

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Innocent Young Girls

It is a favorite pose with a certain class of people, who go through life playing to the gallery, to put on a look of virtuous indignation, hold up their hands and exclaim, "The innocence of our young girls is a thing we must preserve at all costs. However serious the realities of the present may be, no knowledge of these realities must come within the receptive range of a young girl's vision."

Innocence Means Ignorance.
If the "innocence" of the young girl alluded to here is synonymous with ignorance, and it seems pretty sure that the words mean the same thing, a feeling of wonder is excited in the minds of thinking women, as to how twentieth century girls can be kept ignorant of any phase in the humanity of which they are a part.

Not while the last details in crime are pointed to gratify the insatiate demands of an American public for the lurid and sensational, in its cruelest and most revolting form.

Not while whatever "a woman in a case" may say and do is exploited for the household, and all of her life, however sordid and debased her life may have been, is made in review, for young girls as well as other members of the general public, to dwell upon at leisure, and get from it a very misleading interpretation of normal and healthy social ideas and standards.

Influence of Perverted Literature.
Not while there is more and more a yielding to the abnormal and perverted in literature and the market is overstocked with melodramatic stories of the imagination which fire a young girl's fancy and lead to inspiring a taste for anything rather than a genuinely entertaining and instructive course of reading.

Certainly not, while the stake is made a vehicle for presenting the coarse side of experience, for the expression of barely veiled jests and covert allusions and sneers, which certainly must pierce the densest defense of ignorance, and leave rostrate youth very bare indeed of illusions or delusions, as they may be called.

Bridge and Silk Stockings.
Especially not, when the card table is rapidly being transformed into the gambling table, plain playing being considered stupid and devoid of the thrill of interest so necessary to put a player on her mettle and arouse her keenest faculties in an attempt to come out a winner. "Just to think," said a sweet little ingenue of the innocent class, during her gold-meshed bag complacently, "my winnings are the last game of bridge I played will keep me in silk stockings for months to come." And her young face was quite radiant at the prospect.

No Twentieth Century Kindergarten Girl.
The long and the short of the matter makes it quite as impossible to keep a twentieth century girl in a kindergarten class, as it was to expect a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Far better, to train a girl to healthy common sense views and ideas and trust her to exercise the right principles engendered by them when she is brought into inevitable contact with the darker and weaker side of humanity.

A Convent Supper.
A convent sojourn is graphically described in a recent contribution made by Edith C. M. Dart to Harper's Bazaar. What is said about a convent supper is introduced as being a matter of interest to women in general. The convent referred to is in France and the writer says:

I think, perhaps, our town-bred Jeremiah might not have envied us the meal we enjoyed. It was Friday, so, of course, we were denied meat; there was "choux blanc" cooked as only a French cook can, and a succession of dainty vegetable dishes that our British boiled-potato-trained intelligences could not classify. The repast finished with slices of home-made bread and "confiture." Nursery bread and jam, none other, yet it had a savor all its own, nevertheless. The fruit had ripened on the long extent of gray wall that enclosed the vast conventual establishment, with its spacious gardens, wings, cloisters, quiet quads, and shady courtyards.

Ways of Presenting Gifts.
A linen shower is supposed to be more or less informal. The guests are the intimate friends of the bride-to-be, consequently the form of invitation may be either an informal note or a telephone message. There are two interesting ways of presenting the gifts at a linen shower. One is to have them brought into the room in a flower-trimmed linen hamper carried by two little girls, dressed to harmonize with the trimmings of the hamper. Another is to have a flower-trimmed white parasol hung over the table where the refreshments are served, handle up, filled with the gifts. A ribbon is attached to the point of the parasol for the bride to pull when the table is cleared, thus emptying the gifts on the table. An older method is to conceal the gifts about the room, and make the bride hunt for them to the tune of the wedding march played quite loud when she is near the gift and softly when she is far from it. Showers may be given either in the afternoon or in the evening. They are frequently given in connection with a luncheon or dinner or an afternoon tea.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.
A newspaper and magazine writer with an interesting personality is Hildegarde Hawthorne, the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne and the daughter of Julian Hawthorne, who has her home in New York City and finds her happiness in it.

Irmgard von Hottenthal.
Foremost among society dancers on the stage during last season is Baroness Irmgard von Hottenthal whose dances are original interpretations of classic and modern music. The baroness has distinguished ancestry and has always been in touch with men and women of the highest artistic standards.

Work a Habit.
But the girls did not fall in with this arrangement. Work had grown to be a habit with them, and they were not sure that they desired to surrender fine positions and promise of advancement for a purely domestic background and such entertaining as was the accepted rule in the mother's circle of acquaintance. The only concession they consented to make to her was to remain at home without paying board.



LE BON TON AND LE MONTEUR DE LA MODE UNITED.

JUST FASHION HINTS---

About the Slip-On Dress, the Kimono Cape, Lingerie Hats, White Serge Suits and Designs for Summer Wash Frocks.

The Slip-On Dress.
The white dress, made of white serge, surah or marquisette, is one of this summer's novelties. It slips on over the head, and does not have to be hooked or buttoned.

White Serge Suits.
The white costumes are most effective, and one of the newest models gives the slender lines that are becoming without undue exaggeration. There is a double skirt effect with a short pleated in plain and severe cut. A white moire revers and cuffs and moire covered buttons give a highly individualized touch. The back of the skirt has a wide box plaid in both under-skirt and overskirt.

Designs for Wash Frocks.
Much originality and ingenuity may be exercised in planning summer frocks of wash fabric. If rules for the cut of the garment be carefully followed, a perfectly correct one is for a collarless gown with a V or square shaped neck, peasant bodice, elbow sleeves, and high Empire waist line, finished either with a narrow cording of the material or a narrow draped girle.

The Kimono Cape.
The same excellent magazine gives the following suggestions regarding the kimono cape, lingerie hats, white serge costumes and the designing of summer wash frocks. The kimono cape is a dainty finish to a one-piece linen or pongee gown. It is also very charming in cerise tussor with facings of darker satin. With pipings of the satin it affords an excellent opportunity for good color combinations or contrasts.

Lingerie Hats.
The lingerie hats of this midsummer differ slightly from the models of a few years back in that they are made on foundations of straw instead of simply a wire frame and a lawn foundation. The outer covering is generally of white batiste or French muslin edged and incrimated with lace.

Revolutionized Her Work.
Mrs. Robert La Follette, wife of the senator from Wisconsin, has taken over the editorship of a woman's department in her husband's magazine. She has revolutionized her work by ruling against the admission to her department of any "beauty hints" whatsoever.

Leads Distinction to Manner.
A woman's dress, when it is correct as to color, adjustment, material and effect, has an appreciable influence on a woman's dignity and grace. It gives her the sense of support and of well-being, of being properly placed in her world. The sweetest and most natural of women must be embarrassed and hampered by the sense of unbecomingness and unsuitability in her gowning. However simple may be the appareling, if it is becoming and well made it will enhance the grace and give an additional charm to the manners of its wearer.

Does Its Perfect Work.
It is in just such ways as these that dress does its perfect work. For when a woman dignifies her dress through her mind and heart to such an extent, she becomes an educator in taste. And what better reform can a woman work than just this?

The Frocks, Environment and Woman

"Let a woman's mind dignify her dress and her dress dignify her manners. Then she becomes an inspiration, and dress has done its perfect work."

So says the editor of the Women's Home Companion in an article which contains advice which many women might follow to great profit and advantage.

If a woman's mind dignifies her dress, then her dress will not be extravagant in style or bizarre in color. It will harmonize with her age, her complexion and her environment. She will never be overdressed, for that would give the impression that she is lacking in true refinement and self-respect. Nice choice as to right lines, good fit and excellent workmanship in the makeup of a gown will indicate that it is dignified by the mind of its wearer.

Lack of Tenderness.
Tenderness has become a hopelessly missing quality in the make-up of the modern woman. The men are actually, the more sentimental sex. Women are afraid to be kind. It has become their fashion to maintain a consistently insolent demeanor while traveling through the ordinary walks of life. With the coming of febus into fashion this season, past and gone virtues, laid away in lavender, should have been resurrected to keep the febus company. New wall mottoes, the Do It Now and the Hurry Ups, might well be replaced by the sermon on the Mount and the Twenty-third Psalm!

JUST CHEERFULNESS

What It Does for the Woman as a Beautifier--How It Generates Gentleness and Patience and Attracts Love.

An album of successful women, says Kate Masterton in August House-keeper, would show a lot of weary-eyed winners,--weary because they had not valued the good of resting along the way, picking flowers by the roadside, playing a while in the sunshine, and getting the fresh air deep into their souls.

Cheerfulness as a Cosmetic.
We all want to keep young and need to learn the philosophy of cheerfulness as a cosmetic. Utility and practicality have driven romance to the woods, and the feminine desire for success has killed many of the old reserves that made woman the guardian of the hearthstone, the angel on the threshold of the home, her flaming sword of love and truth and kindness holding off the evil spirits.

Little in Common.
But the mother and daughters came in time to have little or nothing in common. The daughters grew to professional to talk about office affairs in the home and to the mother. And the professional tailored out of their clothes mother feels in choosing pretty things for her girls and in having them made up, or making them herself in dainty fashion. More and more as the years passed on the point of divergence in tastes and pleasures widened between the lonely mother and her independent offspring, the mother who was driven to planning a wedding for her cook's daughter, because she so longed to have something and somebody to fuss over and care for.

up! How many more view it only from the point of whether it is to my advantage! A clever woman, lecturer has recently said the eternal balance of the universe is adjusted by cataclysms. That there had to be sacrifices to mark every upheaval, social and political. Better than such sacrifices are real values that make for happiness, not smartness, up-to-dateness, fine living, sham, show and bad manners. How many women start out to reach a mountain top of some sort through over-wrought ambitions? They drag out their lives and hearts and souls, and even fight back others in the road, so anxious are they to reach the goal.

Matter-of-Fact Marriages.
After awhile one daughter, Christine became the wife of an artist. But as the artist had to go abroad unexpectedly, the marriage was a matter-of-fact business, with no mother's help needed to round it out. The engagement of a second daughter also took on the air of a business co-partnership, with ample provision against commercial risk. Here the mother was out out again.

Desperate over the need of companionship and sympathy. The mother of such competent girls finally took refuge in a second matrimonial venture, with a university professor who was slightly her senior. This, after her third child had become absorbed in sociological investigations and work-

Economic Independence

A story, and a very illustrative and suggestive story it is, is being told of a wife whose husband could in no-wise understand a woman's need for money and the pleasures money must command.

For herself the wife submitted to her husband's restrictions. But she did not justify them to herself, and she resolved to render her three daughters independent by educating them as business women.

Daughters.
The daughters did their mother and themselves great credit. They graduated, secured good positions and made rapid advancement in competency and the favor of their employers. When they first started out in the world they used to come home in evenings and talk over their office experiences with their mother, while she darned stockings and sewed on blouses for the girls. They used a part of their earnings to render their mother's household labors easier and added their modest quota to the common expense of maintaining a home.

Consistent to the Last.
Discouraging on the wickedness of extravagance and the necessity of guarding against it, the husband who denied his wife money and congratulated himself on his daughter's ability to earn it, finally died, constant to the end in objecting to his wife's indulgence in the luxury of tears, when she might better have been learning from him safeguards in the care of an estate left by him in her sole charge. When the wife found herself, for the first time since her girlhood days, free to make such use of her money as seemed best to her, she at once told her daughters that they need not work any longer. Instead, the mother and daughters must travel during their period of mourning and return to their home, enlarged and refurbished, when that period should be at an end.

The Queer Woman.
Under the above heading, in the August Bazar, appears a story that follows her in part. It is so true in what it reflects on human nature, that women reading it will conclude that its author, Marguerite Ogden Bigelow, knows the world of which she writes. This is the story.

A queer woman went to live in a community where the people were rich, where it was considered proper to eat too much, to dress too gorgeously and to labor very little. She dressed quietly, lived simply and worked honestly for six or eight hours of every day, keeping only the evenings for recreation with her husband.

She really must have been very queer. She gave no large receptions and kept no human automaton in attendance upon her door-bell. Instead, she kept a guest-chamber fragrant and ready for visitors from out of town. There was always a place at her table for the friend who would go to her. And many went from the East and the West, and were strengthened and refreshed.

Slowly, one by one, she brought into her home such beautiful things as she and her husband valued and could afford—a quaint bit of furniture, a good rug, a choice picture, precious books. And all these things spoke together a coherent language, but they were not understood.

She made a garden for herself and her children, and worked in it a long time every day. She taught her little ones to plant and foster flowers and kept no human automaton in attendance upon her door-bell. Instead, she kept a guest-chamber fragrant and ready for visitors from out of town. There was always a place at her table for the friend who would go to her. And many went from the East and the West, and were strengthened and refreshed.

And her neighbors realized that she would not live as they lived, and they resented it. And when they spoke of her they said:

"I suppose she's pleasant enough; but she would have to be, for she hasn't a particle of style."

"Probably she is one of those priggish people who think they can reform the world."

"No, I would not invite her if I were you. She never entertains, and she would probably criticize the way you did things or preach you a sermon on the 'simple life.'"

"Her house? Well, it is just about what you would expect. The things are all good enough, but they are not at all what people are using now. It's always the way with these celled people who try to be original, and won't have a housefurnisher do everything properly."

"No, I would not trouble to call if I were you. When people are queer like that there is no telling how far it may go. She may be—not our sort at all, you know."

"Well, I always have felt that there must be something not quite—ah—refined about a woman who likes doing so much of her own housework."

"Yes, and have you noticed her working in that garden with a spade, just like a day laborer, and the children dirty as little pigs?"

"Yes, and I feel that you never can get children to grow up with any ideas of propriety if you are so stingy that you won't keep a nurse to look after them properly."

Only the cleaning woman, who went to her once a week, said:

"She ain't much for fuss and feathers, but she's kind and good. She makes a body feel kinder human and decent and self-respectin', and I'd rather work there than anywhere else."

The Men and Her Ducklings.
In becoming a promoter of economic independence the woman of an older generation has cut herself a good road from the sea level of the world to a mountain top of some sort through over-wrought ambitions? They drag out their lives and hearts and souls, and even fight back others in the road, so anxious are they to reach the goal.

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