EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

Let the Woman's Page bespeak the woman—let it be a help to those who desire help; a comforter to those who need comforting, and above all, let it be a friend to every woman.

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

Little Beauty Chats

BY BLANCHE BEACON

BEAUTY ILLS OF THE ELDERLY.

With plenty of means it is quite an easy matter for the woman past fifty to keep young, but given a slim purse and little time, she will often become heartsick over the slow coming results of this treatment or that. I cannot fill her purse or take on my own shoulders her tiring tasks—I would that I could—but I can show her simple ways of remedying her two worst beauty faults.

There is the unwieldy waist of the elderly woman, for instance. Instead of looking wistfully in the windows of the beauty parlors, go home and swathe your fat waist in fold upon fold of thin rubber. Then draw on a heavy sweater and after drinking two glassfuls of hot water, start out and tramp the streets briskly for an hour. Upon arriving home, drink two more glassfuls of hot water and discard your sweater. The rubber band should not be removed until you are through perspiring, which won't be for half an hour. This treatment literally causes the flesh to melt away.

Another defect peculiar to the woman past her youth, whether married or single, is the rounded shoulder. In such cases a shoulder-brace of some kind or description is of service. Wear it day and night until you have fallen into the habit of standing straight, then throw the restraining bandage into the waste-basket as it will have served its turn.

With these two serious defects remedied, the elderly woman will not find it so difficult to look youthful.

SATURDAY A GREAT DAY AT THE CAESAR MISCH, INC., 22ND BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Saturday of this week will mark one of the greatest days of the 22nd Business Birthday celebration of Caesar Misch, Inc. This firm of hustlers report that in spite of the war, poor business conditions and unfavorable weather, that it has been impossible to keep the people from buying their anniversary bargains. Main, Golden Hill and Middle streets have been a busy corner and promises to be even more so tomorrow. New clothing and wearing apparel has been coming in all the week to take the place of the depleted stocks, so Caesar Misch, Inc., say that anyone who has put off buying until the tomorrow will find plenty of the choicest bargains to select from. Cheerful credit will as usual be in force which means that all who wish, may purchase what they wish without paying any deposit and the balance will be divided up into small weekly payments.

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word.

$10,000 LEGACY TO BRIDGEPORT WOMAN

In one of the briefest wills ever admitted to probate here, Mrs. Adelade Dilworth of New York city, leaves to her sister, Miss Louisa Brown of 290 Prospect street, property valued at approximately $10,000. Mrs. Dilworth was the widow of the late James A. B. Dilworth of New York city. The will is dated Jan. 4, 1907, and bequeaths the entire estate to the sister. Miss Brown qualified as administratrix without bonds, while H. S. Shelton and Frank T. Staples qualified as appraisers.

The estate of the late Ida F. Davies, who died intestate was admitted to probate this morning. Mrs. Davies is survived by a husband, James C. Davies, who qualified as administrator, one son and one daughter. George M. Houston and A. L. Stewart qualified as appraisers.

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Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

THE SMARTEST TAILOR MADE.

Stunning tailored costume in mastic velvet, showing the smartest of long coats. Cuffs and collar of heavy corded silk and buttons of the same material form the decorative scheme.

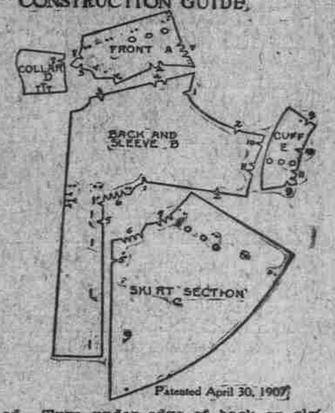
This seems to be the most stunning of the advance models in tailor mades. It is developed in mastic gray velvet. 5 yards 44 inches wide being required for the suit.

As smart as the design is, its construction is comparatively simple. The importance of stitching and pressing can never be too greatly emphasized in attempting a tailored coat or suit. The lesson today deals principally with the coat illustrated. The skirt section is cut from an open fold of the material. The back and sleeve, cut in one, are carefully arranged on a fold of the velvet. Other parts of the pattern are laid on a lengthwise thread.

Now, to make the coat, first pleat the upper edge of the front, placing "T" on small "oo" perforations.

Close sleeve seam as notched. Sew pleated edge of front to back as notched. Turn under edge of back on slot perforations; lap on skirt section to small "o" perforations, notches even and sew upper edge of skirt to front and back as notched. Sew collar to neck edge as notched. Close cuff seam as notched to small "o" perforation, sew to sleeve as notched.

CONSTRUCTION GUIDE.



Collar and cuffs of heavy black corded silk add to the elegance of these tailored coats, but the most fashionable dressmakers are, in the majority of instances, using buttons of the dress material to trim their coats and skirts.

Velveteen is also admirably suited to the development of this model.

Pictorial Review coat, No. 5868. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

Skirt, No. Sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. Price, 15 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

Twilight Tales

By David M. Cory.

"Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour."

—Longfellow.

BESSIE AND HER THANKSGIVING PIES

Little Bessie Gray looked up from her story book with a sigh, and as she looked up she caught the reflection of her face in a mirror over the table, and sighed again.

"Oh, dear! If I were only slender and graceful, and a grown-up young lady, or a princess, and lived in a palace, and had heaps of money, and could carry bunches of flowers to sick people. But here I am, nothing but Bessie Gray, short and stout and a wide mouth, and not exactly poor, but then I have to work rather hard for a little girl; and as for the troubles of this world, somehow I don't feel so badly about them as I ought to, or else the people around here don't have any to speak of.

"Now's Your Chance!"

"Now's your chance," said a little squeaking voice. Where did it come from? There was nothing in sight but a heap of pumpkins on a board just outside the window, and a little colored girl passing the garden fence, scantily clad, and shivering in the cold November sunshine. All that Bessie know of her was that her name was "Poppy," and she belonged to a family that were very shiftless, it appeared, from their unwillingness to work, and their ignorant ways of doing the little they could do.

But it could not be this little girl who spoke; she was hurrying on, without turning a glance toward the house, eager, no doubt, to reach her miserable shelter from the cold.

Bessie Discovers the Owner of the Voice

Bessie's curiosity was fully aroused. She went out and stood upon the doorstep. The colored child was out of sight, and everything was still but the wind, and that hardly whispered through the leafless boughs of the pear trees. But there was the voice, close to her now. "Help me down," it said. And Bessie's mouth opened wider than ever, as she saw the topmost pumpkin of the pile at her side, moving itself without aid of hands. She took hold of its stem and, although it was one of the heaviest of the lot, she scarcely felt its weight at all.

"Carry me in!" said the voice again, pantingly.

Bessie had not believed her own ears until now. A pumpkin talking! That was more wonderful than Aesop's fables, truly. But why shouldn't it speak, as well as the brambles and oak trees and brass kettles? So she turned the great thing over upon its side, and rolled it, or rather let it roll itself, up the steps into the kitchen.

"Cook me," said the little, panting, squeaking voice again. "Cook me."

Pumpkin Pies.

Just then her mother came in. "Mother, may I make some pumpkin pies?" said Bessie.

"Well, I don't care," was the answer of the busy woman. None of us seem to be so very fond of them. But you can make them, if you'll only promise to get somebody to eat them."

But the pumpkin began to squeak impatiently, "Cut me up! cut me up!" and Bessie obeyed without more ado. Determined to have her pies as nice as they could be made, she poured out her milk, stirred in spice and sweetening, and made the crust light, wondering, while she rolled it out, who would eat them when they were done.

But the pumpkin told her as it boiled in the kettle; no longer with that low musical rumble, as if laughing with joy over its own fate. "Black Poppy's people; black Poppy's people," and why shouldn't a pumpkin rejoice in the sacrifice of its own life for a benevolent purpose?

An Angel of Mercy.

And Bessie, herself, when she carried the pies to Poppy's wretched home, having first set one aside in the cupboard, that her mother might see that she could bake pies worth anybody's eating, looked almost beautiful with the excitement of doing a kindly deed. Her sun-browned hands and stout arms were just fitted for the healthful work they had been doing, and she had as much reason to be proud of them as any lady of her delicate fingers; for certainly those are the prettiest hands that do most willingly the work they were made for.

And black Poppy's people could not have received one of the graceful ministering spirits of the story-books with more eloquent gratitude than they did the homely little girl and her heavy basket of pies. Indeed, to those half-starved beings she was a vision of loveliness—a real angel of mercy.

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LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

(Copyright 1913, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

DAUGHTERS WHO ARE WATCHED

"One pair of eyes to gaze,
One pair of sparkling blue,
In which sweet love betrays
Her form of fairest hue.
One pair of glowing cheeks,
Fresh as the rose and fair,
Whose crimson blush bespeaks,
The health that's native there."

What girls does not believe in the innocence and gayety of her youth, the great big world is just as good and true as it looks to her? The happy blithesome young bird whose wings have never been caught in a trap knows nothing of danger. How should it? The bird is very apt to flutter past where hawks lay in waiting for just such victims. Young girls are quite as apt to stroll into paths where there are hawks in human form.

But how should they know they are dangerous? It is but natural for young girls to follow their mood.

If they are of merry temperament, those who have a jolly disposition appeal to them. A girl who has a mother to watch over her, without seeming to do so and to guide her footsteps, is adroitly prevented from making the wrong acquaintances.

It is the poor, pretty, hapless young girls, who are alone in the world with no one to advise them, who have need of the world's sympathy. Their hearts are the targets for ruthless marksmen. The girl young in years is usually led by her companions, if she has no one that is a near and dear relative to confide in.

If she goes wrong, women hold their skirts away from her. They have words of scathing censure, but not one sweet word of human pity do they offer to attempt to heal the wound in her heart.

All young girls have the same spirit of thoughtlessness the world over. Many would share the same fate as the outcast were it not that they were guarded by loving watch care. That they are safely wooed and wed is a great blessing to them, thanks to the chaperon. It must not be supposed that all girls are weak and vacillating by nature. Girls who have an intuitive sense of what is for their good are in the great majority, I am happy to say. The cloak of dignity in which they wrap themselves protects them. If a girl friend is too bold while young men are present, the girl of good sense chooses another companion. If she finds a young man inclined to be rude, she shuns him ever after.

Such a girl can take care of herself though she were in the desert of Sahara. Maidens who are carefully guarded by their home folks have their minds drawn into useful channels, such as drawing, china painting, making their own clothes, or being initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping between the ages of fourteen and twenty. She who has her mind filled with useful thoughts, keeps out of mischief and foolish, overromantic day dreaming. These are the daughters whom other young women should watch and closely follow their example, thus being a credit to themselves and the world at large. Very young girls who are alone in life should make a confidant of some elderly woman for advice when they feel undecided in love affairs.

MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

(Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, but not to print.)

(Address letters to Laura Jean Libbey, 916 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

The Kind of Girl a Working Man Wants For a Wife

Dear Miss Libbey: I am a young, honest, stout, strong, single man, six feet two inches tall, with black hair and brown eyes; twenty-six years old and a railroad man with a good recommendation, character, and temperate habits. I am all alone in this old world. I am making a good living, but I can't enjoy it all by myself. Can I find a nice young well-educated, refined, pretty girl—one who will love and live true to a good honest working man—to be my wife; do you think? This wife problem is a touchy thing, and very important. When a young man is looking for a wife and a companion for life, he should be very careful whom he selects. It is a sacred and a business deal and should be on a business plan. Miss Libbey, here is my type and kind of a wife I would love and appreciate: One that can be a lady in the parlor and a cook in the kitchen; one that is capable of taking a mother's place in a home; one that will love and live true to the one that she is married to; one that can appreciate what is done for and given to her; one that, when your back is turned to go to work, you can knew as to where and what she is doing, and who she is with, and when I come home from a day's work one that will meet me at the front door with a loving heart and smile.

Whoever this girl may be, she doesn't have to be rich or crazy with beauty, or a girl that has got a fool's education. If this girl is a girl of honest character and a lady wherever she is seen, either at home or on the street in company, then she is the girl for me. I do not drink, gamble, nor do I run after the pinheaded girls of the day. This is perhaps the reason why I have never married or had a girl.

Miss Libbey don't think that from the way that I have written I have been married and been fooled in my life. I am a man who has been around at different places, and have seen for myself the ways of this world, and I must say truthfully the girls I have talked to are not my kind of a girl for a wife; they would not love and appreciate a home an a good, honest young man.

A young man who is all that this correspondent describes himself to be would certainly be considered a matrimonial prize. A man often seeks his ideal far and wide, traveling the whole world over, only to discover her at last in his own home town, often next door. I am sure there are good, sweet, lovable, sensible girls where you live whom you would appreciate were you to meet them. Ask the matrons you know, or some minister's good wife, to introduce you. It must be your own fault that you are matchless, for you do not seem to be heartless.

Laura Jean Libby

YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS

by GWEN SEARS

The great cause of mouth-breathing in children is adenoids; these are abnormal growths of tissue at the back of the nose in the airway. They are very common, occurring in about forty per cent. of all children, varying in degree and usually associated with enlargement of the tonsils.

The diet of a child suffering from adenoids should be nourishing, simple. Cod liver oil and malt should be given, and the child encouraged to sleep in the fresh air as much as possible.

As these children are very prone to digestive troubles, all rich and sweet articles of diet should be withheld.

FADS AND FASHIONS

Circular skirts are coming in again.

This is to be a season of ostrich plumes.

Seal brown is a color much in evidence.

Gold ribbons are much used in millinery.

Oxblood red is one of the favorite colors.

Tunics are scalloped and bound with satin.

Amber is the new color in laces this season.

A new color is oddly known as "June bug."

Navy and dark purple are a new combination.

Sailor hats in great variety, are being shown.

Skirts with wide flounces, set far apart, are seen.

Boat-shaped velvet curtains are among the best.

Faille silk is in favor for the latest silk suits.

Black velvet jackets are trimmed with astrakhan.

Circular flounces of beaver fur trim short coats.

There seems no end to the fancifulness of shoes.

Black monkey fur is seen on hats, coats and gowns.

Corbeau blue with brown, is a combination much prettier than it sounds.

Silk ratine, plaided or striped, is used for charming girdles and trimmings.

Bretelles are a feature of some of the new blouses.

Black and gold are dominant notes among the hats.

Fur is used to trim many of the new broadcloth suits.

Winged skirts with side pleats are one of the new styles.

Imitation porcelain flowers are seen on the new millinery.

The military note is evident in many of the new fashions.

Tricorne and continental shapes are in favor for winter hats.

Black enamel jewelry set with rhinestones is in high favor.

Suits in large checks are trimmed with bone buttons and braids.

Long and short haired sibelines are among the favorite cloths.

Sharkskin cheviot is one of the favorite cloths for the quiet suit.

Very wide and flat striped velveteens are among the new fabrics.

Fine black coats are made with military collars and artillery capes.

The new net flouncings have wonderful designs of sparkling spangles.

Some of the new dresses have their skirts cut full, and no overskirts.

Marabou and ostrich are frequently combined in the new neckpieces.

Many of the new laces are embroidered with gold and colored threads.

Opalescent sequins, which give the effect of mother of pearl, are seen on evening gowns.

Very soft silk, with a bit of military braiding, makes a charming blouse for a young girl.

THE WORLD SET FREE

Europe's Armageddon and The Last War.

BY H. G. WELLS,

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(Continued.)

The explosion came this time more directly underneath the aeroplane and shot it upward edgeways. The bomb box tipped to the point of disgorgement, and the bomb thrower was pitched forward upon the third bomb with his face close to its celluloid stud. He clutched its handles and, with a sudden gust of determination that the thing should not escape him, bit its stud. Before he could hurl it over the monoplane was slipping sideways. Everything was falling sideways. Instinctively he gave himself up to gripping, his body holding the bomb in its place.

Then that bomb had exploded, and steersman, thrower and aeroplane were just flying rags and splinters of metal and drops of moisture in the air, and a third column of fire rushed eddying down upon the doomed buildings below.

Never before in the history of warfare had there been a continuing explosive. Indeed, up to the middle of the twentieth century the only explosives known were combustibles whose explosiveness was due entirely to their instantaneousness, and these atomic bombs which science burst upon the world that night were strange even to the men who used them. Those used by the allies were lumps of pure carolinum, painted on the outside with unoxidized cydonator inducive inclosed hermetically in a case of membranium. A little celluloid stud between the handles by which the bomb was lifted was arranged so as to be easily torn off and admit air to the inducive, which at once became active and set up radio activity in the outer layer of the carolinum sphere. This liberated fresh inducive, and so in a few minutes the whole bomb was blazing continual explosions. The central European bombs were the same, except that they were larger and had a more complicated arrangement for animating the inducive.

Always before in the development of warfare the shells and rockets fired had been but momentarily explosive, they had gone off in an instant once for all, and if there was nothing living or valuable within reach of the concussion and the flying fragments, then they were spent and over. But carolinum, which belonged to the B group of Hyslop's so called "suspended degenerator" elements, once its degenerative process had been induced, continued a furious radiation of energy, and nothing could arrest it. Of all Hyslop's artificial elements, carolinum was the most heavily stored with energy and the most dangerous to make and handle. To this day it remains the most potent degenerator known. What the earliest twentieth century chemists called its half period was seventeen days—that is to say, it poured out half of the huge store of energy in its great molecules in the space of seventeen days, the next seventeen days' emission was a half of that first period's outpouring, and so on. As with all radio-active substances, this carolinum, though every seventeen days its power is halved, though constantly it diminishes toward the imperceptible, is never entirely exhausted, and to this day the battlefields and bomb fields of that frantic time in human history are sprinkled with radiant matter and so centers of inconvenint rays.

What happened then when the celluloid stud was opened was that the inducive oxidized and became active. Then the surface of the carolinum began to degenerate. This degeneration passed only slowly into the substance of the bomb. A moment or so after its explosion began it was still mainly an inert sphere exploding superficially, a big, inanimate nucleus wrapped in flame and thunder. Those that were thrown from aeroplanes fell in this state. They reached the ground still mainly solid and, melting soil and rock in their progress, bored into the earth. There as more and more of the carolinum became active the bomb spread itself out into a monstrous cavern of fiery energy at the base of what became very speedily a miniature active volcano. The carolinum, unable to disperse freely, drove into and mixed up with a boiling confusion of molten soil and superheated steam and so remained, spinning furiously and maintaining an eruption that lasted for years or months or weeks, according to the size of the bomb employed and the chances of its dispersal. Once launched the bomb was absolutely unapproachable and uncontrollable until its forces were nearly exhausted, and from the crater that burst open above it puffs of heavy incandescent vapor and fragments of viciously punitive rock and mud, saturated with carolinum and each a center of searching and blistering energy, were flung high and far.

Such was the crowning triumph of military science, the ultimate explosive that was to give the "decisive touch" to war.

A recent historical writer has described the world of that time as one that "believed in established words and was invincibly blind to the obvious in things." Certainly it seems now that nothing could have been more obvious to the people of the early twentieth century than the rapidity with which war was becoming impossible. And as certainly they did not see it. They did not see it until the atomic bombs burst in their fumbling hands. Yet the broad facts must have glared upon any intelligent mind. All through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the amount of energy that men were able to command was continually increasing. Applied to warfare that meant that the power to inflict a blow, the power to destroy, was continually increasing. There was no increase whatever in the ability to escape. Every sort of passive defense, armor, fortifications and so forth was being outmastered by this tremendous increase on the destructive side. Destruction was becoming so facile that any little body of malcontents could use it. It was revolutionizing the problems of police and internal rule. Before the last war began it was a matter of common knowledge that a man could carry about in a handbag an amount of latent energy sufficient to wreck half a city. These fact were before the minds of everybody. The children in the streets knew them. And yet the world still, as the Americans used to phrase it, "fooled-around" with the paraphernalia and pretensions of war.

It is only by realizing this profound, this fantastic divorce between the scientific and intellectual movement on the one hand and the world of the lawyer-politician on the other that the men of a later time can hope to understand this preposterous state of affairs. Social organization was still in the barbaric stage. There were already great numbers of actively intelligent men and much private and commercial civilization, but the community as a whole was aimless, untrained and unorganized to the pitch of imbecility. Collective civilization, the "modern state," was still in the womb of the future.

CHAPTER V.

Intrenching in Belgian Luxemburg.

BUT let us return to Frederick Barnet's "Wander Jahre" and its account of the experiences of a common man during the war time. While these terrific disclosures of scientific possibility were happening in Paris and Berlin Barnet and his company were industriously intrenching themselves in Belgian Luxemburg.

He tells of the mobilization and of his summer's day journey through the north of France and the Ardennes in a few vivid phrases. The country was browned by a warm summer, the trees a little touched with autumnal color and the wheat already golden. When they stopped for an hour at Hirson men and women with tricolor badges upon the platform distributed cakes and glasses of beer to the thirsty soldiers, and there was much cheerfulness. "Such good, cool beer it was!" he wrote. "I had nothing to eat nor drink since Epsom."

A number of monoplanes, "like giant swallows," he notes, were scouting in the pink evening sky.

Barnet's battalion was sent through the Sedan country to a place called Virton and thence to a point in the woods on the line to Jemelle. Here they detrained, bivouacked uneasily by the railway—trains and stores were passing along it all night—and next morning he marched eastward through a cold, overcast dawn and a morning, first cloudy and then blazing, over a countryside interspersed by forest toward Arlon.

There the infantry were set to work upon a line of masked entrenchments and hidden rifle pits between St. Hubert and Virton that were designed to check and delay any advance from the east upon the fortified line of the Meuse. They had their orders, and for two days they worked without either a sight of the enemy or any suspicion of the disaster that had abruptly decapitated the armies of Europe and turned the west of Paris and the center of Berlin into blazing miniatures of the destruction of Pompeii.

And the news, when it did come, came attenuated. "We heard there had been mischief with aeroplanes and bombs in Paris," Barnet relates, "but it didn't seem to follow that they weren't still somewhere elaborating their plans and issuing orders. When the enemy began to emerge from the woods in front of us we cheered and blazed away and didn't trouble much more about anything but the battle in hand. If now and then one cocked up an eye into the sky to see what was happening there the rip of a bullet soon brought one down to the horizontal again."

That battle went on for three days all over a great stretch of country between Louvain on the north and Longwy to the south. It was essentially a rifle and infantry struggle. The aeroplanes do not seem to have taken any decisive share in the actual fighting for some days, though no doubt they affected the strategy from the first by preventing surprise movements. They were aeroplanes with atomic engines, but they were not provided with atomic bombs, which were manifestly unsuitable for field use, nor indeed had they any very effective kind of bomb. And, though they maneuvered against each other and there was rifle shooting at them and between them, there was little actual aerial fighting. Either the air men were indisposed to fight or the commanders on both sides preferred to reserve these machines for scouting.

(To Be Continued.)

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