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Special Features of Interest to Women

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Choosing a Hat and a Husband

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BY NELL BRINKLEY



Four Hours and a Half to Choose a Hat; Four Minutes and a Half to Choose a Husband.

Nell Brinkley Says

THROUGH the mossy carpeted, scented temple, where hats are lifted tenderly and deftly on and off of fair heads and dark, I strolled, the gentle cynic beside me, with one bright eye open for an autumn hat for me, myself.

All about the outer edges of the temple glass cases rose, filled with vari-colored chapeaux on their slender stands, like so many bright storks standing on one leg. Out in the green open of the temple two-faced mirrors stood about, each with a gilt and mahogany chair before it.

Tall women, slender as race horses; short ones, round and plump as partridges, all clad in trailing, ankle binding black, insinuated themselves softly about, carrying meltingly perfect little hats on three fingers, their faces spread with the expression of a

slave bearing his master's pet jewel in his hand. We walked slowly and at last stood still behind a little beauty of a woman who twisted and turned on a mahogany and gilt chair under countless hats that were lowered to and lifted in swift succession from her head.

Oh, la; such a weighty matter was this! Here was good, honest labor and thought spent recklessly! The race horse sales-lady in black charmeuse searched and worked desperately and absorbedly. The girl on the chair, brown eyed, gold haired, sought out her image in the mirror under a myriad of hats at endless angles! Old Time trod swiftly by and at last—at last, the little lady rose honestly.

"I must," she said, "I must think it over. I like this little blue one, but I must go home and think it over!" There was

smiling and bowing and the lady of the startling brown and gold face coloring was gone.

The gentle cynic turned and smiled wryly.

"Look at that, pray, mademoiselle! That reminds me, because it is so different, of the fashion in which that same careful little lady will go out and take unto herself a husband! Of course, sometimes a woman walks out of a temple of millinery with a fright on her head, just as she leaves the church door with a fright by her side. But in the first mistake it isn't because she didn't spend time and gray matter on it!

"See, now, this little lady. She worked like a little towhead, using time, patience, all her brain, her judgment, her artistic sensibilities. She didn't stop at one. She tried two dozen on top of her gilt head. And now—she has gone home to 'think it over.'

"How will it be when she takes a mate? He will probably pick up her wisp of a handkerchief on the train between here and New York, they will look once into each other's eyes and the next day there will be a wedding and their pictures in the paper. She'll never know if he's becoming to her style of disposition until after she has him. She'd never in a thousand years walk out with the first hat that ravished her eye. She goes home to 'think it over.' But she walks off with the first man who touches her hair. And it's AFTER that she 'thinks it over.'

"Tell me why that is—when the hat may be chucked into the yesterdays when this short season is over—and a husband lasts forever?"

So I have made a picture of it for the cynic's delectation. If he is right or not I do not know.

Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

WE SHOULD be charitable with the man who goes wrong," the women say from the lecture platform. "Perhaps," pulling out the tremolo stop on their voices, "he never had home influence."

Chauncey Devere Appleton, who is always looking for material for addresses to the Children's congress, of which he is president, slipped a pad of writing paper in his book the other night. While ostensibly reading, he would make notes of the home influences with which he was surrounded.

"Do you remember, Lysander John," began his wife, "the night you proposed to me—"

"I never proposed to you at all," snapped her husband, with unusual coldness. "The third time I called you pushed me into the parlor, where I found myself standing in front of a preacher."

Mrs. Appleton sighed and looked at her daughter. Her daughter gave her

a look of understanding that was not complimentary to father.

"I told those Kennedys who took Chauncey Devere and me out auto-mobiling today that we had individual automobiles in our family," spoke Daysey Mayme. "I thought I would impress them."

"Yes, and when it was time for us to stop, you reached up to pull the bell cord," interrupted her brother. "There was a slap and a scream."

"Leave your brother alone," commanded their father. "Listen" (to his wife).

Then he read of a frightful railroad accident, going into all the gruesome details.

"He reads that sort of stuff to you," whispered Daysey Mayme to her mother. "To scare you, so you wouldn't take a trip on a free pass to a family reunion."

Lysander John likes to read out loud. "I see," he resumed, looking up from a tariff report, "that stockings are going to be higher."

"But we can't wear them any higher

with these long corsets," protested his wife.

"I told the Kennedys," continued Daysey Mayme, "that the last time we entertained we had seven helping in the kitchen."

"Was that the truth?"—from her father.

"Of course, it was," replied his daughter. "Didn't we have all our poor kin out there?"

"Your father's kin, you mean," corrected her mother. "They were out there to get their share."

Lysander John flung down his paper in a rage, stamped on it, and left the room, closing the door with a slam. Daysey Mayme turned to her brother.

"Look at your hands!" she screamed; "you haven't washed them today!"

"Take a trip on a free pass to a family reunion," began Chauncey Devere on his writing pad; then, laying aside the dignity of great office as president of the Children's congress, he yielded to a rare boyish impulse and wrote one word: "Nit."

STAGEFAVORITES' FAVORITE RECIPES



Salad Collins by J.P. Collins

Maiden Musings

PERHAPS—

If you could look over the fence at neighbor Croesus' landscape garden you would find him peering just as slyly through the knothole to discover why your plebeian sweet-pans show more anxiety to clamber skyward than do his aristocratic blooms.

PERHAPS—

The poor little rich girl who is having all the cream puff froth and luxury of life envies you the doughnuts that are "sinkers" on the under-side of things.

PERHAPS—

The woman who laughs at your pleas, scorns your threats and rebuffs at home, would capitulate to your indifference.

PERHAPS—

Your feast of joy will seem all the more delicious if the first course is of misery.

PERHAPS—

The name you call another chap fits you better than it does him.

PERHAPS—

You might find that spending \$10,000 a year in a world where thousands are the units of measure requires more self-denial than existing on \$10 a week on Gosck street.

HERE is a salad which makes a delicious piece de resistance for the summer luncheon. It will prove cooling and tempting to the jaded appetite, even on days when the thermometer threatens to make a record at the 100 degree mark.

Pick apart a pound of well boiled halibut, set on ice while you make a good mayonnaise, which in turn must go on ice. Have ready one-third as much celery as you have halibut; cut the celery into half-inch lengths, chop finely and add a large white onion. Add this to the halibut, and mix together in a ball. Sprinkle with cayenne and salt and stir lightly into a cupful of mayonnaise.

Now line a platter with crisp lettuce; arrange the salad within this, and garnish generously with sliced tomatoes, cucumbers and hard boiled eggs.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I WONDER if there is anything in signs this season," said the Manicure Lady. "All the bad luck signs has fallen on me lately, George. Things is so rosy that I am all the time looking for the Call building to fall right on me and me alone. I never seen the time when so many things broke right all at once, and that right in the face of a lot of hoodoo signs."

"It comes that way sometimes," said the Head Barber. "I didn't see any hoodoo signs at all last week, and everything broke wrong. Two skates that I bet on got the blind stagers and the missus got the quinsy and the kid caught it from her. I don't believe in signs."

"I used to," said the Manicure Lady, "but it's getting so I ain't surreptitious, too. Yesterday our biggest mirror broke up at the house. It wouldn't have broke, only Wilfred was trying to show father how to box, and the old gent threw science to the winds and cut loose with a haymaker that druv my poor brother through the looking glass in the hall, through the one Ma and Mayme and I always stands in front of to see how we look to go out for the evening. That was a broken looking glass for fair, but it

didn't bring no bad luck to our household. And Wilfred walked under a ladder yesterday when he was looking up at the clouds to get an inspiration for a poem called 'A Cloudy Day in August.' There wasn't any come-back on that, either. I fussed a little last night when I seen a cross-eyed woman in the subway but nothing came of that this far. I guess the poor thing got cross-eyed looking two ways for a seat. I am as happy as a humming bird, and nothing has happened to ruffle my feelings. I haven't heard a single guy that came in here all the forenoon say I should worry."

"The old gent says that everything equalizes in this world. He ain't like us young folks, George. Every time that we see three or four happy days in a row we begin to think that we are going to be like the lilies that toll not neither do they spin, yet Sullivan in all his glory never had no better clothes than them. The old gent says that he never puts himself on the back for having a little run of luck, because he has been too long in the league to think ever that his life is roses and sunshine. He says that we all ought to consider the wallpats that is in store for us and act in kind of calm even in the moments of our easiest going."

"I don't agree with your father," said the Head Barber. "Lots of times I think some people has a right to be swell. You see, George, when father had a lot of money he used to mix in with the swells, and found out that there wasn't as much gold in their hearts and heads as there is in the hearts and heads of his regular pals. I kind of like him for it, George, whether you do or not. He never says much about his friends, but you bet they are his friends, and he would break a date with King Alphonso of Spain to go out to the ball game with Bob Kiley."

"But that ain't what we started to talk about. I was saying that signs can't amount to much, or I would be setting here now making a holler about something. Well, for the love of Paddy! Gee, George, somebody has took my pocketbook! Oh, Gee! It musta been some dip on the subway! Gee, now I've gotta be surreptitious again!"

Advice Given to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

NO APOLOGY DUE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 19 and in love with a young man two years my senior.

Recently he saw me going to a ball with another man, and he got angry. He did not go. Since that time he does not speak to me and goes with other girls to make me jealous. I don't take any notice of him, but I really love him. He has told a friend of mine that if I apologized he would speak to me. I am not engaged to him and am too proud to think of apologizing for such a foolish thing.

ANXIOUS.

You have done nothing for which an apology is necessary, and a girl who begins by being humble has to keep it up.

Continue in your present attitude, and if he loves you enough to be worth loving he will be the one to apologize. If not, then do not spoil your pretty eyes by worrying, for the "right man" will some day come along.

HE OVERDOES IT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl of 17 and in love with a young man three months my senior. He goes to business with me every morning and seems very affectionate, but when I meet him in the street sends me a cold my senior. He goes to business with me every morning and seems very affectionate, but when I meet him in the street sends me a cold my senior. He goes to business with me every morning and seems very affectionate, but when I meet him in the street sends me a cold my senior.

It is possible the impression you made on her was so faint that she forgot about you. At any rate, her conduct does not show that she is greatly interested.

Try it again. Don't be discouraged with the first rebuff. Write her, and ask for the privilege of making a call.

CERTAINLY NOT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 17 and in love with a young man of 20. He has asked

me to go out with him, but I refused, because my mother said she wanted to see the young man first. He wants me to meet him on the corner of our street. Do you think he has any respect for me if he will not call for me at my home?

Your mother is right, and his refusal to comply doesn't indicate any great amount of self-respect or respect for you.

Don't meet him anywhere. Accept your mother's wish as law and respect it.

SARA.

That is a question for your parents to decide. Such marriages are rarely happy, for the reason that each is in a measure ostracized by the family of the other. The price paid for such love grows heavy with the years. Can not you abide by your parents' wishes?

PERHAPS SHE FORGOT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A few weeks ago I met a young girl at a social and was quite fond of her. I made a date two weeks ahead, and the day I was to meet her I received a card telling me that she had an appointment, and therefore asked me to call the following Sunday during the afternoon. On my arrival I found nobody at home. ANXIOUS.

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Snap Shots

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY

IF the world has lost all meaning, and there seems to be no gleaming, while gray clouds your sun are screening—come out of doors. When my world seems dark and dreary, and no roof-tree joys will cheer me, and of life I think "I'm weary—out of doors still can hold and enchant me, can a little respite grant me, can dismiss the ghosts that haunt me, so of course I am prone to recommending what I find my blues is ending, and the skies new blue is lending." Out of doors is a place for deeper breathing, is the land of soul unshattering, while the sweetest incense wreathing, out of doors, seems to wing the light-some hours if you'll just seek Nature's bowers—out of doors!

Life is a play in which we do not

choose our parts. They are chosen for us by the author of the play. But we do decide whether we will play their well or ill.—Ovid.

"By land or sea, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me. No wind can drive my bark astray. Or change the tide of destiny."

THOU ART LIKE A FLOWER (After the German of Heinrich Heine)

Ah, Love, you are a flower. So fair, so sweet, so pale. I think in sacred wonder Of storms you must endure. My heart sings benediction, The while I make my prayer. That God in heaven will keep you Forever pure and fair.

—LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Contributors to This Page

NELL BRINKLEY is the most fascinating artist in black and white in the newspaper field. She is whimsical, romantic, quaint, and as a delineator of girls her work is irresistible. BEATRICE FAIRFAX knows human nature and can write of it as few women can. Her contributions to this page will be varied from day to day, taking up, at times, aspects of society and giving, also, advice to the lovelorn. WILLIAM F. KIRK is famous as the creator of Little Bobbie and The Manicure Lady. In addition to the humor of the Little Bobbie series, Mr. Kirk will frequently contribute verse, FRANCES L. GARSIDE will write frequently of "Daysey Mayme and Her Folks." Any one with such a name as "Daysey Mayme" is sure to be comic.