

Woman's World

How a Woman Deals With Vexing Labor Problems.



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MRS. HELEN GOULD SHEPARD.

Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard believes in arbitration. She goes about it with a simple directness which it might be well for male employers to imitate. The incident happened some years ago when Mrs. Shepard, then Miss Gould, was building a memorial chapel to her father, Jay Gould.

The workmen, so she was informed by the superintendent, were not satisfied.

"What is the trouble?" inquired Miss Gould.

"The men want more money and fewer hours."

"Then give them what they want," was Miss Gould's succinct reply, the finest settlement for a labor problem that any capitalist ever invented.

Helen Gould first became the talk of every town in the Union at the outbreak of the war with Spain. An announcement was made that a generous and patriotic woman had given \$100,000 to the national government as a contribution to the cost of a righteous war. Shortly afterward the same generous hand gave \$25,000 to the Woman's National Relief association. This was too much for the public. It wanted to know what manner of woman was this.

Then it was that her unobtrusive benefactions were made known or at least a few of them, for the full extent of Miss Gould's charities will never be known to any one but herself. Born into millions, with a natural place in the most ornate society, she has willingly cast aside all frivolity and devoted herself to the serious business of life and the philanthropic responsibilities of her position.

Scarcely a man who suffered in the war in Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines who has not been, directly or indirectly, benefited by her generosity. Her home in New York and her country home, near Tarrytown, were turned into hospitals when the transports began crawling northward with their freight of suffering. She cared for hundreds under her own eyes and lavishly contributed when help was needed elsewhere. To hospitals and homes wherever a sick soldier had found refuge she sent flowers and fruit, blankets, food and money. Nor did her efforts stop at easing the hardships of the fighting men. Her sympathies extended to those who are often the most grievously hurt by the war, the mothers and wives at home, who suffer and are wounded without the excitement of battle. She felt that no sacrifice was too great to make for the men who had answered the call of country. She is, above all things, patriotic and takes a great and intelligent interest in the affairs of the republic.

Her income is much over a million a year, but of this very little is expended on its owner. Since her marriage to Mr. Shepard, a few years ago, her scheme of life has been the same. If anything, her benefactions are now carried out on a larger scale, for Mr. Shepard is an ideal worker along the same lines, and had been for many years before he met Miss Gould.

She regards her fortune as a sort of trust for the less fortunate. When she entertains, it is modestly, and her fashionable visits are few in the course of a season. Indeed, she is far happier when she is entertaining at one of her homes a group of self supporting working girls—a class in whom she is greatly interested.

In all her character and in all her work, there has been a practical and sensible spirit. She is not a sentimental giver nor one who gives for the appearance of munificence. She exerts herself to give where it will do good and looks to it that her benefactions will genuinely benefit those for whom they are intended. She has a very clear and right perception of what her duties are. Here, in her own words, is what she told the Woman's club of Cincinnati on the duty of a woman of wealth:

"I shall never cease to preach the gospel that women of means should do more than rush through life for nothing but their own pleasure. It is the duty of women who have wealth to help others, and especially other women, and to make life for them worth the living."

Good form

Regarding Week End Entertainments. Spring days suggest the country, and the country suggests week end guests. Week end parties, as everybody knows, are delightful, but week end guests and their entertainment require skill and tact.

The woman who intends to have week end visitors, then, or house visitors of any sort needs to consider one thing before inviting the outsider into her home—is the prospective guest worthy of the honor? Is she to be trusted with one's life, ergo one's reputation? If not madam must not issue her invitations, and if she sees fit so to do once the stranger is within her gates all must be given her—full confidence in her integrity and entire liberty in every move that concerns her health and happiness.

As the hostess' captiousness sometimes comes from feeling that the visitor of a week or more is outstaying her welcome the English custom of arranging a visit within a prescribed period is an excellent one. If you ask Miss Guest to come on the 15th and stay until the 20th you have no reason to complain unless she prolongs her stay. This arrangement for the coming of the guest and her going puts the whole visit on a pleasant and easy basis, and the hostess and guest of good sense abide by all the requirements of politeness and kindly feeling as long as the visit lasts.

Some very definite obligations are involved when inviting a friend to partake of a home's hospitality for a stated period. The hostess must see to it that there are writing materials in the friend's room, stamps excepted. She must consult with her guest concerning the acceptance of any invitation to other homes. When callers come the guest must be asked to go down to the drawing room as a matter of course. The visiting friend must be included in every visit to other friends.

Things One Must Do.

A friend of Goethe's once remarked that if you wish to appear agreeable in society "you must consent to be taught many things which you know already."

You have had to sit many hours with a smile upon your face while some dreadful bore expounded supposed theories of his own which had been axioms to you from youth up. You have had to listen to society traditions, in which you were not in the least interested, told by some sycophant, because you knew that what lay upon your thoughts light as thistledown encompassed her about like a royal robe. You may hate the molecular theory and despise the foolish vapors about "society," but you have no taste for the life of the hermit, and you have at least to pretend that you are interested in the ponderous and the frothy. The question is whether you are not a bore yourself, at least to the man with a theory about creation and the woman who adores by way of the social register.

Have you ever tried to air your theories about child welfare and the solution of the poverty problem in the presence of the women who were all the time unconsciously counting your frills and speculating as to what sort of "beading" would have improved your costume?

If you have you will no doubt have recognized the set smile with which she pretended an interest, because it is part of her religion to appear always to be agreeable.

Two Sorts of Manners.

"Society is more conventional than it is good mannered at times," remarked a man of manners, "and I know persons of both kinds. Particularly I know a lady who is conventional and bad mannered, and I know a business man who is unconventional and, if not exactly good mannered, better mannered than the lady."

"Not long ago he was at an evening affair—he went because his wife wanted him to go—and he wore a shop tied tie, a gaucherie a man of conventional habits could not possibly be guilty of. The lady in question noticed it, and in her naive way she asked him why he wore that kind of tie."

"Well, madam," he replied, "I do it for two reasons. One is to give stupid people a subject of conversation, and the other is to show that unconventional taste isn't much worse than conventional bad manners."

"Of course he had no right to say it, nor, on the other hand, did the lady have any right to comment on his dress, so it may be called a standoff, though the man still wears a tied tie, and the lady does not make any comments."

The Merest Trifles.

It is always the merest trifles rather than the big things of life which indicate the manners and tastes of the average person. A glaring social error, a particularly rude action or tactless speech, are not made with too great frequency, but other less obtrusive faults are often committed, sometimes solely through ignorance or want of thought.

It is just as grave a mistake to be too polite as to be shamelessly rude. The painstakingly polite person is very trying to encounter, for extremes often meet, and he generally succeeds in being actually ill bred.

FAIRYLIKE CREATION.

An Evening Frock With Many Points In Its Fashionable Favor.



BEAUTIFUL DANCE GOWN.

An iridescent overdress over a satin underdress of peachblow colored satin is an expression of an evening frock which when seen would not soon be forgotten. The poling of a butterfly bow of faintest pink illusion at the back gives the creation an ethereal quality which it could not well otherwise have obtained. This frock floats in no unmistakable manner the passing fad for the extremely wide skirt and gains added beauty and grace from its moderation.

GOLD AND BLUE.

A Garment Which Has Reached the Top Notch of Sweaterdom.

We used to think the sweater rather a plebeian garment, made uncompromisingly for use and comfort. But, lo and behold, we get them made very



HANDSOME SILK SWEATER.

swaggerer nowadays of silk, very expensive and very aristocratic.

The one shown in the illustration is of gold color and blue in corded effect; long tight sleeves and patch pockets. The buttons are blue with silk loops.

FLOWER FANCIES.

The most economical housewives in the world—the French—do not dream of an extravagance to keep always on their dinner tables a few cut flowers. Even the wife of the poorly paid artisan will stop to market and will not be content to go home with her purchases till she has bought a few cents' worth of flowers for her table.

And a good many American housewives feel the same way about flowers for the table. They have found that for a quarter or less flowers may be bought which with a few sprays of green thrown in by the florist will make the table attractive for a week. Yes, for a week, for with proper care cut flowers can be made to last a week—that is, except in the warmest weather, and in the warm weather we are most of us located so that we can get some sort of fresh flowers every day or so, if it is only a bunch of daisies or buttercups.

One of the best ways to keep cut flowers from fading is to see that the stems are cut from their stems they be placed in water. But of course we cannot be sure that this is done in the case of florist's flowers. The thing to make sure of is that the sap in the stems does not dry out and one way to accomplish this—a way used by many florists—is to put a piece of wax over the stem of the flowers as soon as they are cut.

ROUGH AND READY.

A Garment For the Mountains, For Motoring or For the Seashore.



PLAIDED SPORTS COAT.

Anywhere in this country of changeable climate mildy will find that a woolly "comfy" topcoat is one of her most valued possessions. For a swift ride in a motorcar, a motorboat trip on the lake or a moonlight walk beside the sea the coat shown in the illustration will be invaluable.

It is developed here in black and white plaid, with a raglan set-in sleeve, satin rolled collar and large bone buttons.

GODMOTHER TO FORTY BABIES

Hungarian Countess Takes Upon Herself Strenuous Duties.

The Countess Magdeleine Hunyady von Kethely, the wife of a great landed proprietor of Hungary, is taking under her motherly wing all the posthumous babies born in the county of Estergom, where her husband's principal estates are situated, whose fathers gave up their lives upon the battlefield in this war. Already she has become fairly godmother to nearly forty children. A handsome young matron of thirty-six, with a daughter of her own fifteen years old and a son of twelve, the countess is accepting duties which will extend over many years, involving the dedication of her time and fortune. That she is a Belgian by birth, belonging to the princely family of Caraman-Chimay, which has suffered almost as much at the hands of the Germans as the royal house of Belgium, does not seem to have blinded her to the misfortunes of her husband's country.

Countess Magdeleine Hunyady's sister-in-law, Countess Marie Henrietta Hunyady, has been for some years the wife of Count Emil Szechenyi, and the women of the two famous Hungarian houses will probably divide among themselves the care of the little children for whom Countess Magdeleine will stand sponsor before the end of the war.

A Polishing Glove.

To the woman who cleans and polishes her own shoes nothing is more useful than the "polishing glove." It is made in the form of a mitt. The palm side is sheepskin with the woolly side out to form a polishing surface. The back of the mitt is a piece of leather. After you have carefully anointed your shoes with the paste or polish and let it dry thoroughly slip on the mitt and polish with a will. In a moment your shoes will be shining nicely.

SOME NEW WRINKLES.

Before removing ribbon from lingerie, etc., sew tape—the same length—to one end of the ribbon. In drawing the ribbon out the tape takes its place. When the ribbon goes back again sew it to the end of the tape and the tedious task of drawing the ribbon through in the old way is removed.

After washing the hair, a good way to thoroughly rinse it is to fill a common tin flower sprinkler can with water and suspend on a nail or hook above the head over the bathtub. The water comes with just force enough to rinse, and the sprinkler can be filled as often as necessary.

After washing woolen blankets, dry them on curtain stretchers, which will prevent them from shrinking.

A handy little dish washer for the milk bottle, etc., too narrow for the hand and cloth, is made from the wire handle of a grape basket, which is straightened out, with the hook left on one end.

Instead of the ordinary method that is used for removing rust stains try the lemon juice and salt as usual, but place over a steaming kettle. The rust spots will be removed in a few moments.

Cookery Points

Chocolate Schnutten. There is a duty of 25 per cent ad valorem on this imported cake.

Cream together half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar. Add the yolks of sixteen eggs, two and a half ounces of grated almonds, two and a half ounces of browned bread-crumbs, two and a half ounces of sifted flour, the soft center of half a vanilla bean, a fourth cake of sweet chocolate grated, and lastly the whites of the sixteen eggs stiffly beaten. Bake in shallow, lightly buttered pans in a moderate oven for from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and when done invert over plates to cool. When cold cut into two and a half inch squares. Split the squares with a sharp knife into two layers, spread the under layer with the filling and the upper layer with the glazing.

For the filling use half a pound of butter and half a cake of grated sweet chocolate melted and beaten together till smooth and creamy.

For the glazing, to a fourth cake of sweet chocolate grated add half a cupful of sugar and a fourth cupful of water. Let this boil up well, then beat until cool and creamy and spread lightly over the cake.

The quantity given in this recipe will make three ordinary eight inch square cakes.

For the Invalid Tray.

Bavarian creams of all sorts make delicious and nourishing desserts for invalids. For chocolate Bavarian cream, soak half a box of gelatin in cold water for at least half an hour. In a double boiler heat one pint of milk; add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Next add half a cupful of sugar and remove from the stove. Turn into a deep bowl and add one teaspoonful of vanilla; set this bowl into a pan of ice water and stir until it thickens like a sauce; then add a pint of cream whipped stiff. Stir lightly, pour into a mold, wet with cold water, set it on ice and serve with whipped cream. This must be made very early in the morning if it is to be used for lunch or tea. If a fruit cream is desired substitute fruit juice, stewed and strained, or the juice from canned fruit, for the milk, omitting the grated chocolate. Both raspberry and peach Bavarian cream are delicious.

Cream Toast.

Make thin slices of golden brown toast, crisp and dry. After placing the slices in a wire sieve you steam them until soft over hot water. Then butter and put in a soup plate—about three slices, cut in half. Over them pour white sauce. Make this by heating a cupful of milk in a double boiler and then adding two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed into two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook gently over a low heat until the flour has lost its starchy taste. Season with salt and pepper and serve very hot. Such a dish loses its appetizing qualities if it is not hot when served, so it should be carefully covered in transit from the kitchen to the room where it is to be served.

Brown Potato Soup.

Cook two cupfuls of sliced potatoes and a little chopped onion and celery in a quart of salted water until quite tender. Place in an iron skillet a teaspoonful of butter and one of lard and when very hot rub into it sufficient flour to thoroughly absorb the butter and lard and keep stirring it about until dry and quite well browned and granular. When the soup is boiling rapidly sift in the browned flour while stirring and continue to add browned flour until the mixture is as thick as you wish.

Old Fashioned Bread Pudding.

Soak a pint of fine bread-crumbs in a quart of milk for two hours. Strain in four well beaten egg yolks, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, a scant half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water and a pinch of nutmeg. Last of all, fold in lightly the stiffened whites of the eggs. Bake in a well greased pudding dish, cover for half an hour, then uncover and brown. Send to the table as soon as done and eat with hot wine sauce.

Scalloped Fish in Ramekins.

Use boiled fish and cut in one-half inch cubes. Butter a cupful of bread-crumbs and put in individual ramekins that are well buttered. Put in a layer of shredded fish, sprinkle with another layer of chopped almonds and then a layer of fish. Cover with a tomato sauce and sprinkle with bread-crumbs. Place ramekins in a pan of hot water and bake for fifteen minutes. Serve hot and decorate with parsley.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

Boil a quart of cream, add a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Cool and freeze. Hot chocolate sauce: Boil one cupful of water and one-half cupful of sugar five minutes. Add one-half cupful of milk, two squares of melted chocolate and a tablespoonful of dissolved cornstarch. Boil one minute.

Mixed Chicken Sandwiches.

Take minced chicken and add two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise. Stir well. Cover bread with this dressing. Garnish with minced lettuce and strips of pickles.

For Young Folks

Crown Prince of Belgium, Who Became a Soldier.



Photo by American Press Association.

Of course all well informed children have read about the dreadful war that has been raging in Europe since last summer. They know the pitiful plight of the people of Belgium, and doubtless many young readers have contributed in various ways to the relief of that sorely stricken people. Recently news was received that the little Duke of Brabant, crown prince of Belgium, had shouldered a rifle and is now fighting in the trenches in northern France. He will be fourteen years old next November, so he is very young for the perils of warfare. Still such incidents have been noted in the history of all wars. In the great civil war of our own country, that ended fifty years ago, many boys younger than the Belgian prince went to the front as drummer boys. Sad to relate some of them were killed and perhaps that may be the fate of Prince Leopold.

A Paddle Trick.

Take a piece of wood four inches long, one inch wide and one-half inch thick and form a handle on one end. Drill three holes about the size of a match in the wood, beginning one-half inch from the top with the first and spacing them one-half inch apart. The first hole is drilled only halfway through the wood, the second and third run through. This completes one side. Turn the paddle over, and the first hole will be one inch and the second one and one-half inches from the end. Space off another half inch and drill a hole halfway through the wood. This completes the paddle for the trick.

Break off a piece of a match three-quarters of an inch long and run it through the center hole of the first side. Turn the paddle over, and the peg will be found in the first hole of the second side. If the peg is put in the center hole of the second side then when the paddle is turned over it will show in the lower hole of the first side. Show the audience that the peg is inserted in the center hole of one side and tell them to watch it change. Swing the paddle and at the same time turn it, and the peg will appear to have changed.

Historical Saying.

Each of the following sentences contains a word of a famous historical saying:

- There are millions of people in the world.
- The man asked for food.
- The lawyer, for the defense spoke briefly.
- There was but one thing to do.
- I did not know the girl.
- Only one person survived.
- Not a cent was found.
- He was rewarded for good behavior.
- The monument was erected as a tribute to his memory.
- Answer.—Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute.

"The Skin of My Teeth."

It may be interesting to note that this expression, which by many is regarded as vulgar slang, has really the high classical authority of the Bible. It is Job (19:20), who exclaims in his anguish, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth!"

Some common sayings, such as "God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," "Pouring oil on the troubled waters," "The war horse scents the battle from afar," are supposed to be in the Bible, though not so. But there are not many who, in using the expression of hanging on or being saved by the "skin of their teeth," know the high authority for its use.

Overheard in the Hall.

"I wonder what's on foot today?" asked the hall light.

"I guess I am," said the rubber boot; "it is wet out."

"Where is the silk umbrella?" asked the mackintosh.

"Oh, he's in the hospital," answered the cotton umbrella. "He was attacked by a strong wind yesterday and three of his ribs were broken."

Riddles.

What key is the hardest to turn? A donkey.

Why is O the only vowel sounded? Because all the rest are in-e-dible.

Why is a gun like a jury? Because it goes off when discharged.