

A SPRING BRIDE.



By MRS. A. G. WHIPPLER.

Take up thy pen and write what I shall say, This said a voice to me one perfect day; And every word I wrote was just the same, And every word I wrote was just thy name.

A thousand times a day; yes, and at night, memory rushes back to me with a shock—Jack! Jack! Jack!

Some one sends me a bouquet of violets every morning, and I am so lost to the delicate consideration that prompts their being sent without a word that I let my wild hope play with the possibility that Jack may have ordered them; and then I know that he did not, and that I am only deceiving my foolish heart.

Oh, but to-day they do their gracious work; they take me away, away, and in my mirror I see the blue dresses and pink sunbonnets of little children tramping over the hills and under the shadow of the trees.

We looked on the hills for the wild flower; we looked on the sunny slopes for the velvet violet, where later we knew we should find the wild strawberry. But it was too early to find what we sought. There were many delicate, almost imperceptible shades in the woods, although not a leaf and few buds, but the rising sap had imparted life to every tree and twig, and some clumps of bushes looked purple, red, and yellow, and the whole forest as we glanced back at it showed violet, green, yellow, and brown.

The tints were indescribable. They were almost invisible and like a breath, faint, so palpitating. When the sun came out they all seemed to turn to pure gold. We used to race home from school, my sisters and I, to those banks where the wild violets grew, and when we found such a slope covered with the velvet mantle, exhaling the odors of heaven, we threw ourselves down and began picking them with a frenzy of delight.

I shall never forget the pleasure of the early spring days when we were little country children. We waited through all the lead-brown dark days for the sign of weakening life, and we waited so long that we grew impatient and sad. The snows would continue to come instead of the green grasses. But when the maple tree began to show red tints and the pussy willows in the swamp about the house put on their little fuzzy yellow coats we could not be restrained indoors any longer by an anxious mother, who knew the treachery of the flowing variables days. We waded in mud and water for the faintest thread of green and counted ourselves blessed, indeed, if we found an early flower.

Things of which we are unconscious do not, in a way, exist for us at all. I know how small my world was then. The only space bounded by my knowledge was the successive blowing of the wind and the rustling of the leaves and the chirping of the birds. I recall the many wonderful suggestions a stream once presented to my imagination. It seemed an eager spirit, flashing along and knocking the messages of a waiting God. Whither? To the ends of the earth? But the childish mind could conceive of no end to the procession of mountains, dials, and sunlit valleys through which the waters ever hurried; and so it was borne along to the "boundless, endless, and sublime," as the poet has written into the ether of pure enjoyment.

A little time for quiet thought has been mine—that and a little of late, but my heart begins to sing again, and never yet did sky and tree and bird and flower so gladden my eyes.

I was with a woman once when she recovered from a long illness sufficiently to walk out on her porch and look around at the old loved scenes she had never expected to see again, and which she knew she would not be permitted to see much longer. I never knew before how eloquent silence could be. Such earnestness, such gratitude, such rapture could not find words. I understand a little now of what she felt—now that I feel again the thrill of life.

I cannot sit in darkness. The wind whispers of the sunlight; the odors suggest the roses of the desert alone. All enfolds and warms and thrills me into delicious life. I cannot die. Tears and laughter, and agony and joy, have fallen to my sorrow, and my life is restless and passionate and eager for the battle, still. It has its quiet corner too—full of musing and old melodies and old memories, and some things apart in it, and then the great calm stars seem to look into me, and a "still" voice speaks to me of "things which in all my endless life I shall not know," and I feel the love of John and the dear love of Jesus, and life, stripped of all ornament, is awful and grand—a great, bare truth, which dwarfs all things which we play, and I know if it falls to my lot to take my loaf of bread and my jug of water into the wilderness, it is enough for me.

Tomorrow! Up again, old heart! And music and laughter and love and ambition and fear and temptation are mine, mine, mine! The same giants go forth to battle on the same old ground. Somebody is winning—step by step. Who? God alone can measure the forces. Into His hands I lay my trembling heart.

ALICE GARDNER WHIPPLER.



MRS. J. OSWALD O'NEILL.

Who was Miss Edna Hayes, now in new home, 2031 H street northwest.

MODERN WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

Girl of Ages Ago Not More Highly Favored Than Those of To-day.

Two or three weeks ago, at the time of the opening of the Paris Salon, the Matin sent a well-known art critic to interview Auguste Rodin on the everlasting subject of woman's beauty.

Rodin has a studio in a building formerly used as a convent school for young girls, and the interviewer of the Matin found it eminently poetic in this manner, says the Matin, "The home of beauty itself. Surely, says the French interviewer, the purity of soul with which the great artist seeks the true and the lovely is not less than the purity with which the charming young girls of years ago—And so on in a very poetic manner, says a writer in the New York Times."

Modern Woman Beautiful. "Do you think that ancient beauty much surpassed that of our own time, and that modern women are far from equalling those who posed to Phidias?" "By no means."

"Nevertheless, the beauty of the Greek Venus—" "Artists then had eyes to see it, while to-day they are blind; that is all the difference. Greek women were beautiful, but beauty resided in the minds of the sculptors who presented them. Women of to-day are their equals, especially Southern Europeans. Modern Italians, for example, belong to the same Mediterranean type as the models of Phidias. The type is chiefly characterized by the equality of width of the shoulders with the lower part of the trunk."

"Did not the Barbarian invasion alter by intermarriage antique beauty?" "No. It is impossible to suppose that the Barbarian races were less fine and less well balanced than Mediterranean races, but time removed the statures of a mixture of blood and allowed the harmony of the old type to reappear. In the union of the beautiful with the ugly it is always the beautiful which finally triumphs. Nature, by a divine law, constantly tends toward the best-tends, without ceasing, toward perfection."

Beauty Is Everywhere. "By the side of the Mediterranean type exists a Northern type, to which belong the roses of the desert alone. The women of Germanic and Slav races. In this type the lower trunk is strongly developed and the shoulders are narrower. It is the structure, you observe, in the nymphs of Jean Goujon, in the Venus of the 'Judgment of Paris,' painted by Watteau, and in the 'Diana' of Houdon. In fact, beauty is everywhere. Beauty is character and expression."

The great sculptor went on to say that among other differences the torso of the French and Slavic type inclined forward, while with the Mediterranean type it rather went backward. He dwelt especially, however, on the fact that beauty is everywhere. This is his great theory and the foundation of all his work; so it is natural to find him emphasizing it. Beauty varies with different races, but exists in a high degree in all.

"When the King of Cambodia was in Paris," said M. Rodin, "I drew with delight the little dancers who accompanied him. Their slender grace was charming. I also made studies of Mme. Hanako, the Japanese actress. She has not an atom of superfluous flesh, but is all muscle. For instance, she can stand on one leg with the other extended as long as she chooses, rooted to the ground like a tree. This is not a European type of beauty, but it was lovely in its extraordinary development."

Both Are Great Artists. "This M. Rodin, it seemed on reading these remarks that it would be interesting to have the opinion of a great American sculptor on this all-important question. Mr. Gutzon Borglum, in his charming Thirty-eighth street studio, was interested in what Rodin had to say and was prepared to comment thereon.

First of all, Mr. Borglum expressed himself as loath to differ with Rodin in any detail. "The two greatest artists in the world to-day," he said, "are Rodin in sculpture and Frank Brang-

SOCIETY

Continued from Page Two.

Miss Lisa Anderson, Miss Clarence Snowden, Miss Violet Niles, Miss Bessie Robinson, Miss Courtney Greenough, Miss George French, Miss Elsie Snowden, Miss Josie Robinson, Miss Beall Daininger, Miss Madie Snowden, and Mrs. John Marshall Jones.

Mrs. William Jackson Morton and children are spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Powhatan Mowbray, near Fredericksburg.

Miss Elizabeth King, of Jacksonville, Fla., who has been the guest of Miss Alice Anderson, in North Washington street, returned on Friday to her home.

Mrs. John Leadbeater and children have gone to Center Conway, N. H., for the summer months.

Mr. William Seymour, of Richmond, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Doyle Brockert.

Capt. Herbert Bryant left on Friday for a visit to Jamestown, Long Island.

Miss Annie Peyton Lockett is the guest of Miss Katherine Tenney, in Front Royal, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burke and family have gone to their country place on Seminary Hill for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Overton Westfield Price, of Braddock Heights, have taken a cottage at Cape Henry for the summer.

Mrs. Price, with her children, Masters Overton, Harold, and Philip Price, left on last Monday, and on Saturday they were joined by Mrs. Price's sisters, Miss Marian and Mamie Lindsay.

Mr. Mahlon Hopkins, Janney left on Friday for Ontario, Canada, where he will spend the month of July.

Mr. Clarence C. Leadbeater is spending the week-end with his father-in-law and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Alexander in Lancaster, Pa.

Mrs. Julian Miller and Miss Cornelia Miller are spending a few weeks at Jefferson, Fauquier County, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kemper, of Rosemont, are visiting in Denver, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Alexander Lee, of Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford Crankhill, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Chauncey McNeil, of Port Myer, Va., were the guests of Mrs. Henry Starr Walters during the summer.

Mr. Louis Daininger, formerly of Alexandria, but now of Pittsburg, spent a few days of the past week with friends in this city.

Miss Florence A. Long has returned from a visit to Miss Helen Willis in Glen Dale, Md.

Mr. Elmer Smith, of Philadelphia, is the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Randle.

Mrs. Edward S. Leadbeater and Miss Paveet have gone to Mrs. Leadbeater's home, "Fort Lyon," in Fairfax County, for the summer months.

Mrs. E. K. Starbuck has been visiting relatives in Richmond, has returned to her home in this city.

Cards have been issued to the marriage of Miss Mable Isabelle Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hunter, to Mr. Mark Clark. The ceremony will take place at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday evening, July 7, at 8:15 o'clock.

A launch party was given on Thursday evening, Mrs. Monroe Lewis was the chairman. Those present were Miss Alice Anderson, Miss Beall Daininger, Miss Madie Snowden, Miss Violet Niles, and Miss Bessie Robinson, of Silverport, La.; Mr. George Atmore Sparrow, of Gaston, N. C., on Wednesday noon, June 23, in the apartment of the bride's mother, Hammond Court. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. M. Sturton, of Northampton.

Mrs. Overton Price, who has been the guest of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Overton Westfield Price, at Cape Henry, has returned to her home, The Grange, near Biltmore, N. C.

It Is Well to Remember. From the Boston Herald. That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them into boiling water for a minute.

That fresh meat beginning to sour will be sweetened if placed outdoors in the cool air overnight.

That milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine mixed with a little white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

That kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water and will render them as pliable as new.

That is to concede that they are beautiful, though I have not studied them.

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MENUS AND RECIPES. TO-DAY'S MENU. BREAKFAST. Strawberry Shortcake. Baked Rice. Cream. Baked Omelet. Buttered Rusks. Coffee.

LUNCHEON. Meat Patties. Pear Tartlets. Crackers. Cream Cheese. Tea. DINNER. Cold Consomme. Baked Ham. Shrimp Sauce. Italian Risotta. Cucumber Salad. Queen Fritters. Iced Coffee.

Recipes. Bread Crumbs—But one cupful of soft bread crumbs into a bowl, and pour over them sufficient rolling water to cover. Stand for five minutes, stir, then pour off carefully all the water that has not been absorbed by the bread, then add one-half of a cupful of milk, three eggs, slightly beaten, one level teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of white pepper. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan over the fire; when hot turn in the omelet, cook slowly until thoroughly set, then fold together and serve at once on a hot dish.

Queen Fritters—In a saucepan put one cupful of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one level tablespoonful of sugar, and one slightly wetted half of a lemon. Boil for five minutes, skim out the lemon rind, stir in quickly one and one-quarter cupfuls of dry flour. Stir and beat until the dough does not adhere to the spoon or the bottom of the pan. Cover, and set aside for fifteen minutes. Then work in, one at a time, five raw eggs. It should then be a thick batter. This can be prepared an hour or two before cooking, if necessary. Drop by small spoonfuls into smoking-hot fat. They should swell to two or three times their size when dropped in. When brown, drain and serve with a liquid sauce.

Home Treatment for Eyes. From the Boston Herald. If dust or other foreign substance blows into the eye do not rub the eye nor endeavor to remove the irritating intruder for a moment or so. Close the eye, holding the lids together with the fingers until the tear duct begins to work, then open the eye, and unless the dust has caught fast to the ball it will be washed out by the tears.

Those who ride often in open cars in the subway or through dusty streets should wash their eyes before retiring with a solution of salt and water, or boracic acid and water. A teaspoon of either the salt or the acid being added to a glassful of water, and a bit of absorbent cotton or the finger used for the applying.

Meat Balls. One-half pound lean raw beef, salt, pepper, a few drops onion juice, one tablespoonful butter. Chop the meat fine. If you have a meat chopper, use it by all means. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and onion juice. Make in small balls without packing the meat so closely. Handle as little as possible. When the pan is hot, butter just enough to prevent sticking; toss in the balls, shake gently for three minutes. Season with salt, pepper, and butter.

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