THE HERALD'S PAGE FOR EVERY WOMAN

EDITED BY JULIA CHANDLER MANZ

SILENCE IS GOLDEN IN HOME CIRCLE

Conversation Taking Place Is Below Par.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I was reading in the paper yesterday," said the woman in blue, "that a learned lady near Boston, who speaks fifty-four languages, has just become engaged to marry a man who is reported to be the greatest linguist in the world, and who understands even more tongues than she does."

"And I'll wager my new hat," commented the woman in white, "that when they are spooning they don't use any of the fifty foreign lingoes they have acquired with such pains, but he says, 'oo's ducky is oo?' and she says, 'I'se oo ducky daddie, and then there's a long sibilant sound that listens like a horse drawing a foot out of sticky mud, and she says, 'What makes you such a sinful pitty boy?' and he says, 'Oo's the boofulest thing in the world with oo's pun yow! hair,' and there's another curious noise that sounds like a smack and m-m-m-m-m-m."

"Ah, that's Cupid's volapuk," smiled the woman in pink, "you don't have to learn fifty languages to understand that. You just speak it naturally."

"My goodness," said the woman in blue, "just think of the things that a woman with fifty tongues can say to her husband when he comes home at 2 a. m.! It makes me envious."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the woman in white, "I find that I can get quite some action out of one language under the circumstances."

Have Little to Say.

"And think," said the woman in pink, sympathetically, "of the sorrows of the poor man who has lost his grip on all languages, trying to explain in fifty about meeting an old college friend, or having to stay downtown to an ethical culture lecture, or having a sunstroke or something else that unavoidably kept him away from his pre—pre—cious li' wife—lds—and his sweet home where he—hic—hic—wanted to be all the time."

"Well, at any rate," said the woman in blue, "in a family where a husband and wife each hold a language record there certainly can't be the conversational deadlock that you see in most homes. To my mind the most pitiful thing in the world is that husbands and wives appear to have nothing to say to each other unless they pick a quarrel. You can spot a married couple as far as you can see them by the frozen silence that reigns between them.

"If at the theater you see a man sitting up reading the advertisements in the programme and the woman looking around Bethesdy at the other women's clothes, by that token you know they are husband and wife. If at a restaurant you see a couple gobbling down their food without a word to each other, you don't have to look at the woman's wedding ring to know they are married. If you see a couple traveling together, yet apparently not on speaking terms, it's a married couple off on a pleasure trip. Upon my word, I believe that conversation would become a lost art if husbands and wives were segregated from the balance of humanity."

Too Much Small Talk.

"That's right," exclaimed the woman in white, "and did you ever notice not only the paucity of conversation in the family circle, but its pifflng character? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it's confined to the children, or household expenses, or the most trifling gossip about the neighbors.

"Yet these people are intelligent and entertaining, and regular chatter boxes out in society. I wonder why? Do married people talk themselves out during the honeymoon, so that they've got nothing to say the balance of their lives? Or do they cease to be interesting to each other because neither one is willing to make an effort to entertain the other?"

"I don't know why other women don't talk at home," said the woman in blue, "but I don't because I've nobody to listen to me. The minute we've had dinner my husband subsides into his evening paper, and talking to him is like talking to a wooden Indian, so far as getting a response is concerned. I used to do a monologue something like this:

"'I'd say, 'whom did you see to-day?' He'd reply, 'huh.' I'd say, 'did you see Tom Jones?' He'd answer, 'huh.' I, 'What did he say about Susie?' He, 'um.' I, 'Are the children well?' He, 'm-m-m.' I, 'Is Susie's mother coming to visit her?' He, 'Great Scott, Mary, can't you let a man read his paper in peace?' I do now. I read, too, of an evening, for we haven't even got children to talk about, and the silence that reigns in our house is so thick you could cut it with a knife.

"I must confess that the conversational output in your house is also decidedly below par," said the woman in pink, "and I don't know whether it's my fault or my husband's, but the bald fact is that we've got nothing in common to discuss except the children, the expenses and the neighbors.

Nothing in Common.

"We don't know anything else, for he lives in one world and I in another. He's a broker, whose business days are hard and strenuous, and when he locks his desk of a night he likes to lock all thoughts of his work away with it. Therefore he asked me as a special favor not to mention business to him at home. That shuts me out from his principal interest, which I would gladly share if I could, and he takes no interest in the clubs and studies for which I care. So there we are, conversationally stranded since we've reached the place where we can't sit up and ask each other, 'oos duck is oo?'"

"My case," said the woman in white, "is slightly different. Conversation in our house is limited because it's as dangerous as handling high explosives. You never can tell before hand what subject is going to rub the fur the wrong way with my husband, and set him off on a wild tirade. He's one of the people that can get up an argument over the drop of a pin, and much experience has taught me that the least said the less hatting you have to listen to. Silence may be dull, but it's safe."

"And what we've been saying about men goes just as well for women," retorted the woman in blue. "If men don't tell their good stories to their wives it is, perhaps, because they are married to women who have to have their jokes diagramed for them; if men don't relate their interesting personal experiences at home, maybe it's because they are wise that they would bring down a curtain lecture on their heads if they did, and all the wielders of hammers don't wear trousers."

"You're on," said the woman in white. "I guess that if there's one place on earth where silence is golden it's in the home circle."

RETURN OF TRAIN TO DINNER GOWNS

The dinner gown of the present is artistic in every sense of the word. The return of the train and the shawl drapery makes this gown one of grace and fascination.

Fringe trimmings are used lavishly upon the shawl draperies. A novel dinner dress had an underskirt of pale green satin made with a pointed train. Silk fringe bordered the hem. A double drapery brought around from the back of the skirt was caught with a large satin-covered button. This overdrapery had an edging of the fringe.

The bodice was fashioned of pale green silk gauze brocaded with silver. This was cut coat shape, with long sides in two points and bordered with green silk fringe. The short sleeves were edged with the fringe to correspond. A vest of silver net was crossed by bands of black velvet.

The girdle was of black velvet, and the V-shaped opening of the corsage was outlined by a pleated frill of alencon lace. A draped scarf of satin, shot with silver and adorned at one side by a bunch of aigrettes, completed the costume.

Scotch Pancakes.—Sift one cupful of flour into a basin, add half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one tablespoonful of sugar. Beat up two eggs, add one cupful of cream or milk, then pour them among the flour, mix well. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle.

TO-MORROW'S MENU; HOW TO PREPARE IT

BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Broiled Ham. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Scotch Pancakes. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Corn Chowder.
Egg Salad. Cake. Tea.

DINNER.
Clear Soup.
Leg of Mutton, Breton Style.
Mashed Potatoes.
Tomato Jelly Salad.
Wafers. Cheese.
Hot Apple Pie.
Coffee.

Leg of Mutton, Breton Style.—Trim and wipe a large-sized leg of mutton; if the flavor is liked, insert one-half of a clove of garlic near the end of the knuckle. Scrape and slice a large carrot, peel and slice two good-sized onions; spread them over the bottom of a broiling pan, dust with pepper, add two cloves, a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, and a pint of boiling water. On this lay the meat, cover closely, and braise in a moderate oven for three hours. Soak overnight one pint of kidney beans; drain them, cover with fresh water, and simmer slowly until tender but unbroken. Let the water cook down until nearly dry, then transfer to a pan in which is heated one large tablespoonful of dripping. Add one tablespoonful of chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste, and stir them until lightly fried. Sprinkle with one tablespoonful of fine chopped parsley and take from the fire. Place the meat on a hot platter and surround it with beans. Slightly thicken the gravy, strain, and serve it separately.

CHARMING AT-HOME GOWN FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN

For the middle-aged women who does not adhere to severely plain gowns our cut to-day illustrates a charming and becoming model for "at-home" affairs. The foundation is deep purple velvet; fichu and skirt band are fashioned from pale violet silk scattered with violets in natural tones. This same silk is also used for the front of surplice bodice and plain purple silk is used for the box-plaited ruching which trims fichu and skirt band. Jet cabochons hold the fichu in place on either side of waist line and the bows in front are of velvet matching the dress.

EVERY WOMAN IS INVITED TO SEND HER FAVORITE POEM FOR BIG SERIES

By JULIA CHANDLER MANZ.

Almost all men are embarrassed when forced into a confession of sentiment.

The majority of women feel shy when cornered on the subject, a characteristic which seems to grow year by year.

Fortunately the suppression of sentiment is but a surface condition, for down deep in every woman's heart the well is just as deep and pure and fresh as in the days of our grandmothers, when women were not ashamed of emotion, nor of its expression.

Last night I was looking over an old scrapbook that is yellowed by almost a century of time. It is a queer old ledger, bound in leather. From cover to cover it is filled with sentiment, excerpts from the orations of famous men living in my grandmother's day, tender verses that poured from a tender well in the human heart out over the world of men and women, purifying in its course.

In this old ledger there may have crept later poems, but in the main they are verses that were clipped and pasted with my grandmother's own hands—just hundreds of verses that cheered and comforted her heart and proved an inspiration in her life.

Sentiment Brings Happiness.

Many of them would not be called poetry at all by the learned, perhaps, but the thought is there, the sweet, pure wellspring of sentiment which brings the throb of happiness to the human heart.

In spite of the difference between our day and that of my grandmother, the heart of woman has not changed. The woman of to-day may be more shy of confessing sentiment, but she entertains it none the less for that, and loves the old heart-throb poems, many of which have been lost to us.

Believing this, a big publishing house offered generous sums for the poems that lived in the hearts of humanity. Every man and woman in the country was asked to send their favorite poem irrespective of its merit as a poem or its obscurity. The response was a wonderful lesson in the unchanging heart of human beings, for the verses that came were just simple little heart throbs that had helped the folks who had sent them to a higher faith and nobler purpose along their way of life. From the thousands of poems submitted, enough were selected to make a book that has gone out through the land and become beloved because of its message to the human heart.

Series Will Begin Again.

Shortly before the severance of my connection with work elsewhere for Washington women I began a series of just such poems, inviting each reader to send me the verses nearest and dearest to her. The feature met with instant popularity, and its discontinuance created genuine regret.

During the past year dozens of requests have come to me from readers of The Herald's Page for Every Woman to publish such a series here, and the promise was made many months ago that the requests would be complied with shortly after the holiday season.

So, to-morrow the series begins. Every woman is cordially invited to send me the poem that has brought a throb of hope, of courage, of happiness, or of inspiration to her heart. Hearts are all akin. The thought that has lifted your soul toward heaven will inspire your neighbor to higher endeavor and fill her heart with courage or comfort her in an hour of sorrow as the case may be.

Obscurity Doesn't Matter.

It doesn't matter how obscure the verses sent for publication so long as the thought they contain is uplifting.

It may be that you cannot procure a copy of the verses dear to you, in which case let me have the title of the poem. I may have it, or some other reader of The Herald's Page for Every Woman may have it, and be willing to send me a copy of it for publication.

Don't miss a day of the series, for, remember, these poems will come from all over the land. Many of them are now out of print and impossible to obtain, so that you could not find them anywhere else. It is certain that every woman who clips and saves this series of heart-throb poems will have a collection found nowhere else in the world under the cover of any book, or series of books.

Care of Woodwork.

Highly polished furniture and woodwork, mahogany especially, require attention. The slightest dampness causes this beautiful wood to become smoky and gray looking. This condition will entirely disappear if rubbed occasionally with olive oil, taking care to rub the furniture until the oil entirely disappears; then polish with a soft cloth.

Another splendid polish is made of beeswax and turpentine. A polish made of equal parts of vinegar, linseed oil, and turpentine is most effective. Boil the oil and add the turpentine and vinegar while it is warm.

A spot of ink may be removed from furniture by adding a few drops of spirits of niter to a teaspoonful of water. Put a drop on the ink stain, but do not allow it to remain; it will turn the wood white. It must be rubbed dry instantly with a soft cloth.

For the Motorist.

Each season sees an increase in the many things the shops offer to add to the luxury of motoring. The lunch baskets now come fully equipped for dinner or tea, and one may find a so-called "combination" basket which meets almost every need. There are bases for the thermos bottles, auto clocks in greatest variety and in flower vases, mirrors, mirroscopes, and tumbler carriers one has a wide choice. If one seeks something in the way of a gift for the friend who motors, first study the car she or he uses, and then find a novelty in keeping with its furnishings.

Fidgeting Children.

The child who shows no disposition to move about and is apparently happier sitting still will grow up to be slow-witted, heavy. On the other hand, the baby who is always using its arms and legs will be intelligent, its brain will work quickly, and it will without doubt be clever.

Children should consequently be encouraged when in the infant stage to throw their arms and legs about, to play with their fingers and toes, and when they are older the wise parent will not insist on their keeping still.

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LOT 6—Belts in silk ribbon, fancy silk tinsel and elastic; 25c to $2.00 values. At 15c

QUERIES ANSWERED FOR OUR READERS

Information and Advice Is Given on Many Subjects.

Engaged Girl.

Miss A.—The man's mother is not his fiancee's mother-in-law until the wedding ceremony has been performed. The girl who so speaks of her sweetheart's mother lacks delicacy. A modest young woman does not spread the news of her engagement promiscuously until it has been announced by her parents. She may tell her intimate friends if she so desires without any breach of good form, but she will be considered most forward and indelicate if she prates of her engagement to acquaintances or comparative strangers.

Bride-to-be Letters.

Subscriber—We have never published such a series of articles as those referred to in your letter as far as I know.

Equestrian Statue.

L. C. B.—The position of the horse in the equestrian statue has no special significance.

Gift for Baby.

Agnes B.—A very dainty gift for the baby consists of squares of pink or blue silk filled with orris-root powder.

A dozen of these little sachets, two by two inches being the right size, in a pretty oblong box, would certainly be appreciated by any mother.

These little sachets, to scatter among the baby's belongings, may be more elaborate, and take the form of flowers, or the little squares may be edged with Val. lace.

Silver Wedding.

Mrs. L. C.—A programme of the songs popular twenty-five years ago would be an interesting and amusing entertainment.

Dancing would be in order, and so would a contest such as nail driving, needle threading, bead stringing, and guessing advertisements.

Club French Dressing.

Subscriber—One-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons brandy, two tablespoons Tarragon vinegar, and two tablespoons olive oil. Mix ingredients and stir until well blended.

Fresher Dancing Frock.

Girlie—Make a fichu of net and lace or any preferred materials, and drape across the blouse, then try the addition of one of the new cords where blouse and skirt join.

Wool Embroidery.

Marian K.—Wool embroidery is used on waists, bags, pillows, scarfs, and is, of course, worked without padding.

The embroidery is carried out in satin stitch, couching, or darning, and is often combined with gold or silver thread, silk floss, and beads.

The designs are mostly conventional, and are taken from the designs in crewel work of long ago, modified to suit our present art needlework.

GIVE ATTENTION TO BACK OF GARMENT

If You Would Achieve Success in Dressmaking.

It is the back of garments that most often picture the carelessness or ignorance of the home dressmaker. Too much attention cannot be paid the placket of a skirt or the fastening of a bodice, especially if it fastens in the back.

Be sure that the line of the placket is perfectly straight before finishing; otherwise you will have an unsightly, gaping opening that even pins will not be able to remedy.

Should the back of the bodice not meet evenly the wearer will look as if she were suffering from curvature of the spine, besides bearing the stamp of carelessness. Patent glove fasteners, or snaps, as they are sometimes called, are best to fasten collars. They do not catch or pull the hair and obviate the use of pins.

In finishing the back of a lace yoke, always stitch a narrow piece of tape down each edge of the opening to hold it firmly in place, and be sure, when sewing on fastenings, be they hooks and eyes or snap fastenings, that they are placed half an inch apart.

Do Not Be Stingy with Hooks.

Never stint on hooks and eyes; a few minutes saved in sewing on fewer fasteners will be lost many times over in pinning together open spaces between hooks.

It is best to sew sleeves in a bodice before finishing them at the hand; also to adjust a skirt at the waisthand, stitching this in place before turning up the hem.

In this way one is sure of getting the lengths correct and, in the case of the skirt, of having it hang evenly around the bottom.

To insure an even hem, if the skirt is cut long enough to touch the floor, mark it, at the floor length with a bit of tailor's chalk all around, then turn up the hem the desired number of inches from that point.

Another way to insure an even length is to place a yardstick on the floor, holding it close to the body and marking the point where it touches the body with chalk. This is done at intervals of a few inches all around; then from the chalk mark on the hips the proper length is measured and the hem turned up. If skirts are made of very thin soft silk, face them for eighteen inches from the hem with a thin quality of cotton flannel.

This gives body to the skirt's hem, yet is as soft and supple as can be desired. This method is especially desirable when a slight train is used on an evening gown. French modistes use fine broadcloth for facing silk, but cotton flannel answers the same purpose and is far less expensive.

The fancy for wool embroidery is increasing to such an extent that it is in danger of becoming common. The newest wool embroideries are now being shown enriched with semi-precious jewelry and imitation pearls.

There is no remedy more useful in a family than a trustworthy laxative. Scarcely a day passes in a family of any size that some member of it does not suffer from temporary constipation, headache, gas on the stomach, lassitude, and similar disorders. In all these instances there is need of a laxative, and no better laxative can be taken than DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN. It has everything to recommend it as a laxative for all the family, from the baby to the grandparents. It is mild, it acts gently and does not gripe, it is thoroughly effective in bring satisfactory results are small. cathartic pills, which not every one can swallow, and from salts and purgative waters, of which one must take much to bring results. And these latter, when taken often, quickly lose their effect, and more and more has to be taken to bring the original results, until finally an entire box or bottle has no effect. With DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN it is different. The dose is small and need not be increased, and on the contrary, after it has been taken for a while the dose can be diminished and then entirely dispensed with, and nature again does its own work. This applies to children as well as to grown-ups—it is equally effective at all ages. It is especially the ideal laxative for children, because it is pleasant to the taste and children like it. When the child is peevish, irritable, not interested in sleep, food or lessons, give it a dose of SYRUP PEPSIN and watch how quickly it recovers its good cheer.

Mothers Keep Their Children Healthy Using

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Mrs. Emma Waynes,
Esmont, Va.

Dr. Caldwell:
I have tried the sample sent me some time ago and have found it so beneficial that I am now using my second large bottle and would not be without it. I have tried a number of other medicines, but find Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin to be the best.
Ph. Weyer,
228 S. Patterson Park Ave.
Baltimore, Md.

Any one wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 405 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

HARRY BRUNTY.

Dr. Caldwell:
After using the sample bottle of your wonderful Syrup Pepsin I bought a large bottle so that I would have it at hand. I gave it to my little boy Harry, who has always been constipated. It regulated its bowels immediately and he is no longer troubled. I will always keep Syrup Pepsin in the house for him as well as for myself.
Mrs. J. E. Brunty,
1903 Ninth Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Caldwell:
I have taken your Sirup Pepsin and am on the third bottle, and it has done me worlds of good. I will recommend it to my friends.
John Q. Leveile,
Box 474, Fairmont, W. Va.

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