

THE COLONEL KATE

SUNDAY CALL

WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S SECTION

DECEMBER 28, 1902

COME WELCOME WOMAN

CHAPTERS



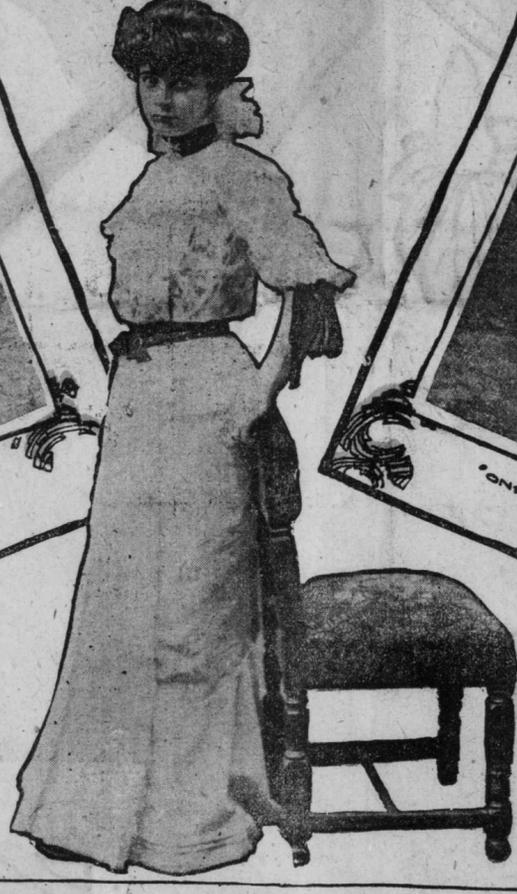
"SHE GETS DUMPY AND NOTHING AND NOBODY CAN AROUSE HER."



"ONE MOMENT SHE IS ALL ENTHUSIASM."



"WHEN ALL IS TOLD SHE WONDERS WHY SHE WAS SO DISAGREEABLE AND IS SORRY."



"THEN SHE POUTS"

Her Whims Cause Trouble
Wherever She Goes, "Colonel Kate" Declares, and She Is Always the Bête Noire of Host and Hostess—Yet With All Her Faults and Moods She Is Loved and Forgiven and Excused on All Sides—The Only Way to Reform a Capricious Woman Is to Marry Her to a Masterful Man.

Of course, she is pretty and attractive. Of course, she is fascinating and aggravating. And equally, of course, the capricious woman is very much spoiled—but what are we going to do about it? One minute we love her to distraction; the next we bear her such a dislike that we wish there never had been a woman on earth. But the capricious woman is here, and, somehow, despite her whims, we have a strong hankering for her society. Though dreading the capricious woman and wondering whether she will choose to be agreeable or otherwise, we not only formally invite her, but beg her to attend our social functions. Generally we regret our action after it is too late, but we keep on showering favors on her just the same.

For some inexplicable reason the capricious woman is invariably excused for her sins of omission and commission. People call her eccentric and "disagreeable at times," but in some way or other she manages to secure a firm hold on many men and women who are ever ready to offer excuses, no matter how flimsy, for her mean little ways, and, often, downright rudeness. If you seek the root of the evil it may generally be found in the fact that the capricious woman, having been an only daughter or unusually pretty, has been so spoiled, by well-to-do or wealthy parents and by flattery that she is in a measure irresponsible. Her whims, no matter how jarring they may be to others, have been referred to so constantly as "her ways" by doting parents and friends that people have come to accept them with pitying indulgence when, in reality and for the good of the subject, they should vigorously swing a club. What the capricious woman needs is a master—a man who has the courage to assert himself and who will conquer her

for her own good and for good and all. Then the capricious woman will no longer be the most aggravating thing in human society to-day. Then her host and hostess will cease wondering what she will do next and no longer be at a loss how to keep her in good humor and thus insure the success of the evening's entertainment.

Full of good impulses, which she spoils by her countless moods, the capricious woman cannot be relied upon except to cause mischief. One moment she is all enthusiasm over this plan or that, and to further it she will do anything within the range of her hands or purse. She will assure you that all you have to do is to command her. She will convince you that she is the soul of generosity, enthusiasm and willingness—for a moment. Then, before you have scarcely had time to turn your back, she will forget all that she said about, "Oh, it will be no trouble at all to help," and flatly declare that she will have nothing to do with the undertaking. She is so utterly unreliable that, after encountering one of her many moods, you feel that you have had enough of her for a lifetime—and then, presto! she does something so lovely and gracious that you are her true and tried friend again, making the same old moth-eaten excuse of "only her way."

In sooth, the capricious woman is in her glory when she is engaged in helping

to further an entertainment of any sort. In its early hours we actually throw bouquets at ourselves and declare that the event would have been a failure if we had not saved it by calling in the enthusiastic and whole-souled aid of Miss Capricious. The awakening comes fifteen minutes later as we are brushing ourselves with a particularly large bunch of flowers. We run across our star attraction indulging one of her moods and insanely nursing it. She has settled down in a heap from which it is impossible to arouse her. In vain we ask what is the

matter—and we are met with a stereotyped "nothing." Then, in our pain and disappointment, we begin to question her. "Has any one offended you?" "Oh, no," in the most injured tones. "Has anything been said or done that you do not like?" "Oh, no," like an icy shower bath in its effect on our spirits. "Can we do anything for you? Can we—"

"Of course not," petulantly; "everything is all right," with dignity.

Then you put your foot in it. "Are you ill?" anxiously. "Do I look so?" with superb scorn. Right here you do not tell the truth, as you reply: "My dear, I never saw you look lovelier." You are dying to add, "and more disagreeable," but you repress the desire and return to your task of trying to make the star attraction shine once more. And it's a hundred to one that you fall in the task.

The sum and substance of the whole

matter is that Miss Capricious has no excuse for making any such display of herself. She simply is showing to the world her well-known habit of being aggravating, of taking unto herself fancied slights, and of being piqued at nothing in particular and everything in general. In brief, Miss Capricious is a sulky—an incurable sulky—who needs as drastic treatment as the heroine in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Such a woman can do more toward upsetting the best laid social plans of mice and men than any other known human agency. She has a streak of unhappiness somewhere in her makeup that gets a diabolical pleasure by making others unhappy. She possesses cold-storage properties that, if put in active competition with an ice-making machine, would drive it out of business.

We all know her and we know that this is no libel. The pitiful part of it all is that the capricious woman is herself the greatest sufferer from these whims that she should conquer at all hazards, but which, from exterior appearances, she never tries to overcome.

The capricious woman displays four well-defined moods—the four acts of her little drama—before the curtain is rung down, so to speak, and she is left alone to think it all over.

The first is the enthusiastic stage,

when, by her buoyancy and lightheartedness, she spreads enjoyment all around. The second is the dumpy stage when, if her very life depended on it, she could not tell what is the matter, save that she is enjoying herself no longer. Then ensues the sulky stage, when every one begins to notice that something has gone wrong and to feel the congealing effects of proximity to the capricious lady.

No one knows what's the matter, but every one realizes that the spirit and pleasure have gone out of the whole affair, and they begin to sigh for home and an atmosphere that is not depressing and chilling and full of mental shivers.

Meanwhile, Miss Capricious, noting between sulks that she has spoiled the whole evening, begins to feel somewhat ashamed, because, after all, she has her good impulses and points. But, even though she has finally reached the fourth stage, where her better self prompts her, she does not know how to go about undoing the mischief that her sulks have caused. True, she makes a hard attempt at being agreeable again, but in such a ghastly way that all hands might as well try to resuscitate a corpse as to endeavor to put any life into an entertainment after it has once run counter to her moods.

She ought to be heartily ashamed of herself. She certainly is, and she vows that never again will she be so nasty—but every one knows that she has made this same resolution many times before and failed to keep it.

Really, I fear that the only way to deal with the capricious woman, besides marrying her off to a man with an indomitable will and pluck, is for her friends not to tolerate her whims and "her ways" in the slightest degree. This would mean being left alone a good part of the time—and no woman can endure that. Under such extreme, but entirely just, treatment, I believe that the capricious woman would reform, or at least make a brave effort to get rid of her undesirable ways. Unfortunately, however, the capricious woman generally has a stiff bank account back of her, or family influence, or great beauty, or some other charm that we like to use more or less for our own selfish aims; so I dare say we will keep on patiently letting her spill all the good times that we plan and look forward to so expectantly.

"COLONEL KATE."

Ships That Have Sailed the Ocean Their Full Hundred Years and Are Still Seaworthy

There was wrecked a short time ago at Fynemouth a fine old example of Britain's "wooden walls," named the Betsy Cairns. At the time of the disaster an enthusiastic witness, impressed with her ancient appearance, decided to investigate the history of the vessel and to ascertain the year of her birth. Efforts in the latter direction were futile, since the date of her launch was wrapped in oblivion; but he found that it was from her decks, in 1683, that Prince William of Orange had first set foot on British soil. In view of these auspicious circumstances it was not surprising that the sailing ship remained in royal favor, and for many years she was Queen Anne's royal yacht. When abandoned by her royal owner, the vessel was purchased by a trader and rechristened Betsy Cairns, and flew the British flag uninterruptedly for about 150 years after her degradation to a tramp.

The Anita was a remarkable example of the mediæval shipwright's skill, for her timbers are as sound to-day as they were when she was first committed to the bosom of the deep. She had weathered storms, cyclones and typhoons in all parts of the world. The only reason of her withdrawal from active service was her extreme slowness, for she was the slowest vessel afloat, occupying 225 days to travel about 700 miles—an approximate average speed of three and a half miles a day. Official records show that there are still twenty-four British ships at present facing the storms of the ocean, each being over 100 years old. And these maritime Methuselahs, although slow, are practically as serviceable and seaworthy to-day as they were when they were launched. They stand as forcible monuments to the skill of the British shipbuilders of the olden time.

Take the case of the old Australian convict ship Success. This hoary old craft, which during the past few years has been on exhibition, with her weird convict accommodation, and thrilling associations with bushrangers and other notable desperadoes, was built in 1789. She has been buffeted about on all the oceans of the world, and even now, in her 113th year, is able to weather tempestuous seas. The middle-age of a sailing ship is reckoned to be 28 years, and a ripe old age 120 years. Indeed, a vessel seldom exceeds the limits of six score years' service.

But the True Love, of Hull, is an exception to this rule, and has appeared in numerous roles. She is a bark of 248 tons, hailing from Philadelphia, where she was built in 1748. Her career was a proud one for the first few years of her life, while she sailed under the flag of the United States. She was then bought by a British shipmaster and converted into a whaler, in which capacity she figured for some ninety years. At 97, although weather-beaten and scarred with the ice floes, she was as sound as ever, and continued to ply to the Arctic seas in pursuit

of her calling. But her term of service in the Arctic was brought to a close by being sold to a timber firm, and for forty-four years she was engaged to bring timber from the Baltic to Great Britain. At last, after a life of nearly 150 years, she was sold to dealers and broken up. There is a Danish old-timer plying between Holland and British ports, which was built in Rudekjobing in 1772, and is still running after 130 years of service. But probably the most familiar of these archaic vehicles of the sea to the average reader is Nelson's old flagship Victory. This old wooden wall passed through the battle of Trafalgar, fought in 1805, so that gives her a lease of life of 97 years; but she was 40 years old when she tackled the combined French and Spanish fleets, so that she now has attained a respectable age of 137 years. But in this peculiar instance thousands of pounds have been expended by the British Admiralty to preserve this grand old relic to the nation. Had the Victory been permitted to exist after the manner of the ordinary sailing vessel she would have succumbed many years ago.

There is still coasting round the ports of the British Isles a windjammer, who, if her certificate of birth were investigated, would prove that she was no less than 220 years of age. She took part in the siege of Londonderry in 1688. The introduction of the steamship has practically driven the sailing vessel from the ocean, and during recent years many ships have been broken up by the inevitable ax whose ages ranged from 200 to 250 years. They were too slow to be financially remunerative. But, at the same time, sailing ships are far better centenarians than steamships. The term of life of the latter is limited to practically a few years, since improvement follows improvement so rapidly that a steamship, in a few years, becomes too expensive to run in comparison with a modern vessel. The oldest steamer afloat at the present time is the Sir Charles Ogle, a typical specimen of early British paddle-boat. She was built at Dartmouth in 1830 and is thus 72 years of age, but her claim to being the oldest steamship is run very close by the iron steamship Swift of Cardiff, which is 71 years of age and is still busy tramping.