

INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

SOUGHT MARRIAGE WITHOUT PUBLICITY.

It may be that contentment means stagnation, but it might be better to risk that than to cultivate the spirit of unrest which drives us to work beyond our strength and dulls the sense of enjoyment. Every woman knows that she needs to relax sometimes, yet few are willing to take a season of rest, with delicious idle minutes and early retiring hours. They want to be sightseeing or doing their part in games, or conversation. If they have comfort, they want luxury, and when they have luxury they sigh for things which do not exist.

Nobody can be blamed for getting the most out of life, but there are differences of opinion concerning the meaning of that phrase. Happiness is the most important, although doctors declare health precedes it. There are perfectly healthy men and women who are not happy, and invalids who find much to compensate them for the lack of health. I believe that we are forgetting how to be happy, as we have forgotten how to be merry. We have all the things necessary to happiness, but fail to feel the thrill. The few who have found it attribute the cause to little things, not those for which they have sought, but just the things lying about them.

A man told me, the other day, that there was no such thing as contentment, as the poor envied the middle class, which, in turn, sighed for the advantages of the rich. I admitted that we all wanted to live in an atmosphere of plenty, but that many would not care to shoulder the responsibilities of the rich. I told him I know men who prefer to own and operate a modest automobile rather than have a car and the chauffeur who is needed for it, and expense plays no part in this matter. I know owners of small boats who do not envy the passengers carried by the luxurious steam yachts which pass them on the water. Contentment is more common with men than with women, I reckon.

The craving for wealth is a curse to the country, for few set about the task of acquiring it with patience. It is hard to stick to honest methods, when dishonest ones bring so much greater returns, so the easier way is chosen by many. While they are neglecting bits of happiness which must be picked up as we journey along, or they are lost forever. I saw a man last summer who had the courage to go to the mountain hotel he liked instead of patronizing the new and modern one which catered to men of his means. There were times, he said, when he had to go and get a pitcher of ice water, if he wanted it, because bellboys were scarce and were made useful in other ways. He actually found pleasure in doing it, because he had not been spoiled by prosperity. A man like that comes pretty near getting all the good life has to offer, but there are so few in his class.



MR. AND MRS. RODMAN WANAMAKER.

Snapshot of Rodman Wanamaker and his bride, who was Miss Violet Cruger, as they were leaving St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, after the ceremony on July 27.

A HOME-MADE TRIMMING.
From the Philadelphia Press.
A good looking trimming for a foulard or soft silk frock is made from cords of the material arranged in a design like braiding. A yoke or color effect can be formed from bias bands about an inch wide, with cording to connect them in a scaly or shell pattern. The cording is made from bias strips three-quarters of an inch wide sewed together on the edges and turned. A soft cord is run through it, and the cord is ready to be sewed between the bands. It is caught by blind stitches to the bands at opposite ends. To make the trimming easily draw the desired shape on stiff paper, baste the bands to it, and draw cord until the collar or yoke is finished. As there is no particular pattern, just a turning of the cording from one band to the other to form continuous scrolls, any one who can sew quickly achieves a handsome trimming at no cost, but a few cents for cord.

A SUMMER HEADACHE CURE.
From the Philadelphia Press.
Though mint, under certain jovial mixtures, has been known to give many a summer headache, it is also a cure for them, according to one sufferer. A woman was much troubled with headache that came from heat. She tried many remedies unsuccessfully until an old colored woman told her of a cure much used among Southern people.

Fresh mint leaves are gathered, crushed into a juicy mass, and bound across the head with a handkerchief. Relief quickly follows. This was due, thinks the woman, to the soothing odor of the mint as much as to any healing qualities. Soon after the potion was applied she dropped into a refreshing sleep and usually awoke cured. In very severe cases the woman mixed a little witch hazel with the mint in crushing it.

FOR THE ECONOMICAL GIRL.
From the Philadelphia Press.
It is in good news for the girl who must economize that it is no longer necessary to wear white petticoats under every summer frock. They are still worn under white or pale colored lingerie gowns, but with dark gingham or linen suits colored petticoats are the style. A serviceable and easily washed skirt is of grass linen, with edges of ruffles and bias bands of lawn either self-toned or in a contrasting color. One girl who expects to travel most of the summer has made herself petticoats of cotton crepe in colors to match both her dark traveling suits and several of her lighter, dressier gowns. These take up little room in a bag, do not interfere with the slimness of the "silhouettes," still considered necessary whether nature built you thin or not, and they can be washed out overnight and be ready for wear in the morning.

SUMMER NEURALGIA.
From the Philadelphia Press.
Many a woman dreads summer because of neuralgia. It is almost impossible to keep out of drafts and overheating is apt to be followed by chilling that means the fatal twinges. Especially if one is traveling is the discomfort of neuralgia hard to bear. The wise woman will take with her only her special medicines, but will carry a small alcohol heater in which hot applications can be prepared at a minute's notice. In places where hot applications are inconvenient, with such a heater flannela can be made toasty hot and used instead. Carry small rolls of flannel cut in short strips. These can be heated by being put in the tin cup over an alcohol lamp. Watch carefully that it does not burn. If the flannel is dipped into hot turpentine, even sturdier twinges of neuralgia will yield. This, by the way, is an excellent treatment for most sudden cramps or pains. Four about a tablespoonful of turpentine on flannel, make both very hot, and apply to the spot affected.

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MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

ANECDOTES OF TEACHING VALUE.

On a recent auto trip into the country I saw this sign:
"Auto please go slowly.
School house 300 yards distant."

And in the fifteen or twenty minutes that I insisted on waiting beside the sign to find out its effect not an auto disregarded it.

There was no threat of fine, no definite speed limit, simply the request and the reason set forth in such clear, large letters that no one could miss it.

What better thing could any woman's club do for its town or city than to safeguard all the playgrounds and schoolhouses by setting up such signs?

"Here's what my last pair of shoes cost me," said one of my young friends holding up two ten-dollar bills.

"Oh," she explained, "I didn't pay it to the shoemaker, but to the doctor."

"I tried to wear a pair of shoes that didn't fit, and I ended with an inflamed foot that it took a specialist to straighten out."

Another woman whom I knew tried to wear a pair of shoes that were too short for her and threw her joint out. That was ten years ago. None of the treatments she tried did her any good. She will go through life with a misshapen foot.

The most economical thing to do with a pair of misfit shoes is to give them to some charity that will probably be able to find the feet to fit them.

Does your dressmaker-by-the-day come from some distance? If she does, of course, you remember that an early arrival means a very early breakfast, and do not let her fast until your noonday meal. But some people, you know, are queer.

When mother took the customary crackers and glass of milk to our new seamstress she looked up gratefully.

"It isn't everybody that does that," she said.

"There's one place in this town that I go," she said, "where they have dinner at 2 o'clock. They want me to get there by 7:30, and it takes an hour, so that means a 6 o'clock breakfast. I go there about once a week, and they never yet have offered me a bite of lunch. It isn't because they aren't in the habit of eating between meals, for they usually disappear about 11 o'clock, and oftentimes they come up chewing. My, it just makes me faint sometimes. Sister says she'd take something along and eat it, but somehow I can't just bear to do that."

The woman of whom she spoke is a woman well known in this vicinity. If it would not hurt the little dressmaker I would take pleasure in putting her name in the column.

It would astonish many people who admire her for her activity in charitable affairs.

I wonder if she would "come up chewing" again.

RUTH CAMERON.

SHAMPOO FOR OILY HAIR.
From the Philadelphia Press.
A young woman who has tried all sort of remedies to keep the oil out of her hair says she gets best results by using a shampoo made from pure olive oil soap, in which a pinch of soda has been mixed. Cut a cake of soap into a quart of boiling water to make thick jelly when cold. This is bottled and kept for future use.

Before shampooing take a couple of spoonfuls of this jelly, mix it with a pinch of soda—do not get lavish with the soda, a pinch is enough—and rub it well into the scalp which has first been wet with hot water.

Another way to apply the shampoo mixture to scalp is to part the hair in strands and rub it on with a tooth brush or small nail brush.

After the scalp and long hair has been well washed it should be rubbed vigorously with finger tips and thoroughly rinsed.

London Street Casualties.
From the Sanitary Record.
Laying aside the sentimental feeling for the suffering, a really efficient street ambulance service is wanted as an aid to the smoothness of our traffic arrangements. Putting aside all question of the anguish of the sick or wounded, it is clear that the sooner an obstruction in the public streets is removed the better for the public at large.

For summer resort wear a great many girls prefer silk bloomers to petticoats. They are quite as cool and far less cumbersome.

SNAPSHOTS OF THOUGHT.

By T. M. SULLIVAN.

Wolve your rights rather than violate your obligations.

If you worship in the Temple of Nature, fall not to pay due homage to its Divine Architect.

Where the pathway of virtue ends the highway of vice begins.

Pluck from life's pathway the tares of despair, and let spring up the tender blossoms of hope.

Seek rather the fellowship of one faithful friend than the companionship of many indifferent ones.

Be not dismayed by the failure to-day, but let the tendrils of hope reach forth for the success of to-morrow.

More men have been stranded on the shoals of immorality than have been wrecked on the rocks of intellectual deficiency.

Vice takes from manhood its strength, from womanhood its purity, from thought its power; and embitters the life that now is, and robs the future of the light of hope.

As honor dignifies man, so virtue embellishes woman.

No good citizen will sequester himself and live wholly absolved from the duties and obligations he owes to society.

THE OPTIMIST COLUMN

"The Value of a Smile."

Contributions by the Members of The Washington Herald Optimist Club.

You hear that boy laughing—you think he's all fun; But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done; The children laugh loud as they troop at his call, And the poor man that loves him laughs loudest of all.

O. W. HOLMES, "The Boys." O. S. D.

Let us give smiles to the world every day and hour for the person who smiles is a blessing and a benefactor.

The one who gives a smile makes each place the brighter.

As if she were the sun, And she is loved and cherished And adored by every one.

J. A. O'BRYEN, 910 Street northwest.

Smiles, like sunbeams, are unuttered blessings, to brighten life's dark hours.

ANNA B. J. PUGH, Route No. 1, Chevy Chase, Md.

Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wire—Winthrop.

KATHERINE O'BRIEN, 79 S Street northwest.

Thou happiest smile, That played on her ripe lips seemed not to know What guests were in her crown, which parted thence As pearl from diamonds dropped—Shakespeare.

C. E. DUDLEY, 122 Twelfth street northwest.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE DOUBLE STOCKING EFFECT.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.
Consistency, thy name is woman.

In winter we wear one pair of hose, very thin and very open, while in August, forsooth, we wear two, one, and one.

They are of the cobweb variety, it is true, but there are two of them, one one shows through the other.

The idea was, quite unconsciously, suggested, in the fashion last winter of wearing flesh-color stockings under black open work ones.

Now we have one color, of considerable vividness, shining through another that is paler or duller, to give those curious indeterminate tones which are so popular in frocks just now.

Yellow shined through bronze and worn with bronze pumps, is a charming combination.

White silk stockings, with very pale green underneath, or just a hint of rose color, is another promising scheme.

Green over black, a piquant effect.

Black, of the sheerest silk, over red, is bizarre, but worn at just the right time, might give the needed finish to a stunning costume.

A Dainty Baby Cap.

From the Philadelphia Press.
A charming little cap for baby, that was brought home by a young mother from Paris, was so dainty yet simple of construction that it can easily be copied by the clever needlewoman.

The straight strip for the cap was finished on the edge with a quarter of an inch hem, hemstitched in one hundred cotton. Next to the hem was a space a quarter of an inch wide with six threads drawn through the center and caught in the middle with a simple drawn work stitch.

This was followed by a space of similar width with a line of fine brier stitching through the middle. Next came a series of small squares an inch and a half big, formed by drawing thread vertically and horizontally. The drawn thread was caught in the middle in the center of each square was a swastika worked in brier stitching.

Beyond the squares was another quarter-inch space brier stitched. The tiny crown was a small circle with a square of drawn thread in the middle and a brier stitched swastika worked in it.

The tie were of the material of the cap, finished at the end with a two-inch hem, hemstitched with several lines of drawn work and brier stitching to match that on the body of the cap.

The material used was a fine Paris muslin as sheer as organdie, but laundering well.

THE DIET LIST.

From Harper's Bazar.
One of the most recent suggestions along the diet line is that of confining oneself to one or two articles of food, the same for each meal; rice, for instance, which has in it all the necessary elements for nourishing strong healthy life, as the Chinese can testify. The diet proposed for the flu-jitsu student, who wishes to reduce, consists of boiled rice seasoned only with salt for breakfast; no luncheon at all or a pint of milk slipped very slowly, and for supper coarse barley well boiled. This is acknowledged to be a severe diet, and certainly an attractive one. Those who object to it too strenuously are allowed a raw egg beaten up in milk without sugar as a substitute for one of the meals; some fresh or stewed fruit in the morning with the rice and a little well-cooked lean meat at night with the barley.

A JEWELRY NOVELTY.

From the Philadelphia Press.
Fragrant indeed is the girl who owns one of the new locket watches, as thin as silver dollar, that is the latest fancy in jewelry.

The uninitiated will not know that these watches are aught but what they seem, a jeweled or enamelled locket worn on a thin gold or silver chain. They are good timepieces, put up in a truly convenient and artistic form.

Chemists are made mostly in the princely case of the diamond, most carried about and being long enough to do away with the need of an extra ekt.

THE TEACHING OF CIVILIZATION

From the New York Mail.

Chaperoned by Miss Wanamaker and Miss Stetson, two ladies of wealth and social position, twenty-five Indian girls from Carlisle School are going into camp for two weeks in the mountains of Northern Georgia. The girls will be expected to sleep in tents of their own construction, and ride, and fish, and cook their own meals, under outdoor conditions which will revive, in their as yet comparatively untutored minds, the circumstances and souvenirs of their wild infancy.

All of which seems to represent a strange way of "civilizing" Indians. The regular Carlisle way has been to send the girls out in the summer to work in farm houses, where they are taught how to cook in the white woman's way, and milk cows, and spin, and sew, and wash with a Pennsylvania Dutch accent. This process is supposed to have tended to extinguish the savage in the Carlisle Indian girl, and put a hausfrau in the savage's place.

But it has often had the contrary effect, by endeavoring to save idleness and savage picturesqueness to the subject through contrast. The Carlisle girl, drudging on a Pennsylvania farm, has always remembered her happier and lazier days, and often has resolved that she would fly to those things the first chance she got.

The Georgia camping vacation will tend to make the Carlisle course delightful for the next twenty-five Indian maidens. But will this process, either, endeavoring to civilize them? Camping, for those who enjoy it as well as Indians do, is apt to produce a feeling of revolt against civilization, and may have a dangerous effect on the Carlisle girls. What if they should rise and scalp their chaperones, and break loose and start out marching through Georgia in red-handed maiden rebellion?

FILLETS FOR THE HAIR.

From the Chicago Tribune.
The summer girl finds it almost an essential to her toilet to have a fillet to restrain the flying locks of hair caused by ruffling breezes.

Fillets of black velvet have been seen more than formerly. For some reason they did not seem to adjust themselves easily to the pompadour, and were apt to cause the underpinning to shift from its proper position.

To supplant these come fillets of bead work, which fit over the hair with perfect neatness and comfort.

Bands of Indian bead work are immensely popular this summer, and are worn largely with the psyche style of head dress.

They are becoming to many types of blonds and brunettes, and are seen in numbers of the large hotels.

The Indian fillets are slightly elastic and are secured to the sides of the head with hairpins instead of tying underneath the back hair, which is always so disarranging.

The rage for jet has held during the summer months, and has extended to fillets also.

The girl with blond, fluffy hair will find them effective, for many hands in this work are seen upon the counters.

For evening cut steel bands, artificial flowers, and twisted ribbon are popular.

CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS.

Paris Pattern No. 3001

All Seams Allowed.

This dainty little frock is made of white batiste, the yoke, which is only in the front, being of allover embroidery. The fulness of the front is distributed by a wide box-pleat either side, the rest being gathered into the lower edge of the yoke, and that of the back into two three wide box-pleats. The dress closes under the center plait, and the collar and wristbands are of insertion, finished with edging to match. The pattern is in 4 sizes—1 to 7 years. For a child of 5 years the dress requires 4 yards of material 2 1/2 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 28 inches wide, or 3 1/2 yards 42 inches wide; as illustrated, 3/4 yard of founcing 7 inches wide, 3 yards of insertion and 1/4 yards of edging.

Washington Herald Pattern Coupon.

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S. KANN-SONS

8th St. & Pa. Ave.
THE "BUSY" CORNER

Two special purchase lots of SUMMER DRESSES.

Each sale price represents but a small part of what the dresses contained in the lot are worth. Individually. We bought them at a special price, and have put them at prices we know will make them go out quickly.

Dresses worth up to \$20 At \$5.98

Dresses worth up to \$35 At \$9.75

Second Floor—Bulls.

IN PRAISE OF OATMEAL

Not long ago the news was going the rounds that a certain "medicine man" had discovered that oatmeal as a diet was responsible for the increasing number of cases of rickets now disclosing themselves in the British Islands. The allegation, as was natural, was vigorously combated by many Scotsmen and others, and history certainly favors the combatants in their contention that the doctor's diagnosis, like many another of its class, had but little, if any, foundation in fact, says a writer in the Boston Transcript.

The oat plant, or cereal grass rather, was known to the ancients and prized by them on account of its nutritive qualities. They called it broma, which being interpreted, means aliment: food. The Latin or botanical term is Avena sativa, the generic name also signifying nourishment.

The praises of the inherent qualities of oatmeal—and the various food products made from or with it—have been sung in poetry and prose by those who have known their worth. When Carlyle first saw Macaulay he said: "Ay, any man can see that thy face is made out of Scotch oatmeal."

Prof. John Stuart Blackie in his address on "Self culture," remarks: "The plainest food is often the best; and for the highest cerebral and sanguinous purposes, long experience has proved that there is nothing better than oatmeal and good porridge; for, as the poet says: "Burdly chills and clever biases Are bred in sie a way as this is."

When the Edinburgh Review was in its formative stage, its originators were casting about for a proper motto for the magazine. Sydney Smith, then the collaborator of Jeffrey, suggested the following: "Tenui musam medietur avena"—"we cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal." The motto, however, was rejected by the editor-in-chief on the ground that it might expose the poverty of the conductors of the periodical.

There have, of course, been times before the present outbreak when the "hale-some parritch" has been made the subject of ridicule, chiefly through sheer wantonness. Those who have had occasion to refer to the dictionary of Johnson are familiar with the cynical significance of the word oats as advanced by the great lexicographer, "a grain which in England is generally given to horses; in Scotland it supports the people." But this definition, as every writer of satirical remarks, "was merely a little splutter of the doctor's pettiness and prejudice," and Johnson himself told Boswell he only characterized the word in that manner to "tear the Scotch." The clever rejoinder of Lord Elibank is also pretty generally known: "And whaur'll you find ste horses and ste men?" Even our own whisky-and-water humorist, Simeon Ford, has his lining recently at Scotland's national food. At a dinner of the Dyker's Meadow Golf Club of Brooklyn, the mirth provoking boniface comments as follows:

"The Scotch are famous for possessing a peculiar form of dry humor. Some say it comes from eating too much oatmeal and that may be the reason why so many of them are scratch men. I noticed it myself while there. I don't think I was any more humorous than usual, but I was much drier; I was dry all the time."

Johnson's ridicule, however, had its effect on the people for a time, for it is said they began to feel ashamed of their national diet, until chemistry stepped in and told of the qualities of the grain—richer than wheat—in many-forming properties. An eminent physician, Dr. Frankland, has said that the same amount of work can be obtained from oatmeal costing 21-23 as from butcher meat costing 3s. 1-2d. Here, again, the cynic may get in his fine work and have his fling at the alleged national propensity to penuriosities in adopting the cheaper food staple. But—there are others.

Then, too, Prof. Norton, of Yale, has a good word to say on behalf of oatmeal. He states: "It is superior to almost any corn in those ingredients which go to the production of muscle in the body. The strong, muscular forms of Scottish plowmen have long been living witnesses of the good properties of their favorite and almost only food."

The unmarried Scottish plowman oftentimes takes his "brosie" three times a day, occasionally varying his supper with porridge, and so deep seated is this habit that many of them prefer the brose as a breakfast diet after they have left their state of single blessedness, and when the "better half" would willingly provide them with a change. Brosie, however, is easily and quickly made. It consists of a bowlful or "cupful" of oatmeal, more or less, according to the stomach's capacity or state of hunger of the consumer, salted to taste, on which has been poured boiling water, the mess being stirred until it is of a consistency like putty, or a little denser. It is "served hot," and eaten with milk with which the cream has been intermixed. Brosie is a diet that "keeps the stomach," staying off hunger under hard work, for from four to five hours.

There is a story told of a divine visiting in one of the rural districts of Scotland, who had an interest in the dietary of his parishioners. Meeting a farmer's boy one day, the following conversation occurred:

Divine—What do you get for breakfast?
Farmer's boy—Brosie!

Divine—For dinner?
Farmer's boy (with astonishment)—Brosie!

Divine—And for supper?
Farmer's boy (with greater astonishment)—Brosie!

Divine—Don't you ever get tired of brose?
Farmer's boy (disgusted)—Wia was the tire of my brose!

There is no question that much of the objection to oatmeal, or porridge, in the United States and elsewhere arises from the fact having been improperly cooked. The fact that the cooking of oatmeal requires an apprenticeship in the "art" is well set forth by Hugh Miller, the great Scottish geologist and author, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters." Miller's experience as a cook is worth quoting. He was then an apprentice mason, following his craft in different parts of the country. It was his turn to act as cook in the bothy. He says: "The exigencies of our wild life had never brought me in contact with the cerealia, and I had now to spot a meal or two, in each instance, ere my porridge became palatable, or my cakes crisp, or my brose free of knots