

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Of all the senseless fads the "jigsaw puzzle" easily leads, and in the face of that statement I openly confess to a fondness for games of all kinds. They relieve the strain of the day's work and allow one to accumulate strength for the morrow. But when they are carried to the point of crowding out duties and making man or woman oblivious to obligations, they are a menace and should be frowned upon as are other dangers. That the doom of the puzzle has already been sounded is not much of a surprise to those who are familiar with the havoc it has worked with nerves and temper.

It is unfortunate that anybody should be kept at employment that is distasteful or wearing upon the nerves, but everybody must live, and congenial work is not always easy to find. But there is no doubt that a host of women actually choose distressing conditions. They work and live in noisy places when they might have peace and quiet. There is nothing but our own will to drive us to morbid fancies when we might be laughing at funny ones or when we would be better off at home with a few friends or in bed by ourselves. It is our choice to remain in hot, stuffy rooms holding bits of pasteboard and worrying our brains over the intricacies of a game when we might be breathing the sweet air of a summer night from the depths of a comfortable veranda chair. It is choice which drives us to a round of visits when there is solid comfort close at hand.

The average mother is made to believe that it is healthy for children to be noisy, so youngsters scream at the top of their lungs and make hideous noises, all of which is supposed to add to the welfare of youth. But what about grown-ups? Their health is of some importance, and as life grows no easier with age, it is their duty to look after themselves in all ways. So we have the prejudice against children in apartment houses. When the brain of a mother cannot stand the strenuousness of her own children, how can she expect it to stand a man who has sold his home in a suburb and is regretting his act, told me, because it is so hard to find desirable homes when there are three noisy children in the family.

He does not resent the attitude of quiet families in the least, although he does not mind noise. He is a man who cannot stand the noise of a boiler factory or would care to live near a freight yard. There is a multitude of noises to which our ancestors were strangers and they offer a reasonable excuse for troublesome nerves. If they cannot be avoided, they must be endured, but they add to this strain by the treatment of amusements. There are plenty of sensible pleasures which are restful, but the jigsaw puzzle, pingpong, and diablo are not among them. Golf, which has come to be known as the poor man's game—though oddness knows why—cannot be surpassed for dissipating the cobwebs of the brain.

Rowing is excellent, even though it has been driven to obscurity by power boats, which are among the sources of disagreeable noises because they are not properly muffled. Driving, which is restful, has ceased to be popular because of the automobile, which can be exceedingly nerve-racking. Women, as a rule, talk too much for their own welfare. They will drive faster and talk more and chatter, only the occasional one having any desire for the rest which comes by being alone. It is the resourceful woman who can bear loneliness for a few hours, the woman who likes to write and read, and sew, who is addicted to naps and always can find means to while away the hours. I am sorry for those who have to be amused every minute; they have so many miserable hours, for company is not always available.

BETTY BRADEN.

GARB FOR CHILDREN.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The natural state of small boys is to be dirty, and they must be kept in cool, wash clothes during the summertime.

Wherefore no small problem confronts the mother, in the way of sewing and laundry.

Now, if ever, is the time to reduce the childish costumes to the lowest possible terms.

This would seem to be, for actually hot weather, a cotton gaiter suit, rompers, "barefoot" sandals, and half stockings.

The rompers should be cut out at the neck and with short sleeves.

Clad in this sort of costume the boy will be ready for play, and as comfortable as it is possible to make him.

To make the washing easier, materials like seersucker and galatas may be chosen, and if these are chosen in pretty colors they look well enough for afternoon.

There is no reason why the small girl may not be dressed in exactly the same way, as long as she is young enough for the little play suits with the bloomer trousers.

Or, if preferred, she might wear the same kind of garment, with a little skirt buttoned on over the bloomer trousers, which would mean the addition of only one article of clothing.

VACATION COIFFURES.

From the New York Press.

Should be as simple as possible.

There is considerable mental strain connected with a coiffure, parts of which "come off," at the best of times.

This is not lessened in vacation time, when we abandon ourselves more than usual to out-of-door pleasure and "roughing it."

It is always more or less embarrassing, not to say troublesome, to have a puff or two loosened by a sudden gust of wind, flop off and sail down wharf or boardwalk a few feet ahead of us.

More than that, the arrangement of many of these additions to nature takes up time and strength that might much better be spent in resting or having a good time.

Sit down before a mirror, before you start out, and see if you cannot evolve some way of fixing the hair which is passably becoming and easy to do, and which will permit you to leave "rats" and curls and others of that like when in the bureau drawer.

A change in the method of hair-dressing rests the head, and is good for the hair. It is cooler, and definitely beneficial to do without all padding, etc., during the warm weather.

It is waste of words to advise abstinence in this respect to those who spend their time at a fashionable hotel, where the programme is but a repetition of the winter rounds.

But for the majority of women, would it not be worth trying, to arrange a fashion of hair-dressing which would stand up time and weather and should leave one more time for the enjoyment of the same.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

COMMON SENSE AND PRECEDENT.

I divide my feminine acquaintances into two classes—the women who can walk and the woman who can't.

And the more I think about it the more I am inclined to believe that the difference between the two is not a question of the presence or absence of health, but of the absence or presence of two inches of leather.

Every fraction of an inch added to the lift of the common walking shoe takes just so many horsepower of energy away from a woman's daily strength.

I have proven to myself again and again that ten miles in a walking shoe is about equivalent to one in French heels.

From the modern point of view, of course, the high heel is daintier and more graceful. But the true grace—the grace of the Greek and the Egyptian, the grace that sculptors have made immortal, is the grace of the heelless shoe. Lolo Fuller, one of the greatest dancers in the world, dances barefoot or with sandals.

None of us have much strength to spare. Some of us have absolutely none.

If there are any leas in our efficiency we certainly want to find them. Why not make a few experiments and find out if our high heels are one leak?

"Miss Cameron," said the newly engaged girl to me, "let me show you the nicest engagement present I had."

I knew the little girl had several wealthy friends, and looked for some massive piece of cut glass or silver or a bit of fine linen.

"Of course, I love them all," she corrected herself as she dived into her chest, "but if it isn't horrid to do it, I really think I like these best."

And she came up from her dive with an armful of aprons.

No; not dainty muslin affairs, but huge gingham ones, the top-to-toe kind.

"You see," she explained as she stuck her arms into one of them and stood proudly displaying herself in this housewifely garb, "I suppose I would have bought some, but they wouldn't have lasted as long or have been half so nice as these."

Some of us grieve that we cannot give nicer engagement or wedding gifts to our young friends. We really have no idea how much a simple gift that just fills a niche often means.

Perhaps you know it already, but I didn't until yesterday, so I am going to risk it.

Wash rabbit can easily be heated over and made as good as new.

Most people after they have eaten the very last cracker or toast full of rabbit that they possibly can, throw the remnants away, if there are any.

This is quite unnecessary.

The woman who brought me the good news said she quite frequently made double quantities for Saturday evening festivals and heated it over for Sunday night lunch, thus saving herself much bother at a time when one particularly does not want to be bothered.

RUTH CAMERON.

GIRL WHO CAN SWIM.

The younger generation is learning to swim, says Margaret Hubbard Ayer, in the New York World.

That is, the generation which counts its years at eight or ten. But the older sisters still hug the coast line and paddle about in the shallows. They are not timid. They would trust themselves any day in the very teeth of incoming and outgoing automobiles, street cars and trucks, and thread their way across Broadway at the intersection of Thirty-fourth street without a tremor. But when it comes to trusting themselves to the crest of a cool, green wave they are helpless cowards.

That little sixth sense of balance which creeps into the understanding as imperceptibly as a summer dream they cannot grasp because of hideous fear. Little brothers and sisters after a few lessons forget what it is to be fearful and swim out into the deep with the confidence that is born of the knowledge that certain simple movements will suffice to keep them atop. But the older sister shrieks wildly and grasps anybody around the neck, forgets her stroke, forgets to keep her legs because she has remembered to move her arms, holds her fingers apart like any land creature with claws, and opens her mouth to receive the incoming wave.

She should take herself seriously to task, pull herself together and go at it with a will if she wants to know the most perfect sport that any living creature with an animal soul or a human soul has mastered.

The trouble about the beginner who is no longer a child is that she holds herself up to a strained point of expectancy—that she is afraid to swim four strokes without putting one toe down to see if she has gone beyond her depth. And having once put the toe down, she must start over again. The next trouble is that she works so hard with her respiratory stroke that her propelling stroke loses all its force. If she could only impress this thought upon her mind she would have mastered the first lesson in swimming—"If the effort is intelligently made, the slightest muscular exertion will suffice to keep one afloat."

A child beginner learns that in no time, but years unfortunately do not bring confidence with them, and the treacherousness of a little child is very hard to reach once it is lost. The easiest of the swimming movements is the old time "dog-fashion" movement. It is elemental, but it is simple and requires much less effort than the breast stroke, which should come later, when the swimmer has acquired some skill in the water. In fact, the swimmer's first lesson should be not a fancy stroke, but the simplest possible method of staying up in the water.

LATEST FASHIONS.

FOR THIN WOMEN.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Get as much sleep as possible.

Do not rush, or overdo your strength.

Keep in the open air as much as possible. Take all the exercise your system can stand without feeling the least fatigue.

Get into the habit of resting a little while in the middle of the day, even if you are not aware of being tired.

Laugh as much as possible. Read funny things, and cultivate that side of yourself. Suppress any tendency to take life too seriously.

Do not worry about your looks. It is much easier for a very thin woman to dress to conceal her defects than it is for a fat woman to do the same thing.

Do not rush too madly into the fashion for skinny things.

Remember that the clinging gown requires something to cling to.

A thin woman can indulge in a moderate and perfectly harmless amount of madding, and in the hands of a good dressmaker can hardly fail to look well.

She must choose clothes according to her type, however, and not indulge in the gowns built for her plumper sisters, no matter how charming they may be.

THE COLLARLESS FROCK.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Collarless frocks are more seen this summer for daytime wear than they have been for years.

It is a style charmingly becoming to pretty faces.

It is also delightfully cool.

But for persons who are not pretty, or to whom it is not becoming—well, it were better if they remained a few degrees warmer, and wore a collar.

Others have a row of beading, finished with a little ruffle of lace, a genuine "baby neck" or a row of white mull, with a little ruffle or fold around the edge, it is becoming, not only to young, but older women.

ROSE POTPOURRI.

From the National Food Magazine.

The following recipe is given from the store of an old French lady:

Rose Potpourri—As you gather the leaves, pack them in a stone crock, with alternate layers of salt. Keep in a cool, dry place. Leave for a week after the last leaves have been added. Then turn out on a broad tray, toss and mix thoroughly. Mix well with the ingredients named below, and pack away for six weeks to "ripen."

Powders—One-half ounce each of violet, rose, and heliotrope powders; one ounce of pearl, orris root, a half teaspoonful each of mace and cloves, and one-quarter teaspoonful cinnamon.

Liquids—4 drops oil of roses, 10 drops oil of chris, 20 drops oil melisse, 20 drops oil of eucalyptus, 10 drops of bergamot, 2 drams pure alcohol.

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THE OPTIMIST COLUMN.

"The Sunny Side."

Contributions by the Members of The Washington Herald Optimist Club.

To get all the sunshine out of life we must awaken each morning and say: This day is mine, and "behold it is good." There is so much more sunshine in life than shadow, and we do not need sight to find it. God put it into one of the most perfect souls he ever created—Helen Keller—who, by her lovely "sunshine" and optimism, gives those who have eyes to see and ears to hear a bit of a lift into God's sunshine. We must forget the failures of the past, releasing only the experiences and lessons to help us "just for to-day." Then we must forget self and put "our shoulders to the wheel" of some one who is carrying a heavier load than we. We must value to-day's blessings, and help others to be happy, and thus by our own conduct earn the happiness and sunshine that God intends for us. We must be broad with kindness, big-hearted, thus doing homage to "the Creator of all good" and to humanity. We must listen to sweet songs and let our own hearts sing a harmony, a song, symphony that will dispel discord, despair, and dissension, open our hearts for the inflow of the divine love, so that we can pass it on. Greater than all life's bitter is its sweet. To-day is yours, mine—listen for the laughter of little children, the singing of the birds, grasp the hand held out, shake it hard, and you will feel that it is good to be alive, and be thankful, as Walt Whitman says, "for the unseen soul of me."

Try it for God, for the good of the souls of my friends, for the opportunity open to radiate love and receive it. Great Father, I thank Thee for to-day; it is good to be alive and work and feel the earth beneath my feet. Big Father keep my soul listening for Thy harmony. Thy song fill me with exaltation, so that I may be faithful to Thy will and find only the sunny side of life, wherein is Thy face, Thy victory, Thy light, joy, and love. ALLIE SHARPE BALCH, 128 Euclid street northeast.

Life is a composite picture of light and shade—of joy and sorrow. In the turmoil for gain, in the strife for bread, too few stop to gather the flowers by the wayside, or see the sunbeams striving to illumine the sorrowfulness of living.

We can make happiness predominate in our individual pictures if we would avoid gloom and cultivate cheerfulness. Try it for God, for the good of the souls of my friends, for the opportunity open to radiate love and receive it. Great Father, I thank Thee for to-day; it is good to be alive and work and feel the earth beneath my feet. Big Father keep my soul listening for Thy harmony. Thy song fill me with exaltation, so that I may be faithful to Thy will and find only the sunny side of life, wherein is Thy face, Thy victory, Thy light, joy, and love. ALLIE SHARPE BALCH, 128 Euclid street northeast.

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ISLANDS COME AND GO.

Strange Convulsions of Nature Of the Alaskan Coast.

From the Providence Journal.

More than a century ago a mountain rose out of the waters on the southern edge of Bering Sea, at the extremity of the Alaskan Peninsula, which marks the outlet of the Alaska Peninsula. The Russians named it Bogoslof. Since the whole property came into possession of the United States it has become known as Castle Rock. Forty miles distant, nearly southeast, lies the Island of Unalaska. It is said that the inhabitants of Unalaska had a bad fright when Castle Rock reared out of the sea, smoking and steaming, and no wonder. In 1883 another submarine convulsion heaved a second pile of rock above the surface, a mile and a half distant from Bogoslof, which by that time had become a commonplace item of geography. This islet was named Greewick, after a famous Russian scientist; but the two are known to mariners as Bogoslof Islands. Ships were able to make their way into and out of Bering Sea between them without hazard in good weather. A report is now brought by a steamer from the island which states that Bogoslof has disappeared completely. The foundering of the sea was discovered by the revenue cutter Perry of the patrol fleet. It is attributed to the seismicological disturbance which shook Unalaska on June 21. It is said that the Perry's company actually witnessed the sinking of the mountain as it settled close to the surface, where a steaming lake was formed which receded to a temperature of 240 degrees.

More particulars of the startling occurrence will be awaited with rare interest by the geographers and the experts in volcanic phenomena. Have both the Bogoslof Islands sunk, or only the original Castle Rock? How about the third island, Metcalf Cone—named after the then Secretary of the Navy—which rose between the two as recently as 1906, exciting widespread speculation as to the prospect of a considerable extension of the non contiguous territory of the United States? For a short period there was a fourth member of the spectacular group, McCulloch Peak. The appearance of this newcomer was reported by a local trader in the following spring and verified by the officers of the revenue cutter McCulloch, who found it lying over against Metcalf Cone, about half way between Castle Rock and Greewick. When a scientific party from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology visited the scene of these wonderful happenings, in the summer of 1907, the group was studied under conditions the greatest advantage. The two new cones, rising 500 feet above the surface, were steaming like puddings. It was estimated that the extinct volcano Castle Rock, had a height of 6,000 feet from the bottom of the sea, 2,000 feet taller than Vesuvius. The outpourings of lava had made land all around the four cones.

The explorers found that the sea lions were luxuriating along the hot shores and in the family water, while sea birds were making their homes and laying their eggs among the jagged rocks and grass beginning to grow. There was another convulsion in the fall of that year, but this time no new volcanic pinnacle rose to startle the inhabitants of Unalaska. But what happened was equally startling. McCulloch Rock collapsed, and in its place a steaming lagoon was created. Metcalf Cone had already been split in two and one-half had disappeared. Last year news from the Bogoslof Islands, requiring further summary alterations of the charts, was expected; but nothing critical happened. The reports which now come indicate that the earth's crust in the depths of the sea in that quarter has by no means become settled into even a relatively fixed formation.

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HOW TO WIN ONE'S SONS.

The Boys Like to Discover that Father Understands Sports.

I remember two brothers who played on our college baseball team, says Charles Francis Read in the Delinquent. The father was a retired Presbyterian minister, with a grave face that looked very much as if he might be repeating to himself the longer Catechism, but every game found him right out in front of the wildest crowd of rooters, and he stayed there, standing up the greater part of the time, with his eyes glued to every play until the last man was out. I can't remember that his expression changed perceptibly when Bob struck out, or Ed hit it out for two bases, but he was right there all the time, and the boys knew that his eye was on them every minute, and the knowledge lifted them along to the end of the game. After they heard the other fellows call him a good old sport, and that again lifted them along still more. There is nothing that tickles the boy more than to feel that the old man has sporting blood in him. If we are not already possessed of it we could do well to acquire it, or at least to pretend to it.

And herein lies a secret, also; let me whisper it softly—it is good for us; it keeps us young, keeps our hair and teeth from falling out and makes us better looking. It gives us an interest in life aside from money-grubbing, makes us more critical of the set of a coat and the color of a tie.

This in turn gives us a certain added charm in the eyes of Elizabeth and Mary when they are a trifle critical, you know, when they have turned fifteen.

I have always thought that into this relationship of a man with his daughter there must enter an element of courtship looking. It gives us an interest in life aside from money-grubbing, makes us more critical of the set of a coat and the color of a tie.

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THE FRENCH SCIENTIST.

A. F. Sanborn, in the July Atlantic.

The gratuitousness of science is a cardinal article of the French scientist's creed. The tradition of his order decrees that discoveries calculated to affect the welfare of the race are a part of the common patrimony of the race and must be dropped, without money and without price, into the hands of all. Honor imposes upon him a complete detachment from the scramble of riches. By scientist to endeavor to reap pecuniary profit from his labors is in the highest degree "unprofessional"—most damning word! The commercial spirit of the age has thus far been powerless against the conservative attachment of the French scientist to this old-fashioned conception of professional dignity, which is terribly unpractical, surely, as modern standards so, but which is nevertheless not without its beauty and nobility.

A YALE TRADITION.

From the Argonaut.

President Hadley is never without a ready and witty remark. Yale's Sunday services are addressed by prominent clergymen of many denominations, and from many cities. When these visiting preachers occasionally ask President Hadley how long they shall speak he invariably replies: "There is no limit, sir, upon the time you may preach; but there is a Yale tradition that no souls are saved after the first twenty minutes."

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