Mabel Urner, Dorothy Dix, Frances Carroll, Write for Woman's Page

Driving With a Light Rein

By Dorothy Dix

THE other day the newspapers contained an amusing story of a young wife who had applied to the courts for an order to prevent her husband from going to California to see the big prize fight. It appears that when he announced that he was going to see Jeffries wallop Johnson, or Johnson put Jeffries to sleep, according to the way he doped out the results of the mill, she said that he mustn't, he couldn't, and he shouldn't go. He said he would go.

Whereupon she appealed to the law to prevent him from leaving her and her home, and learned to her surprise and sorrow that the law was not devised to help wives to manage husbands, but quite the contrary.

The moral of all of this is that a wife has to play ball off her own bat. If she wants to keep her husband nailed to his own fireside, and tied to her apron string, it's up to her to do the trick, alone and unaided. You can't make a husband domestic by injunction, nor replevin his affections on a warrant.

Considering that practically every woman, from the altar to the divorce court or the grave, spends her time in trying to find out how to work her husband, it is a marvel how few ever guess the combination. She goes stumbling along, making the same mistakes day after day, either so stupid that she cannot see that she should turn the knob to the right instead of the left, or else so stiff-necked that she will not do it.

Of Course You'll Deny It.

Of course every woman who reads these lines will rise up and with her hand on her heart declare that she does not desire to manage her husband. No, indeed! Far from it! Thank heaven she is not one of those women who henpecks her husband. All that she wants to do is just to influence him—influence him, mind—for his own good to do things that she wants him to do instead of things that he wants to do himself.

For instance: He wants to go to the prize fight, and she wants him to go to a Browning lecture. Anybody can see how much more improving it is to listen to a long-haired professor explain what Browning thought he thought than it is to hear some coarse, rude person cry out, "Break away!" to two brutes who are pounding each other into a jelly on a platform in a room that is foul with tobacco smoke.

Or she wants him to stay at home when he has a half holiday and work out the flower bed or hang pictures or polish up the mahogany dining table; and he wants to go fishing or to the ball game. Or he wants to have beer with his dinner, and she is determined that he shall drink nothing but plain water.

Now, the question is, how is she going to put the "comether" over him and make him do her way? Millions of women wrestle with this problem without ever solving it. Millions of women file their little futile protest against smoking every day for thirty or forty years without ever putting out their husband's pipe or cigar. Millions of women raise up their voices in tearful or angry argument every time their husbands start downtown of a night; and the husbands bang the doors behind them and go.

Why do women thus fail in their attempts to manage their husbands? Because the consensus of the experience of the ages has not yet taught them that man is a fractious and contrary animal that has to be driven with a light rein and a delicate touch if one wants to keep him from bolting or kicking over the traces.

In dealing with husbands women have the ostrich habit of burying their heads in the sand and ignoring that certain facts exist because they refuse to see them. Now, every woman knows that there is nothing so sweet as forbidden fruit; that there is nothing that a man so desires to do as the thing he is not permitted to do, and that there is no more certain way to fan a slight yearning for a thing into a settled determination to do it than to oppose the doing of it.

Yet, in spite of all this, the great majority of wives are a standing objection to everything their husbands want to do, and wear themselves to a frazzle trying to build picket fences around the home corral.

It is a solemn truth, worthy of the consideration of every woman, that the best way to keep a man home at night is to open the front door and throw away the key. It takes away the savor of adventure from going out with the boys to a man to know he can do it whenever he pleases, and that instead of sitting up preparing a curtain lecture for him, his wife is putting in a pleasant and cheerful evening with her own friends.

Many Wives Are Just Kill-Joys.

Also, it not only endears a woman to a man, but makes him feel that he wants to play fair with her, if he sees that she does not want to interfere with him at every turn; that she isn't trying to cut out his liberty, and that she wants him to have all of the harmless

Open the Front Door and Throw Away the Key to Keep Him at Home.

enjoyments that he can. The reason that there are so many neglected wives is that many of them come to represent in their husbands' minds kill-joys, the schoolmasters of latter life, and—though too many women fail to realize it—no man marries for the sake of getting somebody to reform him.

The little bride quoted at the beginning of this article said that she didn't want her husband to go to California, because she was afraid that he might see some prettier woman and forget her. Ah! our husbands always see prettier women than we are, and they don't have to go to California to do it. There are always women prettier, younger, brighter—but you can't keep your husband from seeing them by trying to make him shut his eyes, or never letting him go about unless you are along to chaperon him.

Nor did jealousy ever yet keep a man from straying. The only remedy for it is to pull down the bars; for if anything will keep a man at home it is the sense that he can go or stay as he pleases. And, ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will stay with the woman who has not made matrimony a yoke that galls, but a silken leash.

To sum it all up, the only way to manage a man is not to try to control him, and the only sure way to hold him is to let him go free. Which sounds contradictory, but works out satisfactorily in matrimonial practice.

STORY OF FLOWERS IN PUZZLE ANSWER

Mrs. Veihmeyer Gives Brief Description of Each of the Plants.

The prize winners this week were:

First—Miss Maude E. Thompson, 726 Fifth street northwest.

Second—Mrs. Evelyn B. Davis, 740 Harvard street northwest.

Third—Miss Edna Spaulding, 2224 N street northwest.

The prizes were won for "straightaway" solutions with every number correctly answered and the matter of timeliness duly considered.

Contrary to my expectations there were only a very few perfectly correct answer sent in. Many entirely mistook the flowers Mrs. Veihmeyer had in mind and several very radically disagreed with her in the numbers chosen. In several cases of divergence the points were well taken, but of course the puzzle form was followed in awarding the trophies.

One of the most successful puzzlers in the circle presented a very cleverly gotten up solution profusely illustrated and containing much that was interesting from the standpoints of posey legend and utility, but she omitted one number altogether and of course in the face of better perfect lists her solution had no chance at all.

Instead of merely printing the names of the flowers I am keeping my promise and giving Mrs. Veihmeyer's story of the flowers in which you will see the answer to last week's contest.

Mrs. Veihmeyer's Flower Contribution Answers.

Mrs. Veihmeyer's contribution follows:

No. 1—Violet, of course, needs no description.

No. 2—Crane's bill, is the common wild geranium, and is useful as well as ornamental, as its roots are rich in tannin, of which gargles and other medicines are made.

No. 3—Jewel weed, touch-me-not, or wild balsam, is very plentiful along the margins of brooks and rills.

No. 4—Ghost flower, corpse, plant, or Indian pipe, is a humus plant, living as toadstools do, on decaying vegetable matter. It is found in rich dark woods, and the entire plant flowers, stalk and leaves, are white and waxy-looking, hence its name.

No. 5—Dandelion, surely is well enough known by the "family" to need no description.

No. 6—Harebell or bluebell is in reality the bluebell of the Scottish poets, a fair immigrant from the Old World, which has liked us well enough to become one of our United States citizens.

No. 7—Baldur's brow, or may weed, is only a little tiny daisy, so like the real daisy in all but size that it was called the "eye of the summer" just as the daisy was. So you may see how it gets the name of Baldur's brow.

No. 8—Lady's tresses, a wild orchid, common in low-lying fields. The white flowers seem to have been strung into a chain and then wound cork-screw fashion round a green wand; whence its name.

No. 9—Venus' fly-trap is really worth looking up and reading about. Its leaf actually catches and imprisons unto death any fly which alights thereon. It is a native of North Carolina.

No. 10—Columbine, unkindly called jacket-and-breeches, means two doves. The Romans, ages ago, traced a resemblance in the flower, in some manner, to two turtle doves. Jean Ingelow says,

"O Columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle doves dwell."

No. 11—St. John's wort, the golden stars of this plant come with the longest days. The wild Northern people of long ago called it the "devil-charmer," as it was supposed to keep away anything uncanny, and evil spirits.

No. 12—Fox-glove, the plant from which the drug "digitalis" is extracted.

No. 13—Daisy, gets its name from its resemblance to the sun. At one time called "day's eye," and eventually shortened to daisy.

No. 14—Anemone, from a Greek word which means the wind. This pretty woodland thing is called the "wind-flower," because it ventures forth while the high winds of early spring are yet abroad.

No. 15—Arrow arum, a wild cousin to the stately hot-house calla. Resembles the Jack-in-the-pulpit.

No. 16—Buttercup; we all know.

No. 17—Speedwell, a tiny blue flower very common in fields, so called because its blossom is of such short duration that we must bid it farewell very soon after it opens. Another name is Veronica.

No. 18—The goldenrod, we surely know.

No. 19—Clover, we also know well.

No. 20—Vallisneria, a water or pond flower commonly called "eel grass" or "tape grass."

No. 21—Jack-in-the-pulpit. Every country child knows "Jack," or, as he is some times called, "Indian turnip."

No. 22—Dutchman's breeches. A wild bleeding heart, which gets its common name from the odd shape of its yellow and white blossoms. Proper name is dicentra, and it is found in rich woods.

Locoed Collection Of Flowers This Week.

Since you all have your floral thinking caps on, I am going to give you a locoed collection of flowers which the author, Mrs. Nina S. Grimes, of 1324 Euclid street northwest, declares is entirely different in "personnel" from that presented last week.

Here it is: see what you can do with it:

1—All beg F. U.
2—Men fret to go.
3—I. P. Noy L. L. D.
4—Ill a fever.
5—Poor self was in.
6—O! O! Rob told.
7—Bow in river S. G.
8—Debt! Great Guns!
9—Sh! You kneel. C.
10—Get a linen.
11—Lady's hat in hedge. D.
12—Jo's new dime.
13—Hep! Hep! Dress, sur.
14—Si slew Ed. E.
15—Latura, bring us it.
16—Onapooski.
17—I. C. Green prairie V.
18—Grand big "Reo."
19—O! Ed, will dress fade?
20—Hulehe, trapper.
21—"Sese," a candy "klub."
22—Used to garden.
23—C. Luna's yacht.
24—Get in tub. "Bonc."

For my part, I think I recognize some domestic flowers in the assortment, but then maybe these I know are simply domesticated, while those Mrs. Grimes refers to are their untamed brethren.

FRANCES CARROLL.

DAILY FASHION TALK

By Frances Carroll

WHEN you are adding that extra blouse to the wardrobe you propose to pack in your trunk when you set off for your summer vacation, you will do well to look into the future a bit and set about procuring one of those ultra swagger blouses of Persian silk which are going to be very smart this fall. The beautifully soft tones are blended with indescribable effect, while the attractive designs into which these shades are woven and merged simplifies the matter of matching the blouse with the costume. For the same reason one well-chosen waist in Persian silk is capable of doing duty with half a dozen costumes of as many different colors.

It is all a matter of preference whether or not you have your blouse made of silk in one of the pronouncedly Oriental designs or one of the less conspicuous markings, for the colors in all patterns are handled with equal skill. For the woman distinguished enough to wear the unusual and who likes something her sister may fear to select, the old-time palm leaf design which once glorified the treasured shawls of our grandmothers, offers endless possibilities for garments which have not only style and becomingness, but the chic which every well-dressed woman aims to achieve.

The model pictured is in such a design, the high lights showing a beautiful topaz yellow. Attention is directed to the smart treatment of the shoulder seam and the sleeve, which is composed of bias bands of the silk piped on either edge and set together with narrow entresdeaux of heavy butter-colored lace.

Butter-colored lace forms the collar which rises from a straight band of the silk and also the greater part of the forearm covering.

The frill is of heavy butter-colored net finished with a hem and an insertion of the narrow lace, while the buttons are faddy things of topaz set in oxidized silver.

Incidentally if you have any quaint old-time buttons among the relics of old-time finery bring them out and you will find many a place to put them to use as trimmings. Many of the smartest blouses depend for ornamentation upon adorable buttons set in silver or dull gilt. The settings are stones resembling aquamarines, agates, jet, jade, topazes, and moonstones.

Little Married-Life Stories

No. 2. THE CANARY

By Mabel Herbert Urner

"THE canary! Oh, John, come quick—the canary is out!"

John muttered something under his breath. To be disturbed in the perusal of one's Sunday morning papers is not conducive to amiability.

"Quick—quick! I'm afraid he'll go out the window!"

"Put it down, then."

"I can't—he's sitting right on the sill! If I go near him he'll fly out!"

John came to the door to find Winifred in the center of the room clasping and unclasping her hands, while the canary was hopping about in the open window.

"Be careful!" She clutched his arm. "Don't go near him!"

"Well, what did you want me for—to stand here and gaze at him If you don't mind, I'll employ my time some other way."

"No—no, don't leave me—he'll get out—oh, I know he will!"

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Just wait—oh, look!" as the bird hopped a little nearer the edge. "And he'll get bewildered and never find his way back—they always do—and the sparrows kill them!" she wailed.

The canary was now unconcernedly pecking at the cord that hung down from the window shade.

"Oh, couldn't you get outside and shoo him in?" she implored.

"Outside of a twelve-story window?"

"But the fire escape!"

"Is on the other window."

"Couldn't you lean over with a broom?"

"The length of a room? Hardly."

"Well, you must do something—you MUST. Oh, if he'd only come away from there."

The bird was now watching them coquettishly, his head to one side.

"Come, Dick, give us a square deal," John said, coaxingly. "Come in her and play fair."

The bird chirped cheerfully and hopped sidewise along the sill.

"Oh, he's so tantalizing! Can't you MAKE him come in?"

"If I knew just what argument would appeal to him most——"

"I wouldn't laugh, John. I can't see anything funny in a poor little bird——"

"Well, the poor little bird has the best of this situation. Now, if you want to stand here all morning, you can. But I don't see that I'm helping matters."

"No—no, you must stay—it's all your fault anyway."

"My fault?"

"You've been saying he was a 'dirty little devil'—and I was trying to make him take a bath—that's how he got out."

"Well, you manage to blame me with most things—but I'll be hanged if——"

Here the bird flew suddenly from the window sill to the chandelier, fluffed out his feathers and looked down at them with interest.

The Poor Little Bird Had the Best of the Situation.

"Quick, John—the window!"

He put it down with emphasis.

"THERE! Oh, I'm so glad! Now I'll fasten the cage door open and he'll go in himself. Look—do look! Isn't he DEAR, sitting up there all fluffed out into a little ball? Oh, John, LOOK—you're not looking!"

But he was making his way to his easy chair and his Sunday papers.

"Now, Winifred, the next time you decide to give the bird a bath—just let it be on a week day, when I'm not here."

The Bedtime Story.

Published for the thoughtful mothers who wish to read to the little folk while they are being tucked into their beds for the night.

MATTIE AND MAUDIE.

By FARMER SMITH.

AS SOON as Ethel had said her prayers her papa told her this story last night.

"Hello," said a surprised, pleased little voice in Maudie's ear.

Maudie almost jumped out of her little gray skin. She turned around very quickly.

There beside her in the trunk of the tree was the dearest, little Mouse Girl, just about Maudie's own age.

"My, you certainly came in a hurry," said Maudie Mouse, for it was none other than our friend, Mattie.

"Oh, I guess I did come in a hurry," said Maudie. "There was a great, big gray cat after me."

"Must have been Waffles," said Mattie laughing. "I always get away from Waffles. He's getting so old he can't run very fast."

"He's still outside," said Maudie in a whisper.

The two little girls peeked out the hole in the tree.

Waffles was sitting there hungrily watching the hole. When he saw the two little Mouse faces looking down at him he came right up the side of the tree.

"Squeeze way back in the corner," said Mattie, "he can't get in, but sometimes he sticks his paw in."

Sure enough, first Waffles sniffed and sniffed in the hole and then stuck his great paw in the hole and waved it all around. But Maudie and Mattie were crowded together way back in the corner just out of his reach.

"When he sticks his paw this way again," said Mattie, "I'm just going to give it a good bite."

And just as the paw came Mattie's way she reached out and gave it a good hard nip.

"Meow, meow!" shrieked Waffles, as he flew away in a great rage.

The Lost Garden of Youth

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

There was a fair, green garden sloping
From the southeast side of the mountain ledge,
And the earliest tint of the dawn came groping
Down through its paths, from the day's dim edge.
The bluest skies and the reddest roses
Arched and varied its velvet sod;
And the glad birds sang as the soul supposes
The angels sing on the hills of God.

I wandered there when my veins seemed bursting
With life's rare rapture and keen delight;
And yet in my heart was a constant thirsting
For something over the mountain height.
I wanted to stand in the blaze of glory
That turned to crimson the peaks of snow,
And the winds from the west all breathed a story
Of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw on the garden south side growing
The brightest blossoms that breathe of June;
I saw in the east how the sun was glowing,
And the gold air shook with a wild bird's tune.
I heard the drip of a silver fountain,
And the pulse of a young laugh throbbed with glee,
But still I looked out over the mountain
Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway
That led to the path I longed to climb,
But a shadow fell on my spirit straightway,
For close at my side stood graybeard Time.
I paused, with feet that were fain to linger,
Hard by that garden's golden gate;
But Time spoke, pointing with one stern finger:
"Pass on," he said, "for the day grows late."

And now on the chill, gray cliffs I wander,
The heights recede which I thought to find;
And the light seems dim on the mountain yonder,
When I think of the garden I left behind.
Should I stand at last on its summit's splendor,
I know full well it would not repay
For the fair, lost tints of the dawn so tender
That crept up over the edge o' day.

I would go back, but the ways are winding,
If ways there are to that land, in sooth;
For what man succeeds in ever finding
A path to the garden of his lost youth?
But I think sometimes when the June stars glisten,
That a rose scent drifts from far away;
And I know, when I lean from the cliffs and listen,
That a young laugh breaks on the air like spray.

Best Recipes and Stories To Be Awarded Prizes

By Frances Carroll

TAKE my word for it, it will well repay you to go down in your old-fashioned or new-fashioned notebooks and bring forth some of your choice formulas for dishes which you know once delighted the palates of worthies of the present or bygone day.

Washington, which in its very essence is historic, should prove a perfect mine of recipes which have a history attached to them, not only among the native daughters of the city, but those householders who for a time at least had a place in the circle of those who swayed the destinies of the nation.

You all have scrap books, so look them over and see what you discover. You all have memories wherein lingers some keen recollection of a particularly noteworthy feast attended by personages of distinction. Think over the circumstances and see if some especially interesting story and some very good dish connected therewith do not simultaneously come before your mind's eye. Jot it all down, taking particular pains that the story is of real interest and the formula of real worth.

Send In the Best You Have to Offer.

From your scrap books or your memories you may bring forth maybe the pudding which pleased "Old Hickory," or the famous cream toast which the Pauncefotes once served at the British embassy. The Pauncefotes, you know, are accredited with having introduced the 5 o'clock tea to Washington, transplanting it from their native England, where almost anybody would as soon think of missing dinner as foregoing his afternoon cup.

"Incidentally, maybe you can tell us something of the special brew and its substantial accompaniment which is the particular fancy of the present Chief Executive, or possibly some of you may be able to give us some practical information as to the make-up of the fish breakfast which former President Roosevelt and his friends used to enjoy out on the South Portico of the White House in the fascinating mornings of the early spring.

Then again some of the old "cave-dwelling" fraternity of Washington may have about their homes some toothsome morsel which has enjoyed favor lo! these many years.

No matter where it hails from or what notable man or woman, native or foreign, or what incident it is connected with, if you have a good recipe with a good story attached, send it along.

Prizes Awarded on Four Conditions.

When the judges set to work to award the prizes they will take into consideration, the value of the recipe, the literary quality of the historic tale connected with it, and the neatness of the MSS.

If possible have your MSS. typewritten, write on one side of the paper only, and use great care in the preparation of your contribution, taking pains to assure yourself that no mistakes in measurements of quantities are possible.

Four Prizes Offered For Best Sent In.

For the historic incident, anecdote, or story and the recipe connected with it, adjudged most meritorious, a prize of $10 will be given.

For the historic incident, anecdote, or story and the recipe which is considered next in merit a prize of $5 will be given.

The winner of the third prize will receive $3, while the fourth will receive $2.

The names of the winners in this week's contest will appear in next Sunday evening's edition of The Times, while throughout the week from time to time I will print some of the contributions offered.

The contest which will close each Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, will be continued for several weeks and is open to all interested.

CLASP FOR WRAP.

To fasten the summer wrap over the chest, a clasp is used very suggestive of those on the Indian necklace—a loop of dull gold cord through which is slipped a good-sized ball formed of the cord, and held on to the opposite side of the cape by a single strand of the same metallic cord.

CURRANT JELLY PUNCH.

Whip half a tumbler full of currant jelly to a froth, gradually adding half a pint of boiling water.

Add the pice of a lemon and half a cup of sugar, then pour a quart of cold water slowly into the whole.

The drink is more wholesome without ice than with it, but half a pint of finely shaved ice, added as served, is liked by most people.

TO MAKE BUTTER CAKES.

Sift together three cups of flour, four and a half level teaspoons of baking powder, and three-quarters of a teaspoon of salt. Into this rub two tablespoons of butter until the flour looks mealy. And one and a quarter cups of milk and beat for a minute to a smooth dough. Turn out on a well-floured molding cloth and toss into a ball with a knife. After rolling the dough into an even sheet three-quarters of an inch thick cut with a biscuit cutter and bake on a greased griddle. Do not put them so closely together that they will stick, and do not have the fire too hot. Watch them carefully. When they puff up to double their size turn and bake on the other side.

MATCH FOR BODKIN.

A wooden match or toothpick may be made to replace the missing bodkin by merely folding over its point an end of the tape or ribbon, and then turning the stick so that its whole length is wrapped. It will then run through the casing without danger of loss of the ribbon.

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