

WOMEN MORE "DISSIPATED" THAN MEN!

Little Sermon on Household duties which has more Truth in it than Fiction



NO I AM TOO TIRED TO GO, I AM IN THE MIDDLE OF HOUSE CLEANING

OVER-INDULGENCE IN MY PRIDE IN THOSE LEMON PIES

COME right in, Priscilla. Yes, I am in a terrible way, brother John acted quite strange last evening and Miss Franklin says that, had as she feels to tell it, she believes that brother John drank more hard cider after the town meeting than was good for him. You're just like one of the family, Priscilla, and I must unburden myself to some one. There never was a dissipated Cornish before, and I'm heart-sick wondering what's come over John."

"Speaking of dissipation—" Priscilla broke in upon her own attempt to make light of John's offense, "what do you suppose Speaker Thomas Newlight from the West declared at the meeting of the Press Club on Thursday?"

"He said that—" Priscilla paused for emphasis, "that women are more dissipated than men! He actually did, Prue, and I know, after he'd finished speaking, I about believed him."

The two Puritan-like New England women regarded each other silently for a period. "Prue" with hostility in her glance and "Pris" with the courage of her new-found convictions shining in her eyes. Then Prudence Cornish spoke:

"Priscilla Fisher, do you mean to tell me that any man or woman either dared get up and say that we wives and daughters and mothers and sweethearts—" she grew incoherent in her Plymouth indignation—"and sweethearts," she repeated, "drink more wine and whiskey and beer than—than—"

"Than the town pump," laughingly interrupted Priscilla. "Don't grow excited Prue, Mr. Newlight didn't say anything about drinking anything—not even hard cider—and neither did I. You don't have to tip the cheering cup (Prue looked shocked at this bit of slang) to become dissipated. You can become just as intoxicated as a drunkard without tasting anything stronger than spring water."

"Why, every member of our sewing circle stands in danger of becoming a confirmed drunkard—no, I don't mean quite that, but we are in great danger of becoming dissipated, of allowing our sewing for the heathens to develop into a ruling passion and so become a frightful dissipation."

TALKING IT ALL OVER

Prudence Cornish eyed Priscilla Fisher with friendly concern until the latter laughed outright. "No, Prue, I'm not affected by either the extreme heat or cold. Do sit down and offer me a chair and I'll tell you all about it. There, now stop looking as though you think me demented and about to do something rash."

"Where was I? Oh, yes, about turning good sewing, not to mention fancy work and eye-spoiling embroidery, into a dissipation."

"Mr. Newlight says, and I believe him (I do wish you had attended the lecture, Prue), that we women go off on regular housecleaning, sewing, fancy-work, gossip, china painting, tennis, stamp collecting, cooking and fussing and fretting debauches. That we make slaves of ourselves to our homes, our children, the opinion of the neighbors and to fifty other masters, which a little determination would soon put in their proper places."

"You should have heard that man tell us the plain truth, Prue. I went right home and wrote a letter to Joseph's sister inviting her to spend a month or as long as she could with us. Joseph has wanted to have her for ever so long, and I have always said that we couldn't on account of the baby. Why, Prue, do you know I have just turned baby into a regular dissipation—same as you have John and your lemon pies—and I've taken the pledge. After this I will have time to read to Joseph in the evenings and to entertain his friends and to think about his meals and to make myself as attractive as possible for his approval. And I hope to be a good mother, too."

"Mr. Newlight looked right at me when he said, 'some of you good Christian women make as great slaves of yourselves to your children as any man does to the wine cup, and by doing so wrap your own lives, neglect your homes and husbands, and are ruled by one passion—maternal love.'"

"He pointed out how wrong this was to the

Thoughtless Girl

She had been for a drive with a young man friend, and when she returned she was glowing with excitement.

"Oh, dear, mother," she cried, "Tom and I had the very narrowest escape from an awful accident! The horse very nearly bolted! We were going through Swan Lane, when all of a sudden a peasant got up from the hedge and frightened the horse, and if Tom hadn't made a dash for the reins—"

"Eh?" said her youngest brother suddenly. "How's that? Why wasn't he holding them?" And it took at least five minutes to explain.

man we had promised to cherish and to care for, and he showed us that what we thought was self-sacrifice, was really a form of dissipation and selfishness."

AFTER THE CLUB WOMAN

"Then he touched on clubs and the dissipation of the club woman." (A was bit of color flamed into Prudence's cheeks as she drew her chair closer and took up some tating to cover her increased interest. Prudence was one of the leading club women of the town). "He said that the club woman was ruled by her love of power. She would do all sorts of mean things to gain prominence and notoriety and, although usually she was the most tender-hearted mortal and the kindest, she would climb all over another aspiring sister and hurt her feelings without a twinge of conscience. He said that she would often neglect her parents and children and her home that she might prepare brilliant papers and be present at the club meetings. He told a funny story of one woman who remained a spinster to the end of her days because falling

in love, reading and answering love letters and entertaining the man who wanted to win her, interfered with her work in the 'Happy Home Makers' Union!"

"Really, Prudence, although he put some things very forcibly, there was a great deal of truth in what he said, especially when he walked into a sewing circle meeting and showed us how every Thursday we hurried the dinner, scolded the children if they dared ask questions, snapped out replies when our husbands spoke of missing buttons and undarned socks, and fretted ourselves into cross lines and nerves while we got ready to attend the circle, where we discussed the last sermon in no charitable way, wondered how the new Smith's could afford to keep two servants and where Mrs. Smith spent so much of her time; until we had allowed our minds to get into a very unsterile condition, even while our fingers fashioned garments for the poor. He said that we cherished the evil of gossip and slander until it became a vice, and we became dissipated victims of it."

"I felt the goose flesh rise when he said that

he had no doubt that many in that very gathering had often drained to the dregs the cup of suspicion and uncharitable thought until our ideas regarding certain persons had become befuddled, and they appeared to us in, as distorted a shape as do the lamp-posts and sign-boards to a tipsy man. He actually said that it was this form of dissipation, gossip and evil thinking I mean, which often drove the men from their homes to the saloons. He cut in pretty deep, Prue, and sometimes he turned the knife after he had probed."

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S TURN

"Well, from gossip he went to housecleaning and the way he turned inside out the innermost recesses of the minds of some of our most famous housekeepers would have been funny had it been less personal."

"That man just up and told us that we imbibed soap-suds and dust, and fed upon brooms and chamois until our mental, moral and physical natures became poisoned, and we, poor dissipated wrecks. He said that we turned innocent

pleasures and commendable duties into harmful revelleries, and that we swept and we cleaned and we pulled and we pushed and we hung draperies and rubbed silver and 'picked up' and fussed and fumed over a speck of dust or a disarranged scarf until we drove all comfort, all hospitality and all hominess from our houses, and in fifty years or less found ourselves broken down in health and spirits, warped in mind and soul."

"He called to our attention the many young married women of our acquaintance who were bright sprightly girls, interested in all intellectual recreations and wholesome out-door sports, who before marriage went hither and thither like rays of sunshine brightening saddened lives and who, once mistresses of their own homes, seldom turned the keys in their book-cases, never attended a lecture or a musicale or an opera; who couldn't be coaxed out for a tramp among the beauties of nature, or for a social game of tennis, their never failing excuse being, 'I am too tired. I am in the middle of house cleaning,' or 'baking,' or 'the dressmaker is here.' He asked what we found if we dropped in at an evening: A spic and span

house, to be sure, oppressively in order, and a fagged wife, with weary eyes and tight-shut lips determinedly working away at a piece of embroidery, while a lonely husband, who longs for a bit of music or a sociable evening, sitting drowsing over a paper or else makes an excuse to get away from the dullness of his home—that home which in imagination was such an alluring abode of generous welcome to friends and refreshing intercourse between himself and the woman for whom he had forsaken his boyhood chums."

"And all because the woman drank too long and too often of the cup of ceaseless and restless activity; because she imbibed until she became saturated with it, the intoxicating wine of orderliness."

"She became the adject slave of her house and failed in her highest mission, that of a home maker, because of that slavery."

PRUDENCE SEES THE POINT

"Why, Prudence, you look quite uncomfortable. I do believe that you have more pitfalls than John and lemon pies to avoid. You certainly are making a slave of yourself for that brother of yours and—would you mind giving me your receipt for those pies? I'll lend you baby in return for an hour or so when you're lonesome and in that way we will both be taking the pledge against our threatening dissipations."

"Well, Priscilla, I don't know but what there's a lot of good sense in all that, 'Prudence generously conceded,' and maybe—with a rather hysterical laugh—"I am a little given to over-indulgence in my pride in those lemon pies, but I can't help but see the mote in John's eye and his hard cider seems bigger than any beam of lemon pies. Now, Priscilla, what on earth are you laughing at?"

"Prue, don't you think maybe you've been a mite quick to suspect John? What, beside Eliza-beth, Franklin's gossip, set you grieving over him?"

"Well, Priscilla, I'll let you judge for yourself. Last night when John came home from town meeting I was sitting on the front piazza, and as plain as I see you this minute, I saw him vault over the front fence, though the gate stood wide open, and come prancing over the lawn for all the world as though he were chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. And he was all out of breath when he reached the piazza."

"I asked him what they talked about at town meeting, and what do you suppose he said? 'Whether to have a church wedding or a quiet home affair.' And when I inquired if he wasn't feeling well, he just looked at me in a dazed sort of way and asked: 'What do you call that cloudy, billowy white stuff the girls make their dresses of?'"

"I was too taken aback to say a word, Prue, but John didn't seem to notice. He got up presently and went to bed, and as it was hot and he left his shutters open, I could hear him saying something like this, with a whole lot before it that I can't remember:

Joy, Jollity, mirth
Have returned to the earth,
The reason is plain as can be,
I need not explain

To those who were sane:
I love and my sweetheart loves me.

"Oh, you can laugh, Priscilla, though I do think it's heartless of you. You know what a sober, steady boy John has always been, and since mother and father died, I've taken such a comfort in his stability."

Priscilla checked her laughter as a little sob broke from her friend, but try as she would to look serious the dimples would break forth. She dropped a kiss lightly on her friend's hair as she rose to go, and then with a look of mischief said: "Prue, I guess I am gossiping, but did John tell you that Elenor White has just promised to marry him in the fall? It happened after town meeting last night."

"She was gone in a twinkling, but Prudence, all smiles again, ran to the door to call after her: 'Mr. Newlight didn't say anything about love being as intoxicating as hard cider or lemon pies, did he, Priscilla?'"

A Tickler

"Don't beat about the bush!" shouted an excited elector, at a public meeting. "Answer my question, 'Yes' or 'No!'"

"There are some questions which cannot be answered 'Yes' or 'No,'" mildly replied the candidate.

"Boah!" exclaimed the elector.

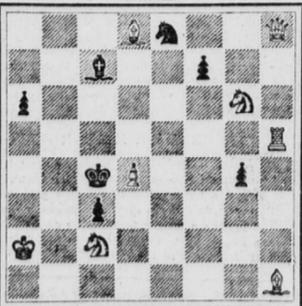
"I am prepared to prove my assertion," continued the candidate. "Now," he continued, turning to his interrogator, "the question I will put to you as a proof is this: 'Have you left off beating your wife?'"

"Yes" or "No," demanded the meeting, and the too inquisitive elector collapsed.

CHESS AND CHECKERS

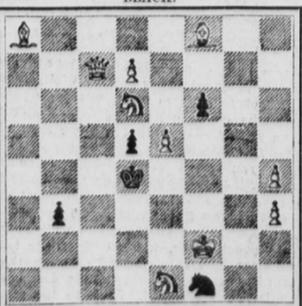
For our study this week in hard chess problems we give two additional problems, both of which are excellent specimens of the composer's ingenuity.

BY HENRY HALL, OF LONDON.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.
White, 8 pieces.
Black, 7 pieces.

BY A. F. MACKENZIE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.
White, 10 pieces.
Black, 5 pieces.

Last week we gave a game illustrating the strength of American chess players in 1860. One of the players in the game published was

Jacob Elson. Mr. Elson still ranks as one of the foremost players of Philadelphia, although with the exception of taking part in the matches with foreign clubs, he rarely now plays any serious chess. We are fortunate this week in presenting to our readers a game that he played a short time ago with Mr. S. T. Sharp, one of the younger and rising players of the Franklin Chess Club. The game is one of a friendly series to be contested between these players, the younger expert being anxious to cross swords with a player of the old school. Mr. Sharp is an aggressive player, and in the present game rushed at his opponent rather precipitously and was thus soon at a disadvantage caused by the steadiness and solidity of Mr. Elson's defense. Mr. Elson took no chances, but conducting his game on basic principles, never allowing his opponent an opportunity for breaking through his ranks. The game follows:

S. T. SHARP. WHITE. JACOB ELSON. BLACK.
1. P-K4 1. P-QB4
2. P-KB4 (a) 2. Kt-QB3

3. Kt-KB3 3. P-K3
4. P-QB3 4. P-Q4
5. P-K5 (b) 5. P-Q5
6. Q-R4 6. B-Q2
7. B-Kt5 7. P-R3
8. B x Kt 8. B x B
9. Q-Q 9. Kt-K2
10. P-Q3 10. Kt-Kt3
11. B-K2 11. B-K2
12. B-Q2 12. Kt-R5
13. Kt x Kt 13. B x Kt
14. Kt-R3 14. O-O
15. Kt-B2 15. P-B4
16. Q-K4 16. P-B4
17. P x P 17. R x P
18. P-B4 18. Q-B4
19. Q x B (c) 19. Q x QP
20. B-Kt4 (d) 20. Q x Kt deep.
21. R-B2 21. Q x BP
22. B-Q2 22. Q-RK3
23. P-QKt3 23. Q-Q4
24. R-K 24. B-B4
25. R-B3 25. Q-Q
26. Q x Q 26. R x Q
27. R-Q3 27. K-R2
28. B-R 28. R-Q5
29. P-B6 (e) 29. P-Q5
30. B x P 30. R-Q4

Your Pencil Betrays You

THE manner in which a lead pencil is sharpened is an unfailing index of character," said an observant woman. "It is an outline sketch, a brief statement of what the person who has done the cutting can do. Ask a person to sharpen a pencil, or, better still, lend you one he has himself sharpened, and you have a dependable delineation of his leading qualities."

The first pencil examined was one of the cheaper kind. On one side the cutting was done with many short, careful strokes; on the other there was a deep, hasty slash and several others irregularly and carelessly made.

"This," said the reader of pencil points, "belongs to a person of contradictory character. Careful as to minute details, and also parsimonious in business matters, he or she—though I think it is a woman—will, on an impulse, spend lavishly."

The next one considered was a bright yellow pencil that had been cut with deep strokes starting from each of its six sides. These cuts were not even, and left the lead for an unusual distance straight and bare.

As the woman held the pencil before her, and turned it slowly she exclaimed:

"Here we have imagination that counts! This person rides no useless Pegasus. He does not catch at straws, but they show him which way the wind blows, and he sets his sails accordingly."

"See the strong, swift way in which he must have done these cuts. They are not regular, but were effectively and quickly done."

"He is frank, rapid, sure. A little erratic, just enough to give him individuality and zest."

Something for the Party

THE cards with which this game is played are fifty-seven in number, made of Bristol-board, and about two by three inches in size. They are outlined with black, and in the upper left-hand corner of each one a square holding a number is also outlined. The rest of the card is decorated with a conventional design of seven different flowers, with the name of the flower lettered above or below it. The numbers of each set run from 0 to 100, there being eight in each set. The odd card, with the heart design, counts 300.

Any even number of players may join in the game. When the cards are well mixed, four are given to each player, and five are placed on the table, with the flower sides uppermost.

The game is begun by the dealer announcing that he has thought of a number, and that the person who comes closest to guessing it may play first by taking from the table any flower which corresponds with any one in his hand. He should, of course, pick up the card with the highest number. If he happens to have the heart design in his hand, he can take up any card on the table. As each player takes up a card from the table with a card from his hand he places both cards, with the flower sides down, before him until the count is made.

When a player has no card in his hand corresponding to any one on the table, he must place one of the cards in his hand upon the table.

When the four cards have been played each player is given four more, and so on, until the fifty-seven cards have been distributed. Then the numbers on the cards are counted, and the first person to reach 2000 wins the game.

31. P-QKt4 31. B-Kt4
32. R-Q2 32. Q-RB4
33. P-Kt3 33. R-B8 (ch)
34. R x R 34. R x R (ch)
35. R-Kt2 35. P-K4
36. P-QB4 36. B-B5
37. R-B2 (ch) 37. R x R
38. K x R 38. K-K3
39. K-K 39. K-Q4
and after a few more moves Mr. Sharp resigned.

(a) Inferior. White can make very little headway by a direct attack on the King's wing against the Sicilian defense—Kt-QB3 or Kt-KB3 are the best moves.

(b) The game is now similar to a form of the French defense unfavorable for White.

(c) White in his haste to capture the piece overlooked Black's rather obvious reply, winning back the piece and a Pawn as well.

(d) Losing another Pawn unnecessarily, White overlooked the fact that he would have to stop on his twenty-first move to stop the threatened mate.

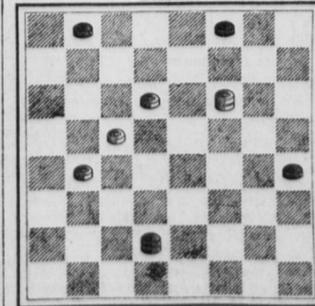
(e) White feared the advance of the Pawns on the Queen's wing, but the line of play adopted allows Black two passed centre Pawns. However, it was Hobson's choice.

CHECKERS

The following game was played by D. A. Brodie, champion of Dunedin, New Zealand, and F. E. Hilliker, of the same city:

BLACK DOCTOR
Black, Hilliker. White, Brodie.
11-15; 23-19; 8-11; 22-17; 9-13; 17-14; 10-17;
19-10; 7-14; 25-22; 4-8; 27-23; 11-16; 29-25;
3-7; 31-27; 6-10; 22-18; 16-20; 18-9; 8-14;
24-19; 8-11; 19-16; 12-19; 23-18; 11-15; 27-23;
15-18; 16-12; 18-27; 32-23; 7-11; 25-22; 10-15;
23-18; 14-23; 26-10; 17-26; 30-23; 11-15; 12-8;
20-24; 28-19; 15-24; 8-4; 24-27; 4-8; 27-31;
10-7; 2-11; 8-15; 31-26; 23-19; 26-22; 19-16;
1-6; 16-11; 6-9; 21-17. W. wins.

PROBLEM BY P. THIRKELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to play and win.