Man.

"Stop—what, Mr. Porter?" inquired the Bachelor Girl sweetly.

"Smoothing your muff and patting me on the back and getting me all tangled up in my argument and looking at me, as if you wished you could give me a spoonful of soothing syrup, and taking away my toys and my self-respect. Why don't you say something?"

"Isn't it—windy?" remarked the Bachelor Girl accommodatingly.

"Oh, hang!" exclaimed the Mere Man, laughing in spite of himself, "I'll give in. It was all my fault and I'm a brute and you're the cleverest, sweetest——"

"What are you trying to say, Mr. Porter?" broke in the Bachelor Girl coldly.

"'Now I lay me down for you to walk over.'" replied the Mere Man, with a sheepish grin. "Now, can I come out of my corner"

But the Bachelor Girl only leaned over and patted his arm gently.

"You silly old goose!" she said softly.

ANTIQUES.

We need not travel for them.

No, they are brought to our very doors.

A department store has a big collection.

There's a silver watch made over a century ago.

A fascinating filigree bracelet suggests delightful Florence.

A Russian tear vase is suggestive of a quaint custom. But one would certainly need two, unless one's eyes were so accommodating as to weep one at a time.

Handcuffs from ancient Peru are another interesting item. It is lovely to be able to "try them on," though one is foxy enough to only go one wrist in the operation, lest the lock should refuse to work.

Japanese Radish.

Probably the best flavored radish in the world is the Japanese variety, Sakurajima, which is said to attain the astonishing weight of twenty or thirty pounds, while still retaining its delicious flavor. This radish is perfectly easy to grow in America, and seeds of it have been offered by at least two New York seedsmen for many years. Twelve-pound specimens have been raised on Long Island by Mr. H. B. Fullerton, but half-pounders are large enough for the average American. This radish grows best in the summer, and may be kept until late fall if buried in sand in a cool cellar.

Sleeve Newness.

A mere frill or cape arrangement of lace or transparent stuff often serves for sleeves, and the wing or angel sleeves, which have been making their appearance even in certain artistic Parisian evening gowns, are especially effective in connection with the tea gown, as are loose-draped sleeves of any graceful sort, falling away to show the outside of the arm.

LUNCH A LA CARTOP.

Charming Daily Treat for Horde of West Philadelphia Sparrows.

The whistles were just beginning to blow for noon when three little sparrows swerved down from the rail of Walnut street bridge and took up their station on the roof of an empty freight car. The car stood on a siding at Thirty-first street, opposite the long, low warehouse sheds.

Whistle after whistle took up the cry of the noontide, and the three little sparrows were joined by three more, then by a dozen, then a score, and so on until fully 500 chattering, chirping birds were ranged along the car roofs.

As the last chime of the city clocks finished striking, a band bearing a broom appeared in the doorway of one of the warehouses, sweeping out the chaff and loose grain, generously adding a handful or more of good seed.

Then such a whirring and chirping—fighting, too—for sparrows are the most hot-tempered of birds!

The man with the broom stood looking benignly down upon his little pensioners, now and then throwing some extra grain to them.

"What do you think of my bread line, eh?" he asked. "It started one snowy day when I threw some grain to two hungry little chaps at noon. They ate it and went away and told their friends. Next day they were back with some more, and now look at 'em."

He drew back into the doorway, as if to go away, and instantly, like hungry chicks, they pursued him into the very warehouse itself, chattering, chirping, and excitedly fluttering about, half bold, half timid.

For fully an hour they hung about searching for and gobbling up every mite of grain in sight. Then in twos and threes they flew away.

"They'll be back to-morrow," said the man, cheerfully; and sure enough they were, and are every day. From the bridge they look like a swarm of particularly fat little ants, hustling about, eager and happy. In either rain or snow or sunshine they know they are sure of that luncheon, and are on hand at noon, every sparrow with a guest or two to attend the banquet.

HOW WOMEN DRESS.

A Table Showing the Expense of the Average Fair One.

The average woman, living in a variable climate, will find it necessary to have in her wardrobe the following garments:

FOR WINTER WEAR.

One pair of high shoes	$3.00
One pair of rubbers	.50
Three pairs of woolen stockings	1.00
Two woolen union suits	5.00
Two flannel underskirts	1.25
Black sateen underskirt	1.00
Two pairs of gloves	2.00
Two flannelette nightgowns	1.50
Winter coat	15.00
Winter gown	15.00
Millinery	5.00
Umbrella	1.50
Furs	18.00
	$69.75

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

One pair of low shoes	$2.50
Four pairs of stockings	1.40
Four pairs of cotton drawers	1.60
Two cotton nightgowns	1.50
Gauze undervests	1.00
Three corset covers	.75
One corset	1.00
Two white underskirts	2.00
Two cotton gowns	3.00
Linen skirt	2.00
Shirt waists	2.50
Parasol	2.00
Millinery	5.00
Gloves	2.00
	$26.25

Total for the year $96.00

While it is necessary that a woman's wardrobe contain all of these things, one can see at a glance that every garment need not be bought new every year.

ENTER THE PINAFORE STYLE.

The woman with a passion for renovation will find much comfort in the fact that some of the newest Paris models show the pinafore outline round the shoulders. For by removing the sleeves of last year's gown, cutting away the bodice both back and front, and edging wit hsilk passementerie, presto! there is conjured forth a little garment ready to be drawn over the dainty underbodice demanded by the pinafore style.

JEALOUSY IS FATAL

French Scientists Explain How Death May Result.

ONE HEALTHY MAN A VICTIM

Jilted by Sweetheart, Young Cashier Tries to Be Philosophical—Grows Worse—Tries Change of Scene—Is Not Benefited—End Finally Comes, with Body as Robust as Ever.

The faculty of the Institute of Science, at Limoges, France, has recently decided that man—and, presumably woman—is liable to die of an acute attack of jealously, just as it is now agreed by medical experts that a human being may die of a broken heart, in the physical sense of the word.

Investigators in the laboratory of the Limoges Institute declare that the passion of jealousy is psycho-physical; that is, that it first arises in the brain and is transmitted to the cardiac region, whence other parts of the system are affected so as to create a specific area of disease. This disease, as will be shown presently, can be traced from the brain down the spinal column to the parts of the body which are affected, and its presence can be duly attested from the fact that the tissue in the line of the malady's operations shows distinct signs of attrition or wearing away.

Such evidence would find its corrobation in the experience of any who have ever—and what human has not?—suffered from the feeling of jealously. The sufferer is painfully conscious of a gnawing or consuming sensation within him. In certain areas—the sensorial center, particularly—the brain seems to burn, the exact sensation being not unlike that of expansion arising from heat which is about to force an explosion. So it is that the lover, in his jealous fit, talks of his heart "bursting" with jealousy.

Is Explained Physically.

An explanation afforded of this psychophysical phenomenon is the following; In matters of love it is well known that the judgment and understanding are obscured. For this there is a physical and a medically explained cause which does away wholly with the romantic aspect of the lover's much-sung malady. Memory and the senses play an important part in jealously, as we all know. It is shown that an excess of blood is drawn to the memory and sensorial areas, with the result that the other parts of the brain are badly supplied, owing to the unusual activity if the two in question. Any attempt to exert the faculties of judgment and understanding must consequently be a forced effort, causing all that loss of tissue which is invariably associated with the exertion of force that is not spontaneous or supported by good-will. Poverty of blood in the sufferer renders the condition of the jealous one all the more painful and acute, since the other faculties of the brain are deprived of proper blood-nutrition and oxygenation. Consequently, in cases of extreme pain or suffering arising from jealousy, the patient's normal faculties are so dead and the memory of past enjoyments with the object of his love so disporcionately active that the mental balance is entirtly upset—a condition which soon reacts upon the body, producing irresponsibility for one's acts, as well as that peculiar kind of stupor of half-drunkenness frequently evident in the motions or the speech, so familiar to those who have been affected.

Healthy Man a Victim.

The French institute dealt recently with the case of a death from jealousy, the victim being a cashier in a business house, Martin, by name. Age, twenty-eight. Martin was, or had been, physically a perfect type of manhood. For two years he had paid his addresses to a young woman who appeared to reciprocate his affections. Some months before their intended marriage, the woman proved false and deserted her lover for another man. A normally constituted man, and in excellent health, Martin did not allow his grief to prevent him continuing his professional work. He endeavored with all his will to live down his unhappiness, avoiding all excesses, abstaining totally from alcohol, and keeping the brain so cool that it was though he would soon recover from his ill-started heart affair. Despite the exercise of his will, however, Martin, who was a sensitive soul, could not forget. The memory of his lost girl was always with him and soon, owing to loss of interest in his work, he was forced to leave his employment. The old remedy of "change of scene," &c., was recommended to him, but without avail. Martin could not forget.

Neither did he pine away, for he retained his usual robustness to the end; but he died. No malady known to medical science could be given as the cause of his decay, and it was therefore resolved to hold a post-mortem.

Heart Is Healthy.

It was found that the heart, far from showing sings of being in that condition which we call "broken," was healthy, all but in the case of certain ventricular muscles which lay directly in the plane of communication with the sensory nerves. The ventricles showed an abnormal distention which could be traced likewise in the nerve lines of the vertebral column, or spine. Along this column a distinct line of sub-inflammatory nerve-tissue could be traced right into the sensory parts of his brain, which were shown to have suffered from acute inflammation. A corresponding contraction of other parts of the brain was noted, and of such kind as to produce between the diseased area and the unaffected portions a positive line of demarcation denoted by tissue which had the appearance of being in process of decomposition.

Anatomical science has as yet provided no definite data to correspond with the psychological symptoms of jealousy. Yet this case of the French institute would appear to be worthy of consideration as a test the value of which must be substantiated by the research of other laboratories.

ONE OF THE NEWEST OVERBLOUSE EFFECTS.

The overblouse idea, so well portrayed in the dress shown, is still acknowledged to be the prettiest thing in frocks for the young girl. Here the waist consists of a guimpe or lining of a material different from that of the dress and an overblouse which has wide arm holes and a prettily rounded neck outlined by a trimming band of most becoming shaping. The sleeves may be made in full or elbow length. The style is unusually graceful for a young girl's wear, and is equally suitable for development in a silken or woulen fabric. The skirt is a seven-gored one with a double-inverted plait at each seam. This insures a smooth fit over the hips and a stylish flare at the hem. If preferred, the guimpe and dress may be made up separately, so that a different underblouse may be worn when desired. For the 14-year size the pattern requires 9¾ yards of 24-inch material.

Three sizes, 12, 14, and 16 years.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving the number (2799) and size wanted.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

At a fashionable tea room, the other day, very much crowded of late by reason of its excellence in every department, a matron with two half-grown children—a son and daughter—was among the crowd waiting for seats. Presumably the trio belonged to the better class—their patronage of such a place would prove that even if their clothing had not proclaimed money in abundance—yet they were ill-mannered to a degree. They pushed and jostled the patient standees with better manners and actually snatched chairs before those who had occupied them had fairly given up possession. At that the family was separated, the youth taking a seat across the aisle.

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The atmosphere of that tea room, and every other I ever saw, is refined to a degree, and serenity marks the appearance of both patrons and employes. It is not a quick lunch place, but one where women can eat as they do at home, with all the refinements and with pleasant conversation, so the conduct of the mannerless family was conspicuous. They fretted at the slow service and ate their food as if eating was an unpleasant task to be put out of the way as soon as possible. The feminine members of the party finished first and the girl stepped across to the table where her brother was seated and made a grab for his check.

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A full glass of water stood near it and was overturned to the discomfort of two women who were quietly eating at the table. The water spread to their plates and spattered on to their clothing, and that rude girl of fourteen or so did not offer one word of apology or regret. She was not even embarrassed, and onlookers were forced to the conclusion that accidents caused by carelessness were too common in her life to be noticed. There was some confusion while the feminine manager of the place and the girls who had charge of that and neighboring tables cleared away the results of the carelessness, and during it a remarkable thing happened. A party of four, with healthy appetites and a taste for expensive dishes, dropped their checks under the table at which they ate, and left the room a few dollars in debt to the management.

* * * *

I remember the party very well, because all four were beautifully attired down to the smallest detail, and their order was more elaborate than is usually given in midday. They had the earmarks of good breeding and large incomes, yet they were nothing better than a band of thieves, and while they will probably never dare to go there again, they will find plenty of other places they may be able to cheat of a single meal. A man, whose wife told him of the incident, said that the proprietor of a chain of high-class hotels told him that this kind of crookedness was not uncommon among women and that it was so rare among men that they did not take trouble to watch them as they do the other sex.

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At a hotel largely patronized by women the attendant at the dressing rooms, always open to the public, answered the complaint of a woman against the towels supplied by the management in this fashion: The loss by theft was such an important item of expense that the tiny squares, hardly large enough to do service once, were substituted for decent-sized towels with satisfactory results. They were not worth stealing and the trouble of hiding in the clothing with the risk of detection. Stationery is stolen by the wholesale, and table cutlery often disappears, despite the vigilance of the waiters, who charge it in the bill when it is detected. This is scarcely an enviable reputation for us to acquire, is it?

BETTY BRADEEN.

SILVER CLEANS IT.

Silver polishing day comes no more in the scientific household, for now it is "silver boiling" instead. Some bright woman has discovered that the very best way to make your silver look like new is to put the various articles in a large tin wash boiler, after a thorough polish with either hartshorn and whiting or silicon, and to cover them with water into which a handful of washing soda has been thrown and allow the water to boil for two or three hours.

On removal, a good rubbing with a soft chamois makes a fine polish. In the case of pieces with embossed designs, this is actually the only way of getting the deposits of cleaning powders out of the crevices, and for several weeks rubbing is all that is necessary to bring them bright.

A Novel Wedding Gift.

At a recent Washington wedding a bright, new cork was displayed among the "presents" shown at the home of the bride. Inquiry revealed the fact that this humble "bottle stopper" was a gift from the bride's father, who declared that he did not mean to be outdone by the relatives and friends. Opinions differed as to the importance and value of his gift, but all admitted that it was "a corker."

Linen Suits.

White is first.

But it is relieved.

A touch of color is usual.

After white come blue shades.

Mordore brown is to be modish.

Soutache-like stitchery is in evidence.

Embroidery will figure on fine models.

For all-the-time wear, strictly tailored linens will be first choice.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES OF HER SEX.

When I was young I used to hear
From every elder's lip
This sage advice, "Hang on, my child,
And never lose your grip."

They bound me by a promise, and
I said I never would
But now I'd gladly lose it if
I just knew how I could.

My head aches till it feels as if
Its seams must all soon rip;
My bones ache, and right well I know
I haven't lost my grip.

* * * *

Selfishly Tender-hearted.

When a certain Mr. Dash died two years ago, his large circle of friends had but one thing to say. What would his family do without him? A great many quite happily married women with really estimable husbands had all along felt that Mrs. Dash, dear soul as she was, didn't quite appreciate Mr. Dash, and you know what a man has to be before women feel that way about him. He was devotion itself, the gentlest, tenderest hearted man on earth—and recently Mrs. Dash has bought a new house and gone into colors. I met her the other day coming out of a physician's office, and I said to the physician—one is charitable, you know, according not to one's lights, but to one's liver—"She manages to bear up in spite of her loss, doesn't she?" It was an off day with the man of medicine, too, for he spoke his mind freely.

"Dash's death was the best thing that ever happened to his family," he said. "Tender hearted! Why, his tenderness of heart was nothing under Heaven but gold-plated selfishness. He bought his wife flowers every day of the ten years she was an invalid, but his tender hear wouldn't allow her to undergo an operation to make her well. He said he couldn't bear to think of her suffering. He let her live in a damp and dingy house because it was the dear home of his boyhood and had sacred associations. He let his oldest daughter marry a rascal because he was too tender hearted to break her heart by ordering the fellow off the place. The second daughter is nearly blind because he couldn't bear to subject her to the humiliation of wearing glasses when she was a little girl. He was a happy, high-minded man with a clear conscience, and he was a calamity to his entire family."

"But his family adored him," I ventured to remark.

The physician grinned.

"Didn't you notice a pink rose on Mrs. Dash's hat?" he asked. "She speaks of him as 'my poor, dear husband,' but she told me to-day she didn't believe anybody who was really well could be very unhappy. She's well, and he's dead."

But, then, we all felt that she never did appreciate Mr. Dash.

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Not Entertaining.

I was waiting for Matilda in the parlor of her hotel one afternoon last week and I couldn't help overhearing the conversation of a young woman and a young man who sat by the window. There was a conquering air about him, and the high lights on his patent leather shoes smirked with complacency.

"And what are you going to give up during Lent?" he asked, thrusting an amethyst cuff-button into the foreground.

"I'm going to give up all entertainments," she replied.

He beamed upon her coyly.

"Don't say that," he pleaded. "That will mean I can't come to see you for forty days."

She smiled subity—I don't know exactly what a subite smile is, but I feel sure an expert would have classified hers in that way.

"Oh! no, it won't," she said.

The shot dented the plaster back of him, but he wasn't even aware that anything had been fired.

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Adapted to Their Own Use.

"I've long been impressed by the fact that no experience is ever unique," says the woman who writes. "If a thing happens to one person, you may be sure it will happen or has happened to somebody else. Last week I read of a Northern woman who went to New Orleans, and a negro got up and gave her his seat in a street car—funny thing, too, for in New Orleans a part of every street car is set aside for negroes, and white people aren't allowed in those seats at all. Anyway, the Northern woman said: 'I hate to deprive you of your seat,' and the negro answered, with a bow: 'No depravity at all.' Fully three years ago a retired army chaplain told me that very same story, bow and all, and said it was a personal experience of his here in Washington. Henry Clay Barnabee uses it in his published reminiscences, and says it happened in Boston. Maybe it happened in every town on earth. All I know is it never happened to me. I'm just the person who wrote the story ten years ago, and not knowing it had ever really happened, I made it up. I made the negro bow, and he's bowed ever since."

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'Tis Better Not to Joke.

"I hope I can take a joke," says a girl I know. "I know I can do it as well as most people, anyway, but I do think there are some things people oughtn't to joke about. I was visiting down in North Carolina, a little while ago, and in an old burying ground on a plantation. I came across a tombstone that had such a funny inscription on it. It was to the memory of William Calhoun James Something-or-Other, and it gave his age as five days and eighteen hours. The night after I saw it I was at a dinner party, and I chortled over that inscription, and remarked that while they were about it they might as well have used a stop watch on William Calhoun James, and put in the minutes and seconds. I was feeling frolicsome, you understand, and that was my idea of wit. The host didn't laugh, and I asked him if he didn't think it was a funny tombstone. He looked at me solemnly, and said:

"'No; you see, it is the tombstone of my mother's father.'

And that man had me apologizing and humbling myself, and trying to squeeze myself through a knot-hole in the floor, and praying for an earthquake for nearly ten minutes, before I saw that he was lying. Then everybody laughed. That was their idea of a joke. Just as if a remark like that wouldn't make anybody forget William Calhoun James' age!"

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Tells on Josephine.

My friend Josephine has been urging me for a long time to write letters to the newspapers condemning vivisection. She's more opposed to it even than Mrs. Fiske, and in Mrs. Fiske's eyes boiling in oil is entirely too easy a death for any scientist who experiments on a living animal. Personally, I've never felt a call to interfere. When any child I'm interested in has diphtheria, I don't care how many animals were slaughtered to procure antitoxin—my ideas are vague on the subject—but I feel sure experiments on animals gave us antitoxin. And I can stand it to have a few million rabbits chopped up in the honest hope of ridding the world of cancer. However, Josephine has had me so worked up lately that I've been uneasy about my callousness. She read me a hideous account of vivisection—it sounded like a description of an operation for mastoiditis on a human being—but when I found out the subject was a dog, of course, that made it seem a thousand times worse. Josephine had me stirred almost to the letter-writing point, when she invited me to luncheon. Josephine gave me pate de foie gras to eat, and said she simply adored it. Josephine showed me her new baby lamb coat, and called it a dream. And I'd been ashamed to let her know I like broiled lobster. Josephine can do her own condemning of vivisection. She has a mind too big to be troubled by the bugbear of consistency."

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How About Burglars?

There's a young matron out at Chevy Chase who has devised a scheme which comforts her greatly. All her life she's been afraid her house will burn down. It's an hereditary fear, I think, for her mother smelled smoke in the middle of the night right along for years and years. The young matron showed me over her house not long ago. In the kitchen, near the door, is a good-sized trunk. In the hall, near the front door, is an ornamentally carved chest.

"Ever since my aunt's house burned," the young matron explained, "I've been dreadfully worried till I thought up this. I keep all my jewelry and silver and my best clothes in the chest and the trunk. Sometimes it's a little inconvenient getting at the things when I'm in a hurry, but you can't think how safe I feel. In case of fire one of these boxes is sure to be saved. If the fire's in the back of the house I'll be certain of saving the things in the chest. If the fire's in the front of the house, they'll be sure to get the trunk out. It's a comfort of having the arrangement, but sometimes I worry a good deal at night wondering whether I'd better put my jewelry in the trunk or in the chest. If I could only be sure which end of the house will catch fire first, I'd feel perfectly safe, but not knowing, I can't help worrying a good deal, no matter where I put my chief treasures."

NEW ROLE OF SCARFS.

The new Oriental scarfs of silk chiffon often form the only trimming on some of the up-to-date evening gowns, with picturesque results. Two scarfs are used for this trimming, and they are placed over each shoulder, veiling the upper part of the arm. The ends, pointed and usually weighted with tassels of dull gold or silver, hang down at the back and at the front, sometimes quite to the hem of the skirt, sometimes only to the waist. The chiffon is often embroidered, and it is not necessarily of the same color as the rest of the gown.

These scarfs are printed in Oriental designs, very closely woven and yet diaphanous, each design being from five to six yards long and two yards wide. The colors are in all the soft shades of the rainbow—violet, blue, blush rose, pink, and pale yellow—graduating into a deep flame shade. Some of the chiffon scarfs are delicately painted in Grecian designs. These paintings and embroideries are scattered through the body of the scarfs, and the antique Grecian borders make an artistic finish.

On a simple semi-empire gown of white mousseline de soie recently worn there was a great scarf of tulle, thickly sprinkled with gold paillettes, bordered by a galon embroidered in raised gold roses and finished with a deep gold fringe. The ends of the scarf were embroidered in a gold rose design, and the skirt was decorated with a deep flounce, with insertions of lace.

Many of the soft silk scarfs are quite plain, finished with plain hemstitched borders. One design to be worn with a pink evening frock was long, wide, and perfectly plain, made of pastel rose silk mousseline, darker than the pink of the frock, but harmonizing perfectly with it. The only other decoration was a fold of pink tulle to soften the line of the corsage.

A novelty for the coming season is shown in the filet-lace shoulder scarf, embroidered very prettily with the new bright-colored vegetable silk on a pale old lace-colored ground. An interesting new manner of wearing the scarf is to attach it to the top of the waist-belt at the back, whether high or low. This prevents it slipping, and allows it to be handled with grace.

THE HATPIN AS A WEAPON.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There has been a steady development of the hatpin as a weapon of defense for several years, and it is coming more and more into use. The successful efforts of a St. Louis school teacher to repel a footpad by the use of hatpins, finally driving the robber away, bearing a portion of one in his face, once again proves that the hatpin must supersede all other means of feminine self-protection. Pistols in the hands of women have always been ineffective and unreliable. Few women—or men, for that matter—can aim with accuracy and without confusion. Woman is at her best in hand-to-hand conflict, and the weapons with which she is armed must be those peculiarly suited to her mode of combat. She has for many generations been an acknowledged adept with the broomstick, and the rolling pin has won unnumbered victories for her; but there is a delicacy, a readiness, and a deftness about the hatpin that adapt it to the feminine hand more perfectly than those rougher and not so ready instruments. The hatpin can be reached with a facility almost lightning-like and by a motion unusually unexpected and deceptive to a highwayman or other malefactor. There is no searching about in the baffling folds of woman's raiment for it, which involve a fatal delay. It is right at hand on the instant, and is inflicting its painful and nimble jabs with a rapidity that is impossible to follow with the eye. To make it a perfect weapon, it needs a few changes. We look for the New and Imported Colt's Hatpin, or the Smith & Wesson Quick-action Pin. The chief defect in the present-style hatpin is its handle. Hatpins should be made with the ornamental head of such size and shape that it can be more firmly grasped. The present style of very large knobs on the end, some of them fully as great in diameter as an unhulled walnut, is an advance in the right direction. If the head of these recent hatpins were loaded with lead they might be useful in felling an assailant to the earth as with a slungshot. The hatpin, properly developed, will prove a blessing to women who may be unexpectedly called on to defend themselves.

A Cheap Filter.

From the Delineator.

The most impure water may be purified by filtering through charcoal. Take a large flower pot, put a piece of sponge or clean moss over the hole in the bottom, and fill three-quarters full of equal parts clean sand and charcoal; over this lay a linen cloth large enough to hang over the sides of the pot. Pour the water into the cloth and it will come out pure.