Men Make Houses; Women Make Homes

Shallows and Deeps of Womanly Nature

As women are optimists or pessimists, so are they judged by the world around and about them. One woman wears a resolutely cheerful countenance, bears lightly the ills and disappointments which come to her, as to the rest of humanity; takes up the burden of life on her own shoulders, and the result is that she is accredited with having a very shallow nature. Because she interposes between herself and the outside world a veil which hides her individual grief; because she realizes that others should not suffer, although her happiness has been beclouded; because her gallant spirit impels her to make a brave stand in the forefront of life's ranks, she is frequently criticized for lack of feeling, and fails to win the sympathy and receive the support and encouragement she deserves.

On the other hand, a woman who does not hesitate to express whatever disappointment or misfortune she experiences aloud; who, instead of gathering up the broken threads of her life work and making the most and the best of its snarring, sits down to indulge in tears and exacts the sharing and bearing of her hardships from every one with whom she comes in contact—such a woman, oftener than otherwise, is quoted as having lively sensibilities, as being affectionate in disposition, as having, in short, what is vaguely described as a "much deeper nature" than her more optimistic sister.

Just why such distinctions should be drawn and carried out, in opposition to the realities and truths of daily striving and achieving on the part of women, but furnishes additional proof that for them two classes exist in life. The one serves and the other is served. The one is the embodiment of unselfishness; the other is selfishness incarnated. But the one walks alone. The world around and about her, ever curious in regard to emotional phases, resents not being taken into her confidence, is angered at a self-sufficing nature that makes no appeal, brooks no patronage, that is strong and fearless enough to go unaided and unaccompanied, confidently and without stumbling, with smiling and not sighing, with a song in the heart and on the lips, however hard and weary the way may be.

The world in general prefers being called on for pity. It enjoys the bestowal of condolence and makes response in proportion to the strength of the demand upon its ability to succor and to aid. Independence and honest pride play a losing game when contrasted with pretty helplessness, tearful eyes and pleading, outstretched hands. A point in case may make the reason of such apparent contradictoriness in the apportionment of judgment clearer. The point relates to a woman who lost a husband, a man whose life for years had been a long horror to her and a disgrace to his manhood. Through all the struggle the wife had been most loyal and devoted, supporting him and herself through unremitting work and on a moderate salary. After death had set both free, a friend said to the faithful and sorely distressed wife: "What are you going to do?" The wife turned—she was but a girl still—and said: "What am I going to do? What can I do but go to work? I have buried my husband and my youth, and now the price is to be paid and must be." And go to work she did, at once. She made no outcry, no exploitation of her sorrow, but, whatever she endured, went steadfastly and unmurmuringly through days and months that must have borne upon her heavily. She did not complain; therefore judgment was passed upon her. "Did you ever hear of anything so heartless?" exclaimed a woman who should have known better. "I would not have believed that any one could bury a husband and forget him soon enough to resume ordinary life in a fortnight."

ALICE M. TYLER.

SMART MID-SEASON COSTUMES.

NEW CONTEST.

1. Where did Robert Burns first attend school and what textbooks did he use?
2. How old was he when he wrote his first poem, and what was the title of this poem?
3. What is the story of "Highland Mary"?
4. How did he spend his time during his residence in Edinburgh?
5. What position did he hold in Dumfries?
6. Under what circumstances and where was "Bannockburn" composed?

To the person sending in the best set of answers in the fewest possible words to the above questions a prize will be awarded.

CONTEST OF JANUARY 10TH.

Questions.

1. Give three good historic reasons why January is a month of important dates to all American women.
2. Write a New Year toast of four lines, something after the following order and measure:

"Here's a health to the future,
A sigh for the past;
We can live and remember
And love to the last."

3. Mention three important birthdays, one of a statesman, another of a soldier and another of an emperor, falling in January.
4. What anniversary renders the year memorable, specially to Richmonders?

The prize in this contest is awarded Mrs. J. D. Reynolds, 2205 Park Avenue, city. Hers and other answers are appended.

Answers.

1. Birth of Daniel Webster, birth of Edgar Allan Poe, births of two Confederate generals—Robert E. Lee and T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson.
2. "Your right hand, dear New Year,
I gladly do shake;
Truly with your time and help,
Great strides I will make."
3. Daniel Webster, Robert E. Lee, Emperor William II., of Germany.
4. The centennial of Edgar Allan Poe's birth.

Respectfully submitted by
MRS. J. D. REYNOLDS.
2205 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Tyler, Editor the Woman's Page, Times-Dispatch, City:

Dear Madam,—I offer the following answers to your queries of last Sunday, reasons why January is an important month to American women:

1. On January 12th Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith.
2. January was the birth month of Emma Moss Booth Tucker, who has done so much for fallen humanity.
3. I cannot answer.
4. President McKinley was born January 29th, and was a great statesman; Gen. Robert E. Lee was born January 19th and was the greatest of soldiers; Emperor William, of Germany, was born in January; Edgar Allan Poe was born 100 years ago January 19th of this year. As he spent most of his life in Richmond, the celebration of this centennial makes it an important event to Richmonders.

I offer the following toasts:

Home—The place where you are treated best and grumble most.

A New Year—May Dame Fortune ever smile on you; but never her daughter—Miss Fortune.

Respectfully,
MRS. SUSIE KIMBROUGH,
2209 West Grace Street.
January 14, 1909.

A Toast to the New Year.

To the year so new
I present my pack,
Filled with unturned leaves not a few,
And good resolutions, just a stack.

BYRD PORTER DONNALLY.
Louisa, Va.

Editor Woman's Page Richmond Times-Dispatch:

Dear Madam,—I send you a trial for the January contest, including a toast to the new year. The three birthdays, the memorable January, 1857, to Richmonders, which I hope you will consider for the contest. The first part of the contest, the three good historic reasons why January is a month of important dates to all American women, I could not find an answer to, hoping all the contestants are as much at sea as to what you meant as I am, I submit to your perusal what I did find.

Very truly,
MISS MOLLIE H. GRAVELY.
Martinsville, Va., January 13.

Toast and Answers.

2. Here's greetings to the New Year,
Good-bys for the old.
Let content be thy watchword;
To it may we hold.

3. Benjamin Franklin born January 17, 1906; General Robert Lee, born January 19, 1807; William II. of Germany, Emperor, born January 27, 1859.
4. The great snow of 1857, which fell January 17, 18, 19, and was specially deep in Richmond.

Last Sunday's Questions.

1. What famous Scotch poet has his birthday falling in January? On what day of the month?
2. What is his most lasting claim on the gratitude of humanity?
3. Which of his poems do you consider the finest, and why?
4. Which, in your opinion, is the prettiest quotation from his writings?
5. When and where did he die, and where is he buried?
6. What is the inscription on his mausoleum?

Editor's Answers.

1. Burns, the poet peasant of Scotland.
2. His songs, appealing to all ranks and touching all ages.
3. "For a' That and a' That," "Auld Lang Syne" or "Bannockburn."
4. "Content and love bring peace and joy—
What mair have queens upon a throne?"
5. In Dumfries, Scotland, July 21, 1796. St. Michael's Churchyard.
6. "The poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough—and threw his inspiring mantle over me."

The letters and papers in this contest follow, the prize being awarded to Miss I. L. Walker, 837 West Grace Street, city.

Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam,—I inclose the answers to this week's prize questions, taken from the Sunday Times-Dispatch. The questions are numbered and the answers correspond to them. Hoping this may be the "lucky one,"

Sincerely yours,
MISS I. L. WALKER,
837 West Grace Street.

Answers.

1. Robert Burns. He was born January 25, 1759.
2. His beautiful songs that, though homely in attire, have "touched the heart" of kings and peasants.
3. To my mind Burns excels in the realm of lyric poetry, and therefore I think the finest of these poems of feeling is "O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast?" For depth of passion, delicacy of utterance, poetic melody and the artistic restraint not always found in Burns I think this poem is unsurpassed among his lyrics. His claims of greatness rest so undeniably upon that gift of exquisite song, that not even such poems as "Tam o' Shanter" or "The Cotter's Saturday Night" may be chosen in preference to this, the loveliest of his songs:
4. O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
. . . . . .
Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there."
5. He died July 21, 1796, at Dumfries, Scotland. He was buried in the church yard of St. Michael's, in Dumfries.
6. On Burns's first tomb were his name, date of birth and date of death, but his remains were taken up and interred the second time, and on this tomb was a rambling Latin inscription.

T. L. WALKER.

Editor Woman's Page, Times-Dispatch:

My Dear Madam,—Inclosed please find a trial for this week's contest, which you will consider.

Very truly yours,
MISS MOLLIE H. GRAVELY.
Martinsville, Va., Jan. 18, 1909.

1. Robert Burns, born January 25, 1759.
2. "He wrote for the people; he knew all their life, their every emotion."
3. I think the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is his finest poem, because of its truth and beauty in describing homely life.
4. Quotation from "To Mary in Heaven" third verse:

"Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild wood's thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd am'rous 'round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day."

5. He died July 21, 1796, and was buried in Dumfries in a churchyard.
6. Burns. Stoddard's Lectures, page 33.

MISS M. H. GRAVELY.

Editor Woman's Page Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.:

Answers to this week's contest:

1. Robert Burns. 25th of January.
2. His beautiful song-poems.
3. "The Cotter's Saturday Night." This "embodies high truth and seriousness in an eminent degree, and is at bottom a criticism of life."
4. Lines from "Tam o'Shanter":

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

5. July 21, 1796, at Dumfries, Scotland.
6. On his mausoleum at Dumfries is the single inscription, "Burns."

MISS ANNE CRALLE.
Blackstone, Va., January 18, 1909.

The Scotch Poet.

1. Robert Burns was born at Ayr, January 25, 1759.
2. He was the prince of lyric poetry. As no other poet has ever written, he wrote of the love of nature and feeling of humanity.
3. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is one of Burns's best productions, because it depicts so faithfully the simple, intimate life of the Scotch laborer and his family, with fascinating, homelike minuteness. "The Twa Dogs" is another of his notable poems, as evidenced from the following lines:

"When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men, but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day."

This quotation is from "A Red, Red Rose," and is given in answer to question No. 4:

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
An' the rocks melt wi' the sun,
An' I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run."

5. Burns died July 21, 1796, at Dumfries, Scotland, and is buried there. In 1813 a monument to his memory was erected at Dumfries. I have not been able to locate the inscription upon it.

A. C. STOVER.
323 West Cary Street, city.

Hard to Interview.

The most difficult dignitary the newspaper woman ever approached for an interview is Congressman and former Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, says Ada Patterson, in the February Designer. Mr. Hobson was so military of manner, so humorless, so chary of words! His character seemed to be one of angles, without softening curves. It was her lot to be one of the crowd who met him at the Grand Central Depot in New York, when he returned from Boston. It was in the height of his popularity that followed his feat at Santiago. He was attended by several friends. An expectant crowd had gathered to stare at him.

The newspaper woman slipped out of her small place in the crowd, stopped him with a low-toned apology, and, showing him a clipping from a newspaper announcing his engagement to a Western young woman, asked him as to its truth. The officer drew his heels together, as though executing a military manoeuvre. His countenance was a replica of The Great Stone Face.

"Madam, I do not know the lady," he returned, and resumed his march of a dragon through the station.

Less difficult was Bishop Henry C. Potter. "You want to see me?" he said. "Come into my office. That is where I behead young ladies."

Poe's Early Death Not a Calamity.

A great, a wonderful, a morbid genius; that, at the last as at the first, is one's judgment of Poe. We may mourn for his wasted life, but not for his early death. The best of him was dead already. The flawless taste had failed; the unrivalled craftsmanship was lost; the jingle of "For Annie" had followed the melody of "The Haunted Palace"; "The House of Usher" had given place to the transcendental folly of "Eureka." Whiskey and opium had done their perfect work. The evil things in robes of sorrow had finished the ruin of the monarch's high estate; it was but the husk of greatness that was borne to the hospital on that night in the lonesome October of sixty years agone. The symphony was over; it was time for the leader to go. It was best, it was kindest, that the mumming should cease with the music, that the score of the haunting harmonies be intrusted to the world's safe-keeping, and the rest be left to grow

"a dim remembered story
Of the old-time entombed."

—George L. Knapp, in January Lippincott's.

The Over-Blouse.

An exceedingly pretty and comfortable looking article of apparel is the over-blouse. The lining, which may be used as a guimpe, can be made with high or square neck, and full or three-quarter one-seam sleeves. These guimpes and sleeves may be made of soft, sheer material, and trimmed abundantly with lace and tucks of all-over embroidery or lace. The entire waist is a style that looks the better for much trimming, and one need not be afraid of overdoing in this design as in some others. The over-blouse is also much ornamented. The low square neck and the short sleeves are finished with braid or insertion, and tucks run from the yoke to the waistline, front and back, in groups of five; also from shoulder to waist, back and front, in clusters of three. The sleeves also are tucked. This waist may be worn separately or attached to a skirt in semi-princess style.

The Nurse's Opportunities.

Among all the professions of women that of trained nurse often offers the best opportunities for advantageous marriage, according to a writer in the February Designer. In discussing "What the Professions Mean to Women," Harriet Washburn Stewart says:

First cousin to the physician, and upon a much more intimate footing with the home circle, a trained nurse may largely mold the situation she finds. Dr. Johnson used to quote a Spanish proverb full of genuine truth, to the effect that if a man would bring home the wealth of the Indies he must take out the wealth of the Indies with him. So, if a nurse would gain the affection and trust of her patrons, she must have the capacity to gain them. Given this and a sound physique, she will find that her patient, coming slowly back from the shadow into sentient life again turns with childlike confidence to the gentle figure and soft voice of the trim, white-robed young nurse, who has for so long flitted through his fevered dreams.

Sir Walter Scott voiced it all for him:

When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!

And though he is too weak to phrase it, he silently endorses it all—and more!

The wife of one of New York City's established physicians, herself a nurse in hospital training when the little god flung his dart, offers what certainly may be considered an ex cathedra statement. "Of course,"—she said it with a blush and smile which spoke eloquently of the happiness of her own ten-years-old wifehood—"I really have no experience of my own to tell, for the doctor took me away from it almost before I had waked up. But I've kept in touch with his work ever since, and I know so many pretty stories connected with nurses and the husbands they have found. Yes, and friends, too, for not all have wanted to marry. To begin with, you know there are nurses and nurses. The training itself includes a certain amount of education.

For the Invalid.

Perhaps the most-cared-for member of the family, yet the most neglected, is the invalid. Unbelievable! you will say. But wait a moment and see if there are not a few suggestions in the Christmas bag that will delight her heart and put you on the lookout for her future comfort.

There is the bright-colored washable cretonne case, a series of pockets to tie permanently to the side of the bed; into it she can slip all the small things she uses too frequently to ask for each time she needs them, and the small comforts that are in the way on the medicine table.

An outing flannel case to cover a water bottle is an absolute necessity; it does away with the nervous strain occasioned by the careless wrapping of a too-hot bottle in a towel that always slips off. The flannel case may be bound and drawn up with wash ribbon.

Speaking of water bottles, a small-sized one for warming the hands is a most acceptable gift, as well as an ice-cap with a very absorbent bag of Turkish toweling to slip over it.

Now, a crying need is the light-weight blanket, and the comfort of comforts is the 8x10 pillow. If the blankets are double, separate them and rebind with ribbon; choose cotton ones for lightness and laundering reasons. The little pillow can be wedged in under back or shoulders and used to raise the head a trifle higher without waiting for the next person who comes in to handle a heavier one.

There are toothpicks in a pretty box, and paper napkins; for many an invalid would willingly assist in saving the laundry bill.

There is white paper in large sheets for the bedside table, beautifully cut white cardboard disks to cover medicine glasses. They do away with the clatter of small plates, and all of these paper requisites are more readily renewed and more hygienic than linens.

And, speaking of paper things, there is the little paper pad with pencil attached, which, although it may not be a necessity, is a great convenience and a memory help for the tired brain.

Peace to Its Ashes.

Window shades for the floating population? Never! How could the flat-dwellers, who move and keep moving, buy them for each temporary resting place?

It would mean the discarding of each new set of shades with each new move. "Each new move!" The words come "reeking with woe" to the mover still-to-be and to the has-been; but things do move, and so do people. The apartment house has come to stay (unless the winds of heaven increase in fury as the years roll by), and the floating population has come to move, and is a thing to be reckoned with and to be argued with.

It is not sensible to buy and rebuy. Rugs have taken the place of carpets; the bureau-drawer trunk has superseded the massive mahogany wardrobe; the box-couch has outwitted the morris chair as a substitute bed, and the rocking-horse is kept in grandma's garret. When we buy our potatoes by the quarter peck, why should we insist on the same old window shade adjusted in the same old way? Peace to its ashes! And the only peace he ever knew to the man who struggled with it and with the six-inch elbow of stove-pipe in a five-inch hole!

Just a Pleasant Thought.

Very little gifts! Just the "pleasant thought" ones (a trifle more than a card) to send when you don't want to leave an opening for the imagined future obligation.

Little boxes, pin trays, needlebooks and every sort of pincushion made of woven silk, in tapestried effects, suggesting the French period of one Louis or another.

These are all trifling little remembrances, yet they are handsome looking, because the colors are as rich as the material, and the varied galloons and gimps used to edge them are interwoven with gold thread. Some of the galloons are glued on in making the trays and boxes.

Great Work of Virginia Federation

The great work undertaken by the education and industrial education committee of the Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs has progressed most satisfactorily, and those interested in the work feel that they have received much encouragement. Under the auspices of the clubs of Virginia five rally days or school fairs have been held in counties adjacent to the clubs having this work in charge. Much enthusiasm has been shown by the pupils, and the greatest interest manifested by school authorities and patrons. Under the auspices of the Bedford Library Association a most successful education fair was held at Bedford City. At a fair held in Amherst county under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Lynchburg, the second prize for bread was awarded a seventeen-year-old boy, who had not been able to attend school until this year, and who does so now by his own efforts.

Not only has the committee met with encouragement from those closely allied with the undertaking, but much interest has been shown by persons outside of the work. Miss [illegible]r, of Cornell University, who is making such successful efforts for the enrichment of the lives of women in the rural districts, has asked to be allowed to adopt the contest arranged by these committees as being the best of their kind. School Examiner Thomas, who thinks most highly of this undertaking, has arranged with the school boards of Henry and Prince Edward counties to begin the contest for industrial products. The school boards of Amherst and Campbell counties have pledged themselves to raise $70 to add to the prizes offered by the Virginia Federation. The Interstate Fair Association at Lynchburg, has agreed to have a school day next fall and to offer $30 in each of three neighboring counties to the schools having the best exhibits of corn and of bread. A Lynchburg merchant offered a $50 wagon as a prize for the boys in these counties.

The most cordial relations exist between Mrs. Dashiell, of Richmond, who has organized hundreds of school leagues in the State and the Virginia Federation. It is the earnest wish of the committee that every club in the federation take an active part in this work. Those clubs which have not already done so can learn the arrangement of the contests by writing to the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Mary Beck, of Lynchburg, or to Miss Anna Jones, also of Lynchburg.

The plan presents an unlimited scope for the clubs of Virginia to do great and good work among the country girls of Virginia. To promote cleanliness, order, industry, to create a pride and love for the daily task, to hold out a helping hand and a word of encouragement, this is the effort of the Industrial Education Committee.

MRS. JOHN M. MILES,
Chairman Press Committee, Virginia Federation Women's Clubs.

Two Different Types.

The dress ideas of the moment are carried out in two entirely different types of gowns. One is the ultra-clinging, close-fitting princess or semi-princess dress—more often the latter than the former, for the divided bodice and skirt permit the introduction of the high waistline. The other type is the draped dress made in soft, limp, bodyless materials.

Of the latter genre was a very beautiful gown seen recently at Sherry's at tea-time. The under-dress was of canard-blue silk cashmere fitted closely and with a very narrow, clinging skirt. The over-dress, which began on the right shoulder and was drawn snugly across the figure to the natural waistline on the left side, was of very pliable velvet of the same color as the body of the gown. The chemisette and sleeves were of the new burnished-gold crapuele net—a net that differs from filet in the shape of its mesh.

It was worn with a fur bushy—one of the novel toques of the season, whose name is self-descriptive—trimmed with two Mephisto quills. These quills are generally fur tails, wired and bent back to resemble the quills on the head of the medieval devil. One has to distinguish between devils old and new nowadays, in order to be accurate.

Another smart gown seen the same day was in chiffon broadcloth of the new carubier shade—a color that takes its name from the dark-reddish bean of the carob-tree. The gown was a high-waisted semi-princess dress, severe in cut, but most effective. It was worn with a soft black scarf-sash edged with a deep effile fringe and a big flat hat of black melusine—the new plush like felt.

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