

THE COLONEL PAPERS

THE COMPANIONABLE WOMAN

SUNDAY CALL
WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S SECTION
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SHE IS FAMILIAR WITH THE PUNCHING BAG.



SHE PADDLES THROUGH A SUDDEN STORM WITH A SMILING FACE.



HE DOES NOT ASK FOOLISH QUESTIONS AT THE FOOTBALL GAME BUT STUDIES THE LINE-UP BEFORE LEAVING HOME.

shower she will laugh off the situation, tramp through the wet regardless of bedraggled skirts, wet feet and drooping plumes. There are dry garments at the end of the journey, and why augment her companion's obvious embarrassment by fretful regrets? She will take it all out on the mustard bath, the hot water bottle and the nearest tailor, when she reaches home. And the man pronounces her a "brick."

A woman who can paddle smilingly through an April shower will smile through hours of domestic gloom, and point out to her discouraged husband the rift in the clouds.

If they start for a certain playhouse, only to find it sold out, she does not insinuate that a man with any sense would secure seats in advance. She suggests another theater where "such a clever musical comedy is on," and he pads her throats feeling that he is entering the gates of paradise at \$2 per entrance.

If they find every table taken at the restaurant, she does not urge him fretfully to try another establishment, which will probably be just as crowded, but chats so entertainingly while they wait for a vacant place that he ends up by ordering an extravagant supper and imagines he is sharing the food of the gods.

If they have planned an outing and at the last moment he finds that he cannot go, she will graciously accept his apologies instead of adding to his mortification by sulking, thereby making him yearn to buy orchestra seats at grand opera or charter a yacht for her express enjoyment.

The woman who can share a man's pleasures as well as his disappointments on something like a man's footing is a rarity, but all the more delightful for this fact. She is a combination of the perfect lady and the perfect gentleman.

She enters into his interests without sacrificing one jot of her feminine charm. She may punch a bag with the best of her brothers, but she will never take on the swagger of a prizefighter's sparring partner. She may pride herself on beating her men friends at hockey, but she never loses sight of the fact that a trig skating costume will lighten the onus of

"The Companionable Woman," Says Colonel Kate, "Holds a Man's Affection Through Years and Years of Association"—Such a One Enters Into a Man's Interests Without Sacrificing a Bit of Her Feminine Charm—She Is Philosopher and Friend—Girls Reared in an Atmosphere Exclusively Feminine Are Not Prepared to Become Happy, Contented Wives.

THE woman who holds a man's affections through years and years of association is the companionable woman.

She weaves her network of affection from an early age. Her pinafore admirer will cherish for an affection that years cannot change nor custom stale. When she lays aside pinafores for ankle-length skirts, she becomes his sweetheart. Later circumstances may separate them, they may never marry, but to the end he harks back to their love affair in terms of deepest affection. It glows brightly through his busy life. She was his comrade, staunch and loyal, companionable ever.

The woman who aims to be companionable should study that great book, human nature, until she is able to humor the whims and foibles of her friends.

The companionable woman philosophically makes the best of awkward circumstances, and thereby further rivets the chains of the man's regard.

Should they be caught in a sudden

is an age when paudering unselfishness and adulation on the part of woman is demanded by men. They do not expect her to give all and accept nothing—to enter into their interests absorbingly and forget her own. But they do say, "Come and walk by my side, like the things I like, be my comrade, not my housekeeper alone, and I'll lead you into paths strewn not with roses, but with the happiest, most congenial hours you have ever known."

Lady Fair, would you walk? Then study the art of good comradeship.

"COLONEL KATE."

ADVICE FOR THE BUSY WOMAN

The indolent woman who values a good appearance and yet has not the ambition to proceed with the work necessary to make herself beautiful is likely to declare that the lack of time alone prevents her from attempting the work. Her dashing sister, beautifully gowned, but conspicuous for her lined face and ragged finger nails, is equally insistent upon the fact that expense is the great stumbling block. In reality these types will always find some excuse for not appearing at their best, but, unfortunately, by their persuasive arguments they are apt to persuade others to the same belief.

The busiest woman, and she is undoubtedly the bread winner of to-day, can always manage to spend the few moments necessary to preserve her looks, if she will work methodically. Each night the face should be cleansed with warm water and the mildest of soaps, using a silken wash cloth for the purpose. Then, while the flesh is still moist, the cream to be used, either a whitening mixture or the skin food, should be rubbed in well and the tiny worry lines swiftly patted and coaxed away from the eyes and forehead. The hands are then well scrubbed and sometimes washed with a mixture of cornmeal and soap and the spots on and under the nails are removed by applying lemon juice, adding pumice stone if necessary to cleanse the space under the nails. Then the whitening cream is rubbed on, the beauty seeker not forgetting to apply a little just under each nail by means of the orange wood stick—and my lady's wearisome task is finished.

In the morning a swift dash of cold water on the face and neck and a rapid application of the skin food to rub away the lines of sleep, finishing with the usual application of powder, and the face is fortified against the coldest winds and the most penetrating of sunshine. The nails may be buffed for a moment now and the cuticle pressed back, and the hands are thus not only presentable, but in good condition to stand the work before them. The use of the cream under the finger nail each night is especially a protection, as it often cures the nails of the tendency to become brittle and tear and break on the slightest provocation.

The entire time spent in thus caring for the face and hands need not exceed ten minutes night and morning, while in the matter of expense a little study will enable any woman to manage the few articles necessary, and after a moderate equipment her entire outlay need not exceed \$6 a year—an average of 50 cents a month. If she desires she may easily learn and practice at home both the massage and manicuring.

she is just the sort to build a practical cozy corner in the home which is to be theirs some day. And she won't have lace curtains or silk throws in his way either, but just a comfy nook, where he can see air-castles rising above the curls of soft gray-blue.

The companionable woman does not chatter when she plays whist, and she respects her beloved's enthusiasm for pinochle. She knows that a quiet game of pinochle is infinitely safer than a try across the fatally fascinating green baize. So she knots her pretty brow over the mysteries of "royal marriages" and "sixty queens" until the onliest man in the world has to lay down his cards and kiss away the puzzled look.

The woman who can enjoy a drive behind a skittish horse and not grab her escort's arm every time the trotter makes a spurt, the girl who can take a sail without keeping an anxious eye on the canvas, the woman who can strike out across the country with a man and keep the pace with head erect, lungs filling and face teeming with appreciation of outdoor life, will draw the man she loves away from clubhouses.

The woman who spends her time idealizing men instead of studying them is preparing trouble for herself when she enters the matrimonial estate. She must learn as a girl to overlook small foibles and be content with large graces. A little knowledge of the world will do her no harm and make her more tolerant of the

dearest man in the world when she wakes up from the rosy dream of courtship to the stern realization of wedded life.

Girls reared in convents or in an atmosphere exclusively feminine are not prepared to become happy, contented wives in this day and age. Happy domesticity requires companionship, a sharing of interests. The girl who has known nothing of the life led by men, the affairs which interest them, is apt to land in the divorce court.

Happy that girl whose father and brothers take her into their charmed circle. The girl who is companionable for the men of her family is equally certain to walk with assurance in the path which leads to the altar—and beyond.

The girl who has been raised by a widowed mother, assisted by a superb array of adoring feminine relatives, burns incense to a manly ideal which never finds its prototype in real life. She is the girl who has hysterics when her newly wed husband forgets to bring home her violets, who thinks he should hold her hand in public places, who is made ill by the smoke from the choicest Havana, who faints when the auto tries to go up hill backward, who rails when her spouse indulges in language that is at times the one safety valve for an overtried nervous system, and walls because this same husband, being a wretched suburbanite with a train to catch, chases off without the third and last kiss.

Far be it from me to suggest that this

defeat. She can play golf without nagging the caddy or stopping to flirt at every inviting hazard. When she goes to a football game she does not annoy her escort with absurd and unreasonable questions. She studies out the line-up before she leaves home and she shouts herself hoarse for the side chosen by her companion.

She is not a prude, yet a man would blush to drop an oath in her presence. She invites his confidences, but never his familiarity. He may smoke if he will, but she knows better than to light a cigarette with the idea that this is the comradeship he will enjoy. Men like to see women smoke—in the somewhat vague realm of Bohemia—but not on the country road sides where wild roses blow. But if she will let him trudge by her side, pulling hard on his beloved pipe, he knows