Funeral Display Is Now Tabooed

SIMPLICITY IN DETAIL INSISTED UPON BY SOCIAL LEADERS.

Observances to Be Followed on Such Sad Occasions—No Flowers Now the Rule.

"We certainly do these things best in the States," she said, watching the last carriage full of mourners roll away from the church door, with an expression of somber satisfaction in her eyes. In France, Italy and even England, as a rule, funerals degenerate into common street parades.

Americans prefer that a sort of magnificent simplicity should distinguish these melancholy rites. Not a bit because we wish to show less respect or take less trouble in honor of the deceased.

THE COMPLICATED ETIQUETTE.

There is really no occasion requiring more careful management, serious consideration and punctilious attention to nice little details of form than a well-conducted funeral. Whole batches of friends and kinsfolk have been known to become hopelessly alienated by some stupid blunder at such a time, and social aspirants often lose their best chances by a tactless maneuver over funeral etiquette that is becoming yearly more complicated.

In nearly every prominent family there is usually one member supposed to be especially well versed in the form of governing these events.

IMPORTANT DETAILS.

This same person then makes haste to the engravers and orders visiting cards struck off, with the suitable black borders, and begins posting them to such friends of the bereaved family as are abroad; or on heavy white linen sheets, bordered on one leaf with black, is engraved the same announcement that appeared in the newspapers. These have their envelopes sealed in black wax, with the family crest, and so are at once stamped for the foreign mail.

Directly after the public notice has appeared the immediate friends and kinsfolk call and are received at the door by the butler in full mourning livery. His left coat sleeve is broadly banded with crepe, his waistcoat, tie and sleeve links are all in black and his coat frogged across from breast to shoulder with heavy black silk livery cord.

Where the deceased is a rather venerable person only crepe must be used on the door. A person just over 40 years is signified by broad streamers of black silk mourning ribbons, and a young unmarried person with equally broad white grosgrained streamers. Where the funeral is conducted from a country house, there is a commendable custom followed of tying

Her Six Bridesmaids Were the Pallbearers.

into the black doorbell ribbons fresh bouquets of violets twice a day, and with the white ribbon bride roses in the bud or lilies of the valley.

NO FLOWERS.

The hearse must be absolutely simple. Sable plumes and housings for the horses, or white cars with their satin hangings are equally abjured by the followers of good form. Now, when a newspaper notice says please omit flowers that has no application to relatives, who send their floral offerings first to the house, a full two hours before the funeral, after which they are sent on to the church, arranged before the cortege arrives, and only those wreathes and bouquets given by the sisters, daughters, wife, or brother of the deceased carried on to the cemetery. This and the omission of flowers was regulated to cut off the officiousness of strangers or pushing folks who assumed to secure some notoriety or intimacy with a family through the opportunity of their loss.

There is a story currently told of a full cartload of most gorgeous lilied crosses and orchid crowns being returned to a number of social climbers, who, though strangers to an important society leader, hoped to gain her favor by sending these ill-timed signals of sympathy on the death of her child.

THE PROPER RECOGNITION.

The code of the best conducted funerals relegates all but the family connections to the church, and the order of the carriages is most scrupulously observed. Those containing the pallbearers immediately follow the hearse, then come the immediate family, the heads of the house first, grandparents with the parents, great-uncles and aunts taking precedence of uncles and aunts, relations-in-law following behind kinsmen and kinswomen connected by blood, and carefully forewarned the ushers cut off the requisite front pews for members of the cortege by a white ribbon.

AT THE CHURCH.

The question of precedence up the aisle is sometimes painfully complicated. The pallbearers come first, of course, then if the chief mourner is a wife her eldest son supports her, in case there is no son her late husband's father or his eldest brother give her their arm. Where a young man has lost his fiancee he supports her mother up the aisle, and vice versa, the first person to follow the pallbearers is the afflicted girl on the arm of her fiancee's father.

These details should be borne in mind, because most unhappy dissension has been engendered by putting a third-cousin into a carriage where an aunt should have sat, on the plea that the third cousin, in her youth had been engaged to the defunct gentleman who married somebody else.

ASKED TO TAKE MOURNING.

The first pew behind the family seats is also a reserved one, meant to hold the twelve or twenty friends of the departed, who have, by the family's representative, been formally and in writing requested to take mourning for ten days. It is a great honor to be asked to take mourning, and the women so distinguished wear a wide, dull black silk ribbon round their throats. The men appear with a crepe shoulder strap, all of which are sent the various individuals along with the invitation.

COUNTRY FUNERALS.

Recently it has become the custom, and most particularly at country funerals, to

Mourning Livery for Butler and Maid.

assemble the family servants in the church vestibule, even unto the scullery maid and laundress, in new black gowns and long black ribbons in their caps. These are under the guidance of the butler in his mourning livery, along with the second man, gardener and stablemen, all outfitted anew at the family expense. They stand uncovered as the cortege passes through, follow in the rear of the chief mourners and take their places in the side pews.

In country places, funeral invitations, engraved on black-bordered paper, are delivered from house to house by a mounted footman in mourning livery, and nobody to-day sends their carriage save to the church, as a mark of respect.

To join the company going to the cemetery is a shocking breach of form, only the pallbearers and family go there, the friends file out when the service is over, the men in dark suits, the women in black gowns. In every complete wardrobe is one simple dark gown and bonnet prepared against such occasions, and attending a funeral, women walk up the aisle, prayer book in hand. To be late is to be barred out at the door, and to wear a gown of every day is to show no respect for the occasion. Now there was a case where a whole connection struck one woman's name from their visiting lists, because she came to one of their funerals in her flowered spring hat, with a shopping parcel in her hands.

FOR A BRIDE-ELECT.

Every now and then one sees severe discipline set aside in favor of such an innovation, as when a pretty young woman died on the eve of her marriage her pall bearers were her bridesmaids. The six girls wore their white wedding gowns, but upon their heads and falling over their faces to their knees were full veils of white chiffon and they carried bouquets of La Marque roses that were the only flowers taken to the cemetery.

It is before the funeral that one writes letters of condolence, never over two pages long, a week after the ceremony a purely formal leaving of cards is required and then it is a pretty tribute to send a handful of bright roses, or a potted plant in full bloom to some member of the family in mourning retirement.

FANNY ENDERS.

Maid Marian's Dead.

Maid Marian's dead, you say. A sadder cheer
Possesses all the pleasant wood of Shere;
The cushat moans upon the elder-bush,
The lav'rock's out o' tune to-day; the thrush
He sings a new song to the woodman's ear;
We trample underfoot dead leaves and sere,
All unafraid skim by the fallow deer,
Never a horn's note wakes the woodland hush:
Maid Marian's dead,

Yet I must deem her merry ghost walks here,
Fitly bedight in the green forest-gear,
While shadows of wild deer before her rush,
And robin by her treads the grasses lush,
While England loves these lovers, who shall fear
Maid Marian's dead?

—Nora Hopper.

Society Goes A-Calling

TWEEDLE DEE DEE! WE'LL GO A DUCHESS FOR TO SEE.

Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt Sent Out 1,000 Announcements and Had 500 Calls.

Within ten days after the announcement of the Marlborough engagement there drove up the roadway within the beautiful outer portals of Marble House 500 fine equipages. And out of each there tripped from one to three elegantly dressed women. An American girl had stepped into the British nobility, and these calls were for congratulation, many wishes of joy and much felicity.

In accordance with her own ideas of etiquette, borrowed partly from the London set and partly from her native hospitable Southern training, Mrs. Alva S. Vanderbilt sent out 1,000 letters to friends, telling them of her daughter's engagement, and as half that number were within calling distance of the City by the Sea, 500 persons lost no time in calling.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

The exact wording of the announcement cannot be stated accurately, because it differed with the person and degree of friendship. To 200 went the barest announcement of the fact; to another 200 a more elaborate wording, and to the others all over the world went long private letters which were the work of the indefatigable Mrs. Alva and her secretary.

To do this sort of thing well, so that it gives satisfaction to all sets of friends, is a social art greater than leading a cotillion or planning a ball.

It is very astonishing how short a time it takes to get new gowns. Late in the season though it may be, early in the winter though it may seem, busy though all the modistes advertise themselves to be, yet new dresses appear as suddenly and as beautifully planned as though months of preparation had been put upon them.

All society wore new calling gowns to pay respects to the prospective Duchess. She, quiet a slip of a girl, wore white with bunches of ribbon at her waist for the Newport calls, and for the New York ones, when she came down to the city for the trousseau planning, she wore a light material, crepon mostly, or the sheerest china silk. She wore them in black, in brown, in blue and in bright red, often figured. When she goes into the street she wears a long double-breasted coat that hides the gown to below the knees. Very English, but not very dressy, her friends say!

FOR THE DUCHESS.

But the calling gowns for those who put on their best smiles and their best gowns to go to see the little duchess to be! One of them was a heavy corded silk. The skirt fairly rustled with stiffness. It was plain and beautiful. The cut was princess in the back, showing no seam at the waist. The fastening must have been under the arm and at the shoulder, for it was princess also. A very heavy white cord and jet braiding went across both the front and back of the waist, making a fine, full figure, as any trimming along the bust or mid-waist line will, and there was a lovely thick crystal-edged ruching around the neck.

Strange what an air of elegance is given to a dress by the addition of white corded silk sleeves! There is a New York woman who prides herself upon dressing with elegance upon a small allowance who has four or five sets of these sleeves, differently trimmed, that can be quickly sewed into a gown by her maid.

The sleeves of this one very stunning calling gown were of white silk, with small bits of applique work upon them. The applique was in black velvet. The bits were triangles of black velvet, with beads sewed upon them. They were appliqued upon the white silk with coarse sewing twist, and around them were sewed black jet beads and small jet ornaments. The effect was very rich.

Stamped brocades in white silk are effective, but the cheapness with which they are produced makes them a little common for those who are desirous of making an individual impression. The appliqued bits of black velvet are not quite similar in appearance to the common brocades.

Ladies who go shopping may like to walk, but those who go calling invariably like to go in a carriage, even though it be but the two-wheeler of the cabstand. The reason for this is the extreme elegance of the visiting toilette. Even the dinner gown is simple alongside of it. Nothing in the whole wardrobe is as fine as one's best calling gown.

The autumn winds which blew lords and dukes over here for various purposes of conquest, more or less successful, blew along a style that is much in vogue in London, but has never been popular here. This is the fashion for wearing the tulle or lace hat for dressy occasions. We like it for golf or tennis or the lawn party or the country drive. But Londoners like it for the theater, for the park and for the calling occasion.

THOSE ENGLISH LADIES.

An English lady, one of the combination English set now here—the H. O. Bax-Ironsides, Dunraven, Marlborough, Paget party—appeared twice in a fall hat of lace. Once it was at Newport and once in New York. The appearances were only brief "calling afternoons," but the hat was much admired. American women are quick to pick up what is good, and immediately the lace calling-hat was adopted. "Not because it is English," explained an American lady very earnestly to her milliner, "but because I see—what you have often tried to impress on me—the becomingness of anything soft and full around the face."

As all who want a sudden lace hat for fall wear do not boast a regular milliner nor know one who would get up such a creation inexpensively, the rule for making it may be briefly stated. It is from the memorandum book of a Fifth avenue milliner, who jotted down the lines for aiding her head milliner, who was desirous of getting up a number of them.

"Take the wire frame of a summer tulle hat. The larger the frame the better. No matter what the shape, so long as the brim is flaring. Gather three yards of fine, lacey chiffon upon the brim, letting the lace weave in and out of the wire until not an inch of wire is visible. This is done by laying the chiffon on top of the frame and pulling it through into big, loose scallops. A few stitches hold it smoothly in place.

"The chiffon should be exactly the color of the trimmings of the fall suit. The very swell Newport caller chose white, embroidered in pale brown. Cover the top of the frame with the plain part of the chiffon. Now get two yards of striped velvet ribbon that includes all the shades of the costume, and make into a great, broad up-standing bow. Fasten with an emerald pin at one side of the crown, and you have the fall lace hat. It is simple enough and very becoming to everybody."

These are the milliner's memoranda, and all may read.

SO MANY BEADS

A little black-eyed seamstress appeared the other day in the office of a great oculist complaining of her eyes. "They are strong enough," she said, "but they hurt me."

"You have been focussing them," said he, looking critically into their depths, "upon some minute object for many hours at a stretch. There is coming a small furrow between your brows, and your eyes have a weak spot in the nerves at about sewing focus. Do you use the needle much?"

"I don't know," hesitated she, "whether you would call it much. I sewed jet beads upon thirty yards of white ribbon in wheel pattern, making a hand-made trimming; then I cut out the edges of the ribbon down to the beads, and buttonholed both edges of the ribbon, keeping the in and out of the pattern, and then I fitted the beaded ribbon into a pattern of jet beads upon the back of a bodice. There were, I guess, a million beads, and I don't know how many buttonhole stitches. There wasn't one stitch as big as a machine stitch."

"Ah," said the oculist, "I understand. Go home and tell your mistress you have paid the price of a life-long neuralgia with that beaded strip." But women must be in the fashion. And that brings one to sleeves.

If Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt were asked what would be the prevailing fashion of sleeve this fall she would undoubtedly say: "Large shoulder puffs, standing well out, but not setting up much above the shoulder line. Tight as the skin to the elbow."

This has been the universal scheme of the sleeves that have called upon her at her new town house in New York.

A dreadful little attempt was made by one of the New York leaders of fashion to introduce the skin-tight sleeves with ruffles around the shoulder falling to the elbow. Several ordered gowns of this sort, but the sleeves never made but one appearance. There is something extremely antiquated about this style that refuses to adapt itself to the youth of the wearer. A ruffle around the armhole of the dress, falling limp to the elbow, makes a grandmother's shoulder out of the shapeliest shoulder slope.

MISS WHITNEY'S IDEA.

Miss Whitney is keeping very quiet this fall, but she does drop inland occasionally from that yacht upon which her father chooses to spend most of his time, to make calls. One of her calling dresses is tan, with sleeves of brown, brocaded in tan. There was a deal of cut steel glimmering upon the dress. The steel was principally in great buttons, as the big round flat pins are called, and these were fastened at the shoulder, at the neck, down the front and all around the belt. Twenty of these steel pins, kept carefully burnished, would make a very beautiful addition to any gown of any description. Bright steel is so scarce it is always admired.

If this engagement had not come off just now the pet fashion of the week

The First Caller Bearing Her Felicitations.

would have been a new golf or a new shooting rig. But noblesse oblige; and no matter in what direction thought may be straying, there must be a rush to town for a calling gown and a visit of felicitation to the little lady who will so soon take her place among the powers of Europe.

MRS. HOWARD'S CHALLENGE.

May Lead to an International Yachting Trophy for Women.

Mrs. William Howard is a yachtswoman who has furnished the boating world an excellent suggestion. Being an American of the most patriotic type, and having been defeated last year by an English woman in an English boat, she challenged her conqueror to another race this year.

The challenge was accepted, but the race was not sailed, because the builder of Mrs. Howard's boat fell ill too late to allow her to order another boat.

Whether Mrs. Howard races her opponent, Miss Constance Bennett, next year or not, the suggestion furnished by her plucky challenge should not be overlooked. An international trophy to be competed for by Enlish and American women would increase the yachting spirit among the women who claim the Herreshoffs for fellow-citizens.

Already in England there are skillful yachtswomen who sail in races with men on equal terms, and frequently beat them. They stimulate interest in the building and sailing of boats of the smaller classes. They are credits to the country that still rules the waves in song, if not in reality.

Among them are several who have American boats. Miss Maud and Miss Winifred Sutton are among these. Mrs. A. Hardie Jackson is another. Her Herreshoff boat is called Meneen, which is Irish for "my darling." Mrs. Schenley and Miss Lord are two more enthusiastic yachtswomen whom the ambitious American might challenge.

Unsafe Criticism.

It is not quite safe to criticise Americans in the "higher circles" of British society, unless the critic has studied thoroughly the pedigree of those whom he addresses, so many American girls nowadays are becoming a part of the "effete" aristocracy of the old world.

Not long ago at a reception given in Rome at the British Embassy, an Italian baron, who was presented to the Duchess of Manchester, sighed deeply, as with relief, and said to her:

"Ah! How glad I am to get away from those Americans there! We come across them everywhere, don't we, duchess? You can't imagine how happy I am to converse with you. There is such a contrast between the manners of English and American women!"

The duchess let him go on as long as he liked in this way, and then said, with a gracious smile:

"Perhaps you are right, baron; but, being myself an American, I am no doubt incapable of judging."

The baron wished that the floor would swallow him up, and reflected that he should have known, as every one else did, that the Duchess of Manchester was a New Yorker.—San Francisco Post.

Dainty Tempters Of Jaded Palates

SUGGESTIONS FOR WINTER DINNERS EASILY GOTTEN UP.

How to Cook and Serve Dishes Which Are Fit for the King of Epicures.

In these days of extreme luxury one would imagine that diners-out required only faith in the resources of a hostess and her cook to whet the edges of their appetites. Nevertheless it is undeniable that many fashionable dinners and luncheons are preceded by these important vanguards to the feast.

Appetizers, so called, are of two kinds, liquid and solid, but anything frozen is entirely inadmissible for this purpose.

Caviare is most acceptably served as an appetizer at present. As is well known, caviare is prepared from the roe of the sturgeon found in the Russian waters. It is usually served in sandwiches, cut in a triangular fashion, and shorn of crust. These sandwiches may be made of either brown or white bread, although white is usually preferred. They are passed around by the butler immediately after the guests are seated, before the oysters are brought on, but are sometimes found placed upon the plate when the dinner is announced, although this arrangement interferes with the picturesque disposal of the napkin, somewhat, and is therefore to be discouraged.

The dinner appetizer par excellence, however, is made of anchovies. This obtains more favor as a quickener of lagging appetites than anything else. The boneless anchovies are preferably used for this purpose. They come in small cans, are denuded of head, tail and bones, and are covered with an oil like sardines. Squares of bread, without crust, should be toasted to a nice, even brown. Two anchovies are then placed thereon, in opposite directions, in order to produce an equality of arrangement. Over the whole are then sprinkled the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, crumbled up fine, the whites being chopped into cubes and disposed over the top. A dusting of white pepper and a very little salt complete these remarkably delicious appetizers. They are frequently more relished than the blue points, which follow so speedily in their wake. For suppers and teas, broiled sardines on toast are frequently served, and are a most appetizing preliminary.

For lunches, which have lighter courses than dinners, liquid appetizers are appropriate, and the various "arrangements" of liquors with oranges or grape fruit are considered delicious. One of these is known as Maraschino punch, and is prepared in the following manner: Select as many large oranges as the number of guests requires, and prepare them by giving each one a transverse cut, about half an inch from the top. The interior, and this sliced part also, are then nicely scooped out, and the pulp is pressed in a sieve, until the juice is all extracted. This is sweetened to taste and weakened with a little water, until a strong orangeade is made. Into this is finally poured a sufficient quantity of Maraschino to flavor the mixture agreeably, and the empty oranges are filled with it. Two straws are then prettily tied to the tops by narrow ribbons drawn through two punctures. These ribbons must match the other decorations of the table, and harmonize as well with the color of the oranges themselves. When the cap is fitted again, they are ready for serving. They may be prevented from upsetting and spilling the contents by being put in proper cases upon small decorated plates. This effect is so charming that, quite apart from the delicious flavor drawn up through the straws, the mere sight of them would inspire a "dying anchorite" to eat.

A somewhat similar luncheon-appetizer is made from grape fruits. They are prepared by first cutting the fruit in halves, apportioning a half for each guest expected. The knife should be wiped after each cutting, so that the bitter juice of the rind may be avoided. The various compartments are then scooped out with a narrow spoon, and the seeds are removed. The empty shell should be dusted with powdered sugar, the pulp replaced in the compartments, and over the whole should be poured as much kirsch-wasser as will fill in nicely without spilling over. More powdered sugar is sprinkled over the top, and, if procurable, Maraschino cherries form a charming addition. A curved orange spoon and also two spoons tied together should be placed on the plate when served. This is a great favorite, being not only simply prepared, but ornamental, too, and the distaste for grape-fruit is decreasing, many persons relishing the bitter tang exceedingly.

Other appetizers are served at the cabinet dinners, but the ones mentioned represent those most frequently prepared, and answer to all of the requirements of fastidious entertainers and their guests.

CYNTHIA MARLOWE.

IN A NUTSHELL.

All About Consuelo Vanderbilt and Her Fortune.

Age—Eighteen years.
Height—Five feet six inches.
Color of hair—Black.
Color of eyes—Dark brown.
Eyebrows—Delicately arched.
Nose—Rather slightly retroussee.
Weight—One hundred sixteen and one-half pounds.
Foot—Slender, with arched instep.
Size of foot—Number three, AA last.
Length of foot—Eight and one-half inches.
Hand—Delicate, with tapering fingers.
Size of glove—Five and three-fourths.
Length of hand—Six inches.
Waist measure—Twenty inches.
Length of skirt—Forty-four inches.
Face—Somewhat oval.
Complexion—Clearest olive, with rosy cheeks.
Chin—Pointed, indicating vivacity.
Mouth—Small, and without character.
Teeth—White, regular and well-kept.
Lips—Full and describing a Cupid's bow.
Accomplishments—Music, painting, languages.
Chief accomplishment—None.
Marriage settlement—$10,000,000.
Ultimate fortune—$25,000,000 (estimated.)
Ears—Small and close to the head.
Head—Well-rounded and well-poised.
Special fad—None.
Favorite color—Pink.
Favorite sport—Tennis.
Favorite exercise—Bicycling.
Favorite flower—American beauty
Favorite flower—American beauty rose.

All this appertains to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, soon to be Duchess of Marlborough.

As Duchess she will become mistress of Blenheim palace, with its art treasures, its 200 rooms, its army of servants, and its 2,700 acres of land.

A price cannot be put on Blenheim as on the Vanderbilt properties. It is worth millions to the man who can appreciate it, and afford to live in it.

Miss Vanderbilt's dowry, which is said will be $10,000,000, will enable her to live with dignity as the mistress of Blenheim, although it will not be excessive.

As one of W. K. Vanderbilt's three children, she will inherit her share of the following properties:

A fortune of $70,000,000.

A house at Fifth avenue and Fifty-second street, New York, valued at $3,000,000.

Marble Hall, Newport, valued at $2,-500,000.

A house and estate at Oaklands, L. I., valued at $500,000.

The steam yacht Valiant, valued at $500,000.

Rubies, diamonds, and other jewls, valued at $300,000.

THE NEW GARB.

Some of the Dangers Which Young Women Brave Nowadays.

"I have just called, Miss Simpson", said the angry lover, "to say farewell, but before I say it I want you to know that I discovered your falseness and I despise you for it!"

Why, Billy, what is the matter?"

"Oh, you know well enough. Maybe I didn't pass the gate last evening and see you with your head on another man's shoulder. Who is the unhappy man?"

"But, Billy, I haven't seen any man but you, dearest; honest, I haven't."

"No, I suppose not. Then maybe I am blind, deaf, and dumb, and an idiot. Maybe you didn't have company last evening?"

"No one, Billy, but my best friend, Emily. No, I didn't, and I think you are a wretch."

"And you didn't stand at the gate?"

"Oh, yes, we did. We were counting the stars in the big dipper—making wishes on them."

"Oh, yes. I suppose I was blind. Now maybe you'll describe Emily to me?"

"Why, she had on her bowler, her black blazer suit, a white shirt waist, with a black satin tie, and a white duck vest. You know Emily, Billy."

Billy—"Um-m! I see."

And what might have been a modern tragedy was averted and Billy made up at once.

MY LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

She Is Better Looking Than the Mirror Bids Her Believe.

Every girl who is dissatisfied with herself should remember that she is better looking than the most kind of looking-glasses bid her believe. A mirror, it is contended, cannot flatter a face that is in its natural state—that is, not "made-up" Even the very best plate glass has a pale green tinge which reflects a color a trifle less clear than the original; hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows.

If it is wavy the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight the glass accentuates the straightness. More important and still better to be remembered and carefully treasured, no one ever looks at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection in the glass.

Blemishes that are a grief to a non-conceited girl may pass quite unnoticed by her friends. The two or three gray hairs that appear unfairly soon on the head of a girl who overworks her brain simply have the effects of high lights in a picture, and pass for extra gloss.

The figure that looks heavy when seen only as far as the waist in a glass may be absolutely in graceful proportion when seen with the rest of the figure.

What He Wished.

"Oh, would I were a bird," he wrote,
And poet true was he;
"Oh, had I wings e'en like a dove,
Wings to set me free."
And from the kitchen came a voice,
His wife, ah, yes, 'twas she:
"Here's wings upon this fowl," she said,
"Come, cut 'em off for me."

—Hawkinsville Dispatch.

Taking Care Of Cut Glass

HINTS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF FINE TABLE WARE.

Why Porcelain Nicks, China Chips and Colors and Gilding Grow Faded and Dull.

Many a bride, rejoicing in the beautiful china provided by loving friends to adorn her table and who, wishing to see her new possessions as often as possible, used them frequently, grieves over the mishaps which befall the dainty articles, often without suspecting the real cause.

"Nicks," the bane of the housekeeper—appear, the gilding looks dull, or even begins to wear off, the colors of the exquisite Royal Worcester dish, which has been so pretty to hold a few dainties, fade, the decorations on a set of handpainted dessert plates look here and there as if bits of the color had come off.

MUTILATING CHINA.

Nor is it only the china brought forth to deck her board on special occasions which suffers. The plainer ware purchased for daily use shows inaccountable cracks in the glaze which in the course of time becomes brown, especially in the case of platters or other dishes, on which meats or any greasy kinds of food are served. This cracking of the glaze is commonly due to exposure to too much heat, for instance, in warming the plates, setting dishes in the oven to keep their contents hot, or even plunging them into water that is near the boiling point to wash them.

After the glaze is injured, every time the dishes are washed the water gets into the porous clay underneath, and in the same way the grease from gravies, etc., enters it. This crackling of the glaze, however, fortunately, rarely occurs in the costlier wares, because they are subjected to greater heat in the process of manufacture.

PROPER PRECAUTIONS.

Before leaving the subject of the commoner ware, a suggestion which will materially lessen the amount of breakage of articles in daily use, will be helpful to the economical housewife. If the yellow bowls, crockery baking dishes, tea-pots, etc., are placed in cold water, which is heated until it boils, then taken off the fire and allowed to cool gradually, their power to resist heat will be very greatly increased, and the bill for replacing broken cooking utensils correspondingly diminished.

To return to the fine china—"nicks" can scarcely be avoided if servants are allowed to raise and lower it upon a dumb waiter. It is far safer—if it cannot be washed in the dining room or a butler's pantry on the same floor—to have it carried over the stairs on a large tray, as the jarring of the dishes against each other is a fruitful source of nicks and even breakage, and this jarring can be avoided by setting them apart on a tray which, in careful hands is safe from the jolting and jarring of the average dumb waiter.

The dullness of the gilding is often due to the location of the closet in which the china is kept; if this is damp even the very best gold will tarnish. If, however, the misfortune does occur, its brilliancy can be restored by rubbing with a little dry whiting and soft wash leather, but this should be done as rarely as possible or the gilding will be worn off.

IN THE CLOSET.

Having first taken care that the china is kept in a dry place, the next step in preserving the gilding and decoration is never to permit plates or dishes to be set one upon the other without something between them. Canton flannel is the best material for this purpose, but blotting paper, cut into circles the size of the plates, is an excellent substitute. The bottoms of all dishes are liable to be a little rough, and many a delicate bit of china has had its gilding or color decoration scratched or marred for lack of the precaution just mentioned. Cups may be protected from injury by hanging them in rows by the handles on small brass hooks, screwed in just below the closet shelves, instead of following the more frequent custom of piling them, sometimes three or four deep, one inside the other, which often results in a fall. The effect of the china cups, each on its own hook, is also far prettier when arranged in the closets with glass doors, which are now found in almost every modern dining room.

The secret of the fading of the colors of dishes in which pickles and salads are served is the acid of the vinegar, which sometimes, through some almost invisible hole in the glaze, penetrates beneath. Royal Worcester is especially apt to suffer from this cause, and, therefore, it is safer not to use it for such viands.

BRILLIANT GLASS.

Cut glass, which rivals china in many a woman's affections, requires fewer precautions. It may be kept in good condition by simply washing in warm, not hot, water, and drying with a soft cloth.

The danger of plunging glass into hot water in cold weather—which rarely fails to crack it—is almost too well known to need mention, still it is wise to impress the fact upon the mind of every new maid. To preserve its full lustre and brilliancy, rich cut glass will need occasionally to be cleaned and polished with a soft brush and a little fine chalk. Wine decanters and water bottles can be cleansed by putting into them potato parings, chopped fine, filling them with water, and letting them stand three days, then empty, rinse well, and they will be as bright and clear as the daintiest housewife could desire.

MARY J. SAFFORD.

The Fiancee: "But can we afford such a house, dearest? They say one's rent should only be a fourth of one's income."

"But this is a good deal less than one-fourth of your father's income."

—Life.