

# THE HOME, ITS PROBLEMS AND INTERESTS

## SMART NEW SPRING MOTOR COAT

The Low-Set Sleeves Give the Sloping Shoulder Effect.



Navy Blue Silk Trimmed With Velvet and Pearl Buttons

The fair chauffeur, whose spring automobile coat must be both warm and light in weight, will find much difficulty in making a selection this season. In fact, these serviceable garments so thoroughly meet all requirements as to color, warmth, and weight, and are so satisfactory in length and style, that one could almost choose with one's eyes closed and be content with the result. This dark blue coat is double breasted and of extra length, for protection against the March winds. Six large pearl buttons show effectively against the dark background. The wide cuffs and turndown collar are finished with bands of velvet of the same shade of blue. The full sleeves, set on several inches below the shoulders, so as to give the desired sloping effect, are decidedly new, and give the "eternal feminine" touch to the otherwise rather masculine garment. A small blue felt hat, with turned up brim and wreath of dark red roses, is worn, and the inevitable automobile veil is tied under the chin, with the ends left flowing.

## How to Gain a Good Complexion.

Moralists tell us that beauty is only skin deep. It is well worth having, however, as every woman knows. The first requisite of beauty is clear, fresh-tinted complexion, which is not so hard to obtain as many people think. Too often women are afraid of using soap and water on their faces, and consequently blackheads reign supreme. Blackheads are dirt, and dirt cannot be gotten rid of by anything but an abundance of soap and water. How many women wash their faces with soap suds and hot water twice a day? Very few, as the majority of complexions testify. One must be very particular about the soap used. Those containing an excess of alkali or highly colored strongly perfumed, cheap soaps, are worse than none at all. Many cases of acne, or disease of the

skin, which causes blackheads, rash and often inflammation, come from using impure soap. So the greatest pains should be taken in selecting the soap for the face. The best and simplest rules are: First, wash the face twice every day with soft water and mild sulphur soap. A lather should be made and rubbed into the skin with a flannel or Turkish pad. All traces of soap should then be washed away and the skin dried with a soft towel. Next, massage the face every night with the hands, in order to start the circulation and excite a healthy action of the skin. All food of a heating or over-stimulating nature should be avoided by those whose complexions have a tendency to acne. Pork, veal, shellfish, curries, sausages, rich pastry, beer, wines, and spirits of all kinds, as well as strong tea and coffee should be banished from the bill of fare.

## The Ideal Woman.

## Charm of Manner.

She has no history. Not only is she easy to live with, but she is worth living for. She is too clever to talk of woman's rights, she takes them. She is not such a fool as to fancy that anyone is ever convinced by argument. She wears frocks that match her hair, she does not wear her hair to match her frocks. She helps her husband to build up a future for himself, and never seeks to make up for his failures. She does not believe that a man can love only once or only one. She herself prefers loving much to loving many. She knows that when men talk about a woman being good looking they mean that she is well dressed, though they do not know it. She does not insist upon her husband eating up the cucumber sandwiches left over from one of the parties; she eats them herself and suffers in silence. She knows that every real woman is the ideal woman—the fact being that every idea of ideal woman is wholly dependent on the idealist, and every woman who is idealized is idealized. Her ambition is to live up to her best photograph.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Seltzer Tablets. All drug stores refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box, 25c.

## JAPANESE WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Simplicity Is the Rule at the Weddings in Japan, and Ostentation Is Absent.

When a Japanese girl gets married, the ceremony is quite a different affair to what it is with us. In the first place there is no ostentation or show, for the ceremony is strictly private, no outsiders being present—merely the bride and her parents, the bridegroom and his parents, the Nakadachi, or go-between, and a servant, whose duty it is to pass the cup of sake, Sakazuki, or the drinking of the native spirit from a twin-spouted cup, then takes place. There are usually three cups, one arranged above the other, and the bride and bridegroom drink from each alternately. This ceremony is repeated between the contracting parties, the parents and the go-between (the who arranges the marriage), respectively, nine times. But, fortunately, the cup is very small, so the effects are practically of no account! The go-between then proceeds to sing a song, composed expressly for the occasion.

### Then Comes Merriment.

When this is over the many invited guests, who in the meantime have been quietly waiting in an adjoining room, are invited to enter, and great merriment prevails until late in the night. Wedding cakes are eaten at this gathering, made of rice flour and sugar, stamped out in the shape of a confined stork and toroise, the Japanese emblems of long life and fertility. Accompanying these cakes are sugar flowers, beautifully formed and delicately colored to imitate the natural plants of which Japan is so proud. These ornamental sweets include most perfect representations of the peony, narcissus, camellia, chrysanthemum, azalea, and sometimes of the maple leaf and fir cone. Friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom who are not present at the wedding feast receive the cakes at their own houses done up in thin wooden boxes.

### Never a Honeymoon.

There is no honeymoon tour for the newly wedded pair, but the bride at once settles down in her new home and prepares to receive callers. Her time is occupied with work in the house and attention to her husband's comfort. Various duties fall to her lot. She entertains friends, receives and returns presents, superintends her servants in the polishing of the veranda and food supply of the house. There is no such thing as "pot luck" in Japan, and the unexpected visitor will never sit down with an apologetic hostess, or go empty away. Indeed, such dishes as are required for the wedding are prepared in advance, and table utensils, form part of the bride's belongings when she leaves her parents' home. Fashions never change in Japan, and a bride's wedding trousseau may consist of enough clothes to last a lifetime, with never a quail in the little woman's mind as to their possibility of going out of style in a few seasons. Perhaps the most curious custom of the Japanese bride is the happy little mortal she invariably is, a fact which induced Edwin Arns' Lafeolac, the author of John Luther Long and many another to select Japanese wives.

## Some Beauty Helps Once Used By Old Southern Mammies

It was noticed long ago that the pretty girls of the South, who rode and drove in the sun and the wind; who boated, sat upon the verandas, and invited sunstroke generally, came out with an excellent skin at the end of the season. One day a Northern belle discovered on the dresser of a Southern beauty a bottle of fruit which was labeled cucumber cologne. To even this she would put six drops of ammonia. This made a most refreshing bath, vinegar, as used in the proportion of a coffee cup to half an ordinary tub of water. The belles of today have a fad for nothing in a milky bath made so, not by the addition of milk, but by a few drops of benzoin. This, with a bath of vinegar, makes an ideal freshener for tired nerves. It was very seldom that a belle of the old days had cheeks of poppy color. If scorched by the sun or torn by the wind, they were bathed in sweet oil and lime water, and afterward a little pure sweet oil was rubbed into them.

about, used to go to the great wide hallway where stood a stone rose jar and dip a generous hand into the family roses, bringing up leaves, spices, scent, and all. This she would cover with wine vinegar and let stand in the sun, shaking occasionally. Finally she would add twice the bulk of vinegar and an equal amount of cucumber. To even this she would put six drops of ammonia. This made a most refreshing bath, vinegar, as used in the proportion of a coffee cup to half an ordinary tub of water. The belles of today have a fad for nothing in a milky bath made so, not by the addition of milk, but by a few drops of benzoin. This, with a bath of vinegar, makes an ideal freshener for tired nerves. It was very seldom that a belle of the old days had cheeks of poppy color. If scorched by the sun or torn by the wind, they were bathed in sweet oil and lime water, and afterward a little pure sweet oil was rubbed into them.

## HOW FASHION GOVERNS NAMES

A few years ago society rebelled against the employment of the diminutives of proper names, and the frivolous sounding Pollies and Bessies and Mammies and Dainties were banished to the region below stairs. Even those who were answering to the frivolous diminutives in names were like the fashions in gowns, what's discarded above stairs is soon regarded with contempt below. The young person who had previously answered to the name of May, and who frequently spelled it with an "e," quickly discarded the diminutive and adopted the more dignified appellation of Mary. She who had formerly signed herself Dolly practiced writing Dorothea. The Nannies became Nancy, the Birdies, Bridgets, and the Tessies, Teresas, and old-fashioned people rejoiced over the revival of the sweet, old-fashioned names.

### Stage Sets Fashion in Names.

But if it is true that the stage sets the fashion, we must accept the fact that diminutives are to be with us once again. For the past two seasons stage heroines with but a few exceptions have been answering to the names of the diminutives. Pollies and Mollies and Dollies galore have coquetted behind the footlights in the outrageous fashion the world has come to associate with diminutives. Indeed, one of the kind was her heroine with the diminutive of a Christian name, there is nothing left for the playwright to do but to make her a coquette. A Mary might have conscientious scruples against leading the hero a dance, but who would expect a Molly to listen to the voice of conscience?

### Of Two Evils.

Of course these diminutives are preferable to the names that were in vogue in the age of romanticism. The Angelinas and the Arabellas and the Angelinas, and the rest of the kind were an unimpaired lot in the romances of the time, and doubtless the real heroines of that time whose prototypes they were, and whose names they bore, were just as uninteresting. A virtuous Polly is at least more attractive than a swooning Angelina, and if there's enough of a name to influence her, who bears it, no one would hesitate, surely, in his choice between the two. But many will regret the passing again of the old-fashioned names, the names that are neither romantic nor coquettish, but sensible and meaningful. It is to be hoped that the stage fashion will not be universally followed, and that those who have adopted the diminutives will quickly discard them again.

### Saving the Strength.

Many housekeepers experience excessive weariness after washing dishes, mixing bread, ironing, or doing other work which requires bending over a table, stove, or sink. If a stove is too low, it may be raised by having the zinc beneath it lifted by means of a thick board cut to fit. If the table is too low, try to have a kitchen stool and sit down whenever practicable. The housekeeper who has never tried the kitchen stool will be surprised at the saving of strength it embodies. If the sink is too low, the dishpan may be placed on a large basin turned upside down, which will raise it sufficiently. Any device which will make housework easier should be tested by the woman who has her own work to do, and should also be passed on to the maid, if there is one.

## Observations of Peggy.

When speaking with a friend of mine the other day, who was telling me how much he was taken up with social engagements and the like, she remarked: "Oh, when I think how much I have to do next week it fairly makes my head ache." That is the common complaint nowadays. Women are weighed down with a multiplicity of duties, real or fanciful—obligations under which they have placed themselves, if not really duties—the burden is greater than they can bear.

There certainly is something wrong with the times. Time was when people had some leisure, so that life was worth living, but now one duty seems to tread on the heels of another, and there is scarcely time to get a quick refreshment of mind or body. How truly can the people of today echo the words of the poet: "Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul?" Now, what is the reason for all this fret and worry and work? Complex living, and the assumption of greater obligations than we have time or energy to fulfill. We live beyond our means, therefore, we carry our bills to fill our houses with furniture and bric-a-brac, hence it takes much time and strength to keep things clean, and because our tastes are oppressively one thinks of our town houses, whose heavy carpets we knock harbor myriads of microbes, and conceal much dust, whose draperies and heavy furniture must be taken down and cleaned this spring. Hence, everyone, most of all the house mistresses, we must have all these things—because we haven't the courage to adopt a simpler mode of life and furnishing.

In a certain part of these United States I got of the majority of the people recognize the fallacy of our mode of living, and live the simple life. Their houses are neither very large nor very high, but the rooms are airy and well ventilated. Rugs cover the floors, and these are taken out of doors each week and cleaned; the furniture is likewise wheeled out, beaten and dusted; but heaviness in furnishing is banished, and only such pieces as are consistent with good taste, comfort, and good sense are used.

The greatest thing that could happen many a house here would be if some kind person would persuade the house mistress to go about and set aside the unnecessary things, to be sold, and make of them a good big bonfire in the back yard. How the headaches would go up in smoke, and afterward the sun would shine on a happy woman relieved of many of her burdens.

### PEGGY HUNCEY.

## THE EVENING STORY

### THE LUCKY DOG.

By A. C. MCKENZIE.

"Hard alec, Miss Daskam," said Barton apologetically, but the girl did not bend her head. She was looking steadily at the broad expanse of marsh toward which the sloop was rushing. Broad River belted its name at this point, the marsh sedge marching far out from either bank till the channel at low water was a scant half mile wide. Mud oozed and shimmered in the sun at the roots of the sedge, and ragged strips of cove oysters fringed the marsh; salt rivulets streamed through the grass and furrowed the mud of the beach as the tide receded. Miss Daskam shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed steadfastly at a mud bank directly before her. "Really, Miss Daskam, we must come about," said Barton again, as the marsh loomed under the low of the Gulf; he pushed over the tiller, and the boom creaked across. The tall girl bent impatiently, just in time, and said: "I'm ever so sorry," began Barton, "but we'd have been aground in a minute now. I just had to come about, you know." He was an athletic young fellow, brown of face, deep of voice, and broad of shoulders, so that his shamefaced air was not of him, and he gave him "Of course, you did; why apologize?" said the girl, a little scornfully. "I thought I saw some animal in the marsh."

"A coon, probably," he answered. "They come down to eat the oysters at low tide." The big sail filled on the other tack, and the water murmured musically as the boat, heeling well over, dashed toward the opposite marsh on a long slant. The girl readjusted her cushions against the new weather rail and leaned back. "Sorry I can't leave the helm to fix things for you," said Barton anxiously. "As soon as we round Lemon Island, I'll have a run of it, and then I can make you more comfortable." "Don't be sorry so much," said the tall girl. Barton flushed and looked away. Across the river, splashing tacks with him, another sloop was scattering the white caps. "Clark is coming fast," observed Barton, after a long silence. "Lemon Island blankets us a little, but he is getting it strong over the flats on his tack. I can almost see Miss Sally smiling as that five-pound box gets closer." "Miss Sally?" repeated the girl, with a rising inflection. "Why do you always call her 'Miss Sally'?" "You never call me 'Miss Ruth,'" said Barton. "Oh, you're different!" said Barton awkwardly. "Why is it?" she persisted, turning her face toward him for the first time. "I never want to call you 'Miss Ruth,'" somehow," he burst out the young man, shifting his grasp on the tiller and looking away. "Oh!" said the tall girl, smiling slowly and looking away once more. "Are coons ever white, Mr. Barton?" asked the girl suddenly, as they approached the marsh once more. "Good Lord, no!" exclaimed Barton, following the direction of her gaze. He saw something that may have been white once, but that was now daubed thickly with slime and mud, wallowing desperately through the marsh, endeavoring to reach that part of the beach toward which the sloop was heading. At the edge of one of the numerous creeks that flowed through the marsh, the animal stopped and raised a dismal cry. Barton jumped up and stood shading his eyes with his hand. "That's a dog, Miss Daskam!" he said. "That's certainly a dog!" He threw his weight against the tiller, and



Up to His Knees in Soft Mud.

a loser," he said at last, apparently addressing the gaff. "You are losing ground, Mr. Barton," she said, gravely. "You are letting Sally's boat outpoint you." "I've got to drop down a little to reach the dog," he said. "He's so weak he can never cross the creek." "But you're losing the race," said the girl, sharply. "You're letting Sally win. Do you really mean to throw away our race?" "That dog will be drowned in a couple of hours when the tide turns," he said. "Perhaps you did not know that." "I know you are deliberately giving our race to Sally," said the girl, looking at him strangely. "There's never a woman lived for whose whim I'd let a dog drown before my eyes," he blurted out. "May I suggest that you sit here in the stern? I'll have to drop that sail in a moment and the gaff may strike you. It will come down with a run." He was looking straight at her at last, and his face was sternly set with an expression she had never seen before. A moment later the sloop pushed her nose into the mud and stopped with a slight jar. Barton promptly jumped for the beach and sank up to his knees in the soft mud. Plundering out, he trudged through mud and water to where the dog crouched and whimpered. "Let him lie there, please," she said gently. Barton sat down again abruptly and stared long at both of them. "It seems to me I'm pretty happy for

ward the opposite marsh on a long slant. The girl readjusted her cushions against the new weather rail and leaned back. "Sorry I can't leave the helm to fix things for you," said Barton anxiously. "As soon as we round Lemon Island, I'll have a run of it, and then I can make you more comfortable." "Don't be sorry so much," said the tall girl. Barton flushed and looked away. Across the river, splashing tacks with him, another sloop was scattering the white caps. "Clark is coming fast," observed Barton, after a long silence. "Lemon Island blankets us a little, but he is getting it strong over the flats on his tack. I can almost see Miss Sally smiling as that five-pound box gets closer." "Miss Sally?" repeated the girl, with a rising inflection. "Why do you always call her 'Miss Sally'?" "You never call me 'Miss Ruth,'" said Barton. "Oh, you're different!" said Barton awkwardly. "Why is it?" she persisted, turning her face toward him for the first time. "I never want to call you 'Miss Ruth,'" somehow," he burst out the young man, shifting his grasp on the tiller and looking away. "Oh!" said the tall girl, smiling slowly and looking away once more. "Are coons ever white, Mr. Barton?" asked the girl suddenly, as they approached the marsh once more. "Good Lord, no!" exclaimed Barton, following the direction of her gaze. He saw something that may have been white once, but that was now daubed thickly with slime and mud, wallowing desperately through the marsh, endeavoring to reach that part of the beach toward which the sloop was heading. At the edge of one of the numerous creeks that flowed through the marsh, the animal stopped and raised a dismal cry. Barton jumped up and stood shading his eyes with his hand. "That's a dog, Miss Daskam!" he said. "That's certainly a dog!" He threw his weight against the tiller, and

Postoffice Receipts. The increase in the gross receipts of the fifty largest postoffices in the United States for February, 1904, over those for February, 1903, amounts to 2.7 per cent. Buffalo decreases almost 1 per cent, while Columbus, Ohio, went down 7 per cent. New Haven, Conn., shows the largest increase. Its rise being almost 46 per cent. New York's increase was nearly 10 per cent, while Chicago's ran over 8 per cent.

## DELICIOUS TO COAX THE INVALID'S APPETITE

Orange pulp served in glasses may be used to introduce either the breakfast or luncheon. For the invalid's tray the fruit served in this way is especially appropriate. Cut the fruit in half crosswise and scoop out the pulp, rejecting all the seeds and white fiber. A sharp knife may be made to aid in the process so that the delicate globules may be broken as little as possible. Sprinkle with sugar and stand the glasses on ice for ten minutes. Pineapple syrup from a can of the preserved fruit may be added to give zest to the flavor. Jelied apples are delicious served with whipped cream. Fill a baking dish with thinly sliced apples which have been sprinkled with sugar as successive layers of the fruit have been added. Turn in half a cupful of water. Fit over a dish a cover or plate, which will serve as a slight weight. Bake very slowly for three hours. Let the apples remain in the dish until they are cold. Then turn them out.

## NAMES OF LITTLE JAPS.

Japanese babies are rarely given the name of a living member of the family or friend. The reason is the inconvenience of similar names in the same family, middle names, as a means of avoiding this difficulty, being unknown. Little girls are commonly called after beautiful objects in nature, such as Plum Blossom, Snow, Sunshine, Gold or Lotus Flower. Little boys, especially among the lower classes, frequently start out in life with the handicap of being named Tiger, Bear, Kook or Panther. It is not considered an especial compliment in Japan to call a child after any other person.

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