FEMININE FANCIES—THINGS of INTEREST to WOMEN

Preparing for the Wedding

THE days of preparing for the wedding are wonderful ones indeed—wonderful for the prospective bride's parents, as well as for the bride herself. A few years ago weddings were great affairs; several days were taken up with great preparations, "but now we have changed all that," as the French say. The simple wedding seems to be coming into its own, and there really is no occasion for weeks of worry and work. Of course, the trousseau needs time and attention, but this is really the principal preparation. It is a great mistake for a young woman to wear herself out running a sewing machine, going through the various shops for bargains, or even visiting the many dressmakers.

There are only a few things more fatiguing than standing for a long period of trying on gowns. The prospective bride, who spends days of such tedium may arrive at the altar in a fagged condition, instead of appearing at the height of her beauty. The bride who hopes to look her best on the day of her wedding has many things to consider—one of the chiefest being to never fatigue herself.

Regardless of the fact that weddings as a rule are not so elaborate as in former years, plenty of time should be allowed for the tasks at hand. It is the duty of the bride's mother to see that she is protected from the usual bustle and strife that attends wedding day preparation. It should be the duty of the parents to make the decision on the kind of wedding that their daughter should have, but indulgent America rather leaves it to "daughter." And, of course, the subject of expense is taken up at this decision. There is always a wish to make the affair as pretty as possible, but the cost should not be more than parents can afford. A strict rule is in vogue that the expenses of the wedding shall be borne by the family of the bride—who pay for such things as the trousseau, decorations, cards, carriages and invitations. It is usually the pleasurable duty of the groom to pay for the flowers for the bride and bridesmaids, carriages for the ushers, his best man and himself, and the gift to the clergyman. The wedding breakfast and other entertainments at the home of the bride are paid for by the bride's family.

When determining the expenses of a wedding it is the duty of the bride's parents to remember that everything must be according to the scale, as the architects are wont to remark. It is not a good plan to spend largely in one direction and economize closely in another, for each feature must be in proportion. A certain amount of floral decoration is usually necessary, and care should be shown in the selection of flowers. It is a splendid plan to have the delicate blooms arrive at the scene of the wedding just a short time before the ceremony is scheduled to take place. In this way the flowers are fresh when they are needed. In case of a church wedding, some ugly churches need a great many potted plants and flowers, in order to give a pleasing effect. Decorations are rather expensive and their cost should be reckoned before the wedding takes place.

In arranging the trousseau the bride should pay only the necessary attention to it, in order that she may not be worn out by her wedding day. Clothes in the making, of course, require a deal of attention, but the bride's mother can aid in this work, relieving somewhat the strain on the daughter. Such things as the decoration and refreshments should be arranged without bother to the bride, who probably has enough on her hands without such matters.

Modern Riding Habit

THE modern riding habit is claimed to be the most sensible of all riding garments for women. The chroniclers of the modes in olden days had very little to say regarding fashionable equestrienne garments, and it is thought they were justified in their silence. In the days of the Fair Maid of Ghent, women rode long-tailed palfreys, attired in embroidered robes of velvet and brocade. Even so late as the reign of Charles II. green velvet was a fashionable material. Many writers ascribe the introduction of the side saddle to Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard II.

In olden days women seldom rode alone, but sat on a pillion behind a man or servant, and it is interesting to note that the belt worn by the modern groom is a survival of the stout leather one assumed by the members of the sterner sex many centuries ago for their companions or female employers to cling to. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was no special riding dress, the safeguard, or weather skirt, being worn in alliance with a cloak. It was made of a stiff woolen or silken material and protected the other garments from the mud.

Queen Elizabeth frequently discarded the cloak and wore the skirt with an ordinary bodice. During the last fifteen years more sober and sensible treatments of riding habits represent fashion's edicts.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

IF table silver is placed in hot soapsuds immediately after being used, and dried with a soft, clean cloth, much of the work of polishing will be saved.

Labeling articles and canned fruit should become a household duty.

To remove obstinate stoppers from glass bottles, dip a piece of woolen cloth into boiling water and wrap tightly about the neck of the bottle. In a few minutes the stopper can easily be taken out.

For Home Laundry Workers

THERE are many little hints about home laundry work that few women are aware of; little details which aid greatly in making the work easier and giving better results. For instance, when ironing table napkins, fold them double—selvedge to selvedge—perfectly even, and always mangle several at a time. Then, let them be rolled up in a towel for some time before ironing. To iron them, take one at a time, shake and stretch evenly, spread out very smoothly on the table with the right side uppermost and as square as possible.

First, iron the right side, then the wrong and back again on the right. Be careful not to stretch the edges, and to iron until quite dry. They are ironed on both sides to avoid having one side rough and the other smooth, as often happens. It is best to give the hems an extra ironing in order to dry them well. Table napkins can be folded either in three or in four. The name or monogram should be on the outside when the napkins are ironed. If the monogram is raised, it should be ironed on the wrong side to make the embroidery stand out.

Always iron a linen apron on the right side to make it smooth and glossy. The order of ironing can be as follows: Iron first the bands and bib until dry. If the apron is long, the gathers should then be ironed across from selvedge to selvedge, and lastly, the lower part of the apron, being careful to keep the hem straight.

A muslin apron can be ironed in the same manner, unless it is made of very thick material. Muslin, when new, has no gloss on the right side, and it is advisable to keep garments as like new as is possible. To fold an apron, place the garment on a table with the wrong side uppermost, and fold the straps over to lie flat down the apron.

Then fold over each side by the bib. If this fold is too wide, the selvedges may be folded back, making the strip narrower.

When ironing a shirtwaist, iron the wristbands, neckbands and the other starched plaits, or bands, first on the right side, then on the wrong side. This will give them the desired smoothness. Lay the shirtwaist on the ironing board with the neckband directly in front of the ironer and parallel with the front edge of the table, stretch until smooth, and iron on the right side until partly dry, then on the wrong side, and finish on the right side. Proceed in the same manner with the wristbands.

Iron prints on the wrong side, if possible, because it gives them more nearly the appearance of new and prevents an undesirable gloss. When the neckband and cuffs are finished, lay the waist on the board with the neck at the left hand, and iron the fronts, then the back. It is best to iron both fronts first, because they are often trimmed, and will look better and iron easier if not allowed to become dry.

The back, being plainer, can be dampened with a cloth wrung from warm water. Iron well into the gathers until dry. Do not iron across the seams, but close to them on either side, then press the seams by setting the iron directly on them. To iron the sleeve fold at the seam and begin ironing at the seam side, being careful not to iron across the opposite fold, and thus form a crease.

Dried lemon peel sprinkled over coals will destroy any disagreeable odor of cooking lingering about the house.

THE JUSTWEDS RETURN HOME WITH A SOUVENIR

IT was a shame—a perfect shame! And especially on such an evening. But Mr. Justwed simply couldn't let so glorious an opportunity slip by without expressing due appreciation of its possibilities. Therefore, be it stated—sadly, reluctantly and in the hopes he will never do so again—Homer-dear "handed it" to his mother-in-law good and plenty. And it all happened—well, give close attention, ye married men, but do not go thou and do likewise!

It was quite the natural thing that, upon the evening of the Justweds' return from Washington, Mrs. J.'s mother—"Mommer," Mrs. J. called her—should be on hand to welcome them home. To her credit, be it noted, she had aired and cleaned the house and prepared a fine dinner, such a one as a mother-in-law only can prepare when she temporarily feels a tolerance for the brute who won her daughter. And both the weary travelers did full justice to her culinary achievement.

Then the trunks arrived and the two women gave Mr. J. no peace at all until he had unstrapped and unlocked them though he, for the life of him, couldn't see why, since they had been packed this long, a few hours more would make a difference. That done, he settled back in his easy chair by the living-room table and watched the process of smoothing out wrinkled skirts and the untying of numerous bundles whose contents had been purchased in the Capital City. Presently Mrs. J. lifted out a small package neatly tied with ribbon.

"This is for you, Mommer," said Mrs. J., "just a little souvenir of our trip, from Homer and me. We both picked it out and—"

"Why that is perfectly dear of you—both of you," exclaimed Mommer as she untied it. "Isn't it just lov—humph!" And the smile fairly froze on her face.

"Wh-what is it, Mommer?" gasped Mrs. J.

Mr. Justwed straightened up in his chair.

Mommer said never a word until she had walked over and planted herself directly in front of her son-in-law.

"This!" she demanded. "What does this mean?" And she held before his inquiring gaze a photo post-card.

Homer-dear started to grin—but checked it off right in the middle.

"What, Mommer? What is it?" asked Mrs. Justwed anxiously.

Mommer snatched the card quickly to her bosom.

"It is not for you to see, Blossom," she said decisively. "Let me deal with this—this—Mormon!"

"Oh!" interrupted Mrs. J. calmly. "It's—it's—but what in the world is the matter, Mommer? Why are you angry?"

"Enough!" snapped Mommer. "I'll attend to this, Blossom!"

Mrs. J. sniffled—and snuffled—and then broke right out in long, soul-wracking sobs.

"Blossom?" exclaimed Mr. J. with real solicitude in his voice. "Don't cry, dear, please don't." And he put out his hand to pat her shoulder.

But Mommer fairly knocked it aside.

"Don't you dare touch her—don't you dare, Homer Justwed!" she stormed. "There—there—Blossom—And to think such a thing should happen to my daughter!"

Mrs. Justwed looked up from the depths of her handkerchief, gulped hard and said, without a trace of her former tears:

"This is absurd, Mommer. There is some horrible mistake—there must be! I can't understand why that post-card makes you angry. We thought it would please you and—"

"What!" gasped Mommer, clutching at the table for support.

"And we put it in the package, on top of our real present, as a little surprise souvenir for you. I saw Homer put it there. What in the world is—"

"Well!" gasped Mommer again. And she flopped down into the chair that Mr. J. had vacated. She struggled desperately for breath and turned white and yellow, alternately, under the gills—excuse us, under the ears. Finally her lips narrowed into that thin, straight line that boded ill for someone.

But Mr. J. was calmly standing by, puffing on his pipe and striving valiantly to suppress a grin. Mommer's gaze fell upon him and there was utter contempt in her eyes.

"You, sir," she snapped, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Mommer," put in Mrs. J., "it wasn't Homer's fault—I had the photo taken myself—I suggested it."

"Wh-how—wh — why—wh-wh-wh-whow!" Mommer was positively green!

"This!" she demanded. "What does this mean!"

Both Homer-dear and Blossom sprang to her side.

"Get the smelling salts, Homer!" cried Mrs. J. "It's her heart!"

"No!" thundered Mommer, old Spartan that she was. "Don't let that—that—Bluebeard do a thing for me! I'm all right now!"

"Please let me explain, Mommer," insisted Mrs. J. "I simply can't understand it. Homer and I were walking along in Washington the other day and we came across a photograph gallery that makes post-card photos while you wait. They have a real cute little method of taking your picture on a plate that already has on it a photo of the President. So Homer and I had ours taken shaking hands with him—I don't know exactly how they do it, but they do. We thought we'd slip it in the package as a surprise for you. I had several taken separately and so did Homer. Now what is wrong, Mommer? Why, why, are you so angry—please, please tell me!"

Mommer passed her hand across her eyes several times as though trying to arouse herself from an ugly dream.

"There!" she exclaimed suddenly, thrusting the post-card into Blossom's hands. "I thought I could save you the terrible sight, my poor, poor child, but evidently I can't. See for yourself." And turning to Mr. J., "don't you dare touch it, you—you—you Turk!"

Mrs. J. seized the card and turned it face up. Suddenly she broke forth in wild peals of laughter and literally fell to the floor, too weak from merriment to stand.

Mommer sat bolt upright.

Then Mr. J. cut loose with guffaws that fairly shook the room.

Mommer gasped, sputtered, choked and began to fight things in the air.

"This—this—oh, Mommer — this—is—is—too," stammered Mrs. Justwed, doing her best to speak coherently, "too—absurd—for—for anything! Homer—you—you—you're an old Devil! You ought to be ashamed—of—oh my, oh my,—if you don't make me stop laughing I'll—I'll die—"

Mommer was on her feet, ablaze with righteous indignation.

"Humph!" she snapped. "You may think it funny to see a photograph of your husband sitting holding another woman's hand—but I don't! And a chorus girl, too, and in tights! I—I—have you no womanhood left, Blossom? I shall leave this house instantly—and you're coming with me!"

"Now listen, Mommer dear," Mrs. J. hastened to explain, "The photographer showed us post-cards like that—ones in which you can have your picture taken holding hands with a ballet dancer and—and—well, I guess Homer thought he'd play a little joke on you—and he must have had this taken while I was—"

"Well!" snapped Mommer, somewhat mollified but still sticking to her guns. "If he ever does hold hands with a chorus girl, Blossom, you'll have no one to blame but yourself!" And she banged the door behind her as she sailed majestically out of the room.

But Homer-dear didn't mind. For once in his life he and Blossom were united against the Enemy! Surely, that was worth something!

EDWARD RIDDLE PADGETT.

Paper 175 inches wide, used for the printing of newspapers, is made at a rate of 650 feet per minute.

A CORNER for MEN

A Few Helpful Moments With the "Get There" Club

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success."

YOU'VE heard that axiom a good many times, eh Horace? Ten to one, you simply hate the sight of it. It's so stupid, tantalizing, inane? Sure! Of course if one succeeds he's bound to be successful—any chump would know that! More than that, it's so true that it sort of gets on your nerves to have it rubbed in like that, doesn't it?

Again, rather than being an encouraging sentiment, it's all the other way. What good does it do to tell you and me—struggling as we are to make both ends meet and escape the clutches of the collectors—what good does it do to tell us that after we have succeeded we're going to be successful! Pretty punk dope that? You bet!

But stop just a moment, Bo, and think about it. In the first place, its meaning is quite plain. It is, in substance at least, that one success invites another; that once the tide of good fortune begins to turn your way it develops into a torrent.

Fair or unfair, this certainly seems to be verified every day. It's like getting that first thousand dollars—mighty hard to do; but the second and the third and the fourth come a whole lot easier.

There is, however, a deeper meaning than that, Horace, one that we will do well to analyze and take home to ourselves in our fight to "get there." Suppose, by way of illustration, you have saved up two hundred dollars and plan a little deal with several friends in real estate. Say five of you put in two hundred each and buy a lot.

You wait a year and along comes a chap who simply has to have that piece of ground for a row of houses he's erecting. He buys it—and each of you gets his two hundred back and a hundred dollars besides. Well, what's the answer?

Not that you have made a hundred iron men clear profit. That's merely the material side of it. Nor yet that in place of having two hundred with which to attempt to build your fortune you now have three. No, they are simply the dollars-and-cents side of the matter.

The real point, Horace, is that, through this experience, you have learned that money can be made in such deals; that you are justified in believing in your own judgment; that if you continue to be on the alert for such investments you will earn similar profits and—stick a pin here, Bo—that you'll never again hesitate about putting your money in the ground as you did in this, your first plunge!

It's a matter of practical phychology, you see. Just as "Once burned, thrice shy" is true, so once a scheme proves successful your ability to "put it across" again is increased threefold—because you know more about it and are more confident of its ultimate success!

There's a lot in this, Horace, in this question of confidence. You've got to have confidence in yourself or you'll never get anywheres. If you don't believe in yourself, in your projects, in your ability, how can you expect others to?

We are accepted, remember, at pretty much the same value we ourselves put upon ourselves. And as we progress and succeed in our undertakings, our opinion of ourselves keeps pace with our success. It is reflected in our faces, in our manner, in our speech, in our methods of thinking and working and—it is seen by and has its effect upon "the other fellow."

Think success, Horace, act it, believe in it. Never take it for granted that you won't succeed—and you'll be surprised to find how one success always invites another.

FIRE FIGHTING IN JAPAN.

THE fire fighting force of Tokio is pitiably inadequate, in spite of the fact that the city is always in danger of a great conflagration. There is a regular staff of firemen, small though quite efficient, who are assisted in time of need by coolies. The city is divided into districts for purposes of fire and police protection, and there are forty-eight watchtowers maintained. Few cities in the world are so much in danger of great fires as Tokio. The houses are more like children's playhouses than dwellings. The heating is usually accomplished by tiny braziers of coals.

A PECULIAR LOCOMOTIVE

A DOUBLE-ENDED locomotive has been constructed by a London firm for use on the mountain railroads of Mexico. The engine has the appearance of two engines, with but a single cab in the middle. The entire weight is carried on two six-wheeled trucks, with no independent wheels, the advantage of this arrangement being that all the wheels are available for adhesion.

Australia has over 16,000 miles of railroads.

A COLONIAL BRICK RESIDENCE.

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.

OUR illustration shows a Colonial design for a brick veneered residence, of liberal proportions, simple in outline, plain in detail and with all of the conveniences of interior arrangement that make for a strictly up-to-date home.

The size of this house is 43 ft. frontage by 35 ft. depth exclusive of the rear extension. The construction throughout is substantial, using the best of materials with 2x6 in. studding on the outside, sheathed diagonal, covered with heavy building paper and veneered with a dark vitrified Colonial brick, set with deep sunk joints, the exterior walls to be back plastered between studding and plastered again on the inside, making a very warm house.

The entire house is finished with a large living room, library, dining room and kitchen on the first floor with other conveniences to make up a complete house. The rear stairway extends from the basement to the attic in a separate hall, connected with the main part by a single door in each floor, so that the rear part of the house can be cut off entirely from the main part.

There are five good chambers on the second floor with ample closets, linen closet and bath room, and opening off from a side hall in the rear over the kitchen is a large sleeping porch 9 by 13 ft., screened in for summer use and glazed in for winter use. The attic story has two good chambers and a large amusement room, all well finished. The first story throughout is in hardwood and Mission stain and the second floor is finished in Washington fir stained. The floors are all of hardwood in natural color.

It is estimated to build this house complete, exclusive of heating and plumbing, for $7,000. There is a good stone foundation with a full basement (or the foundation may be of concrete) complete with laundry and drying room, room for heating apparatus, fuel, etc., and vegetable cellar

Paper Making in Japan

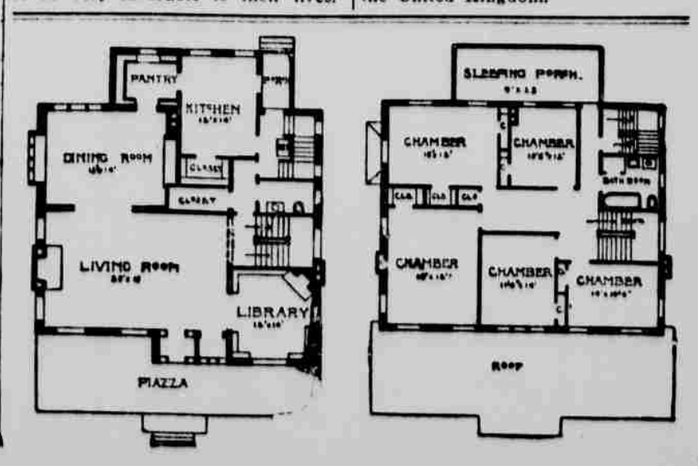
NEXT to cotton spinning, the production of paper is Japan's greatest industry. Centuries before Occidental people learned to manufacture paper from rags it was being made in China from actual fibers. From China this art was carried to Europe through Central Asia by the Arabs. It is claimed that Egyptians were the first to manufacture paper, but their papyrus was not real paper, being merely the peeled bark of the reeds growing on the banks of the Nile.

The material for first making paper employed by the Chinese was the so-called paper mulberry bush, which is known as "kozu" in Japan. The value of the annual production of Japanese machine-equipped mills is about eight million dollars, and that of the hand mills reaches over nine million dollars.

Thousands of natives are employed in paper manufacture. Hand-made paper is produced mainly by farmers as a secondary occupation which they can pursue in seasons when there is nothing to be done in the fields. There are no less than sixty thousand families engaged in the industry. Printing paper is the most important kind produced in Japan. The next in importance is cardboard.

ILLEGAL VEGETABLES.

IT is illegal, at the present time, in France to raise certain vegetables, such as celery, lettuce and other things which grow near the ground, upon sewage disposal lands, because of the supposed danger of poisonous germs being carried and introduced into the human system. Some experiments have been performed recently which have demonstrated the needlessness for such alarm. It is claimed, as a result of the experiment, that microbes do not enter the body of the vegetable under any circumstances—although it is possible for them to be entrained along the stem and leaves, but this location does not seem to be very favorable to their lives.

OUR GREAT RAISIN CROP.

MORE than one million dollars worth of raisins were exported from this country last year, the quantity, 18,500,000 pounds, being far in excess of the total ever exported before. Canada is by far the largest market for American raisins exported, the exports thereto during the past year being 11,000,000 pounds. Of the 2,500,000 pounds of raisins imported into this country last year, Spain, England, Asiatic Turkey and Russia were the chief sources. According to the figures there is an increasing demand for raisins in this country, but yet we do not eat one-third so many as the United Kingdom.