

# HEAD HOUSE.

# HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

## BED CLOTHES COVERINGS.

A FEW VALUABLE HINTS ABOUT THE CARE OF BEDDING.

**Wouldn't Give Up Corsets—The Right Sort of Wife—Woman and Success—American Women Growing—Married Women's "Duties"—This Woman Business.**

The young housewife who when buying her first home furnishings can afford a little additional outlay for slip covers for pillows, bolsters and mattresses will save herself much tireless labor and eventually considerable expense. These slip covers are the most satisfactory when made of a cheap grade of blue and white ticking which is retailed for about ten cents. Being light and thin, it washes easily and is still heavy enough to serve the purpose of keeping the mattress clean.

When making pillows and bolsters it is better to use muslin to contain the feathers or down, having a good quality of feather ticking outside, which can easily be removed and laundered when soiled without the necessity of emptying the feathers as our mothers and grandmothers used to do.

I remember calling once on a young housekeeper, whom I found on a side porch gingerly dipping feathers with her hands out of a pillow tick into a barrel. Her gray flannel dress and pretty legs were dirty with down, and altogether it seemed that if she had prepared for the occasion she could hardly have made matters worse.

We were old friends, so I took the liberty of offering assistance. Picking up the remaining unopened pillow, I asked for the case that had been on it and a needle and thread. After shaking the feathers into the barrel, I turned the end to be opened I ran a basting thread all along about two inches from the latter, ripped the seam and basted the latter across the end and cut the stitches which united the two, when the tick was ready for the laundry with scarcely any waste or musing. Where slip covers are used, the most of the easiest method of preparing pillow ticks for the wash.

When finishing bed coverables, they should always have a half yard strip of cheesecloth—the buck breadths of worn gingham dresses of a pretty light shade would do nicely—basted across the end to keep them neat and fresh as long as possible. It is a question whether covering them with a cheaper bed covering than blankets, though I believe the delusion still exists with most housekeepers. The latter make the ideal covering for cool weather, because of lightness and loose texture, which admits a free passage of the exhalations of the body, and because of the ease and thoroughness with which they can be frequently cleansed. Of late years there has been a white, heavily fluffed cotton flannel which is upon a market which makes a desirable substitute for quilts in summer weather. These retail at from 50 cents to \$1.50 a pair. They are also to be had in shades of gray, just the thing for schoolboys and farm help. One defect is their messenger dimensions. In order to remedy this I have sometimes torn one blanket in two and sewed the two halves on the ends of two other blankets, using the sewing machine for the work and rolling down the rough edges. Of course the blankets thus pieced were used crosswise the bed instead of lengthwise, as before.

Bedding in constant use should daily be exposed for several hours to a current of fresh air and sunlight as often as possible. Once a week, wash the clothing for the day.—*Minneapolis Housekeeper.*

## Wouldn't Give Up Corsets.

One of the most prominent merchants became convinced that the young women in one of the departments of his establishments were injuring themselves by their constant wearing of tight corsets, and issued a notification that in future no corsets should be worn during working hours. Instantly there was indignation and the girls at the department appointed a committee of three to wait upon their employer for a redress of grievances. The employer received the committee and stated that he assured the young women that his order had been issued in their interest. He pointed out that the wearing of corsets did not improve their appearance in the eyes of any one but themselves, as they worked in a basement where no visitors were admitted. He further read them a little lecture on the evil of wearing corsets, and being by nature a well-disposed soul he gave a dinner to all the young women in that department one evening, at which he had present a well-known physician, who told how injurious a thing a corset is to the girls, and the next day the committee called again upon that employer and assured him that they must ask to be allowed to wear corsets.

"But you will admit," said the merchant, "that the wearing of corsets at your work is injurious to your health." The committee admitted the fact, but declared that the experiment of going without them all had made them look horrid in their own eyes.

So the employer yielded the point as gracefully as he could. He is a man whose name is as prominent as that of any retail merchant in New York.—*N. Y. Correspondent.*

## "This Woman Business."

"There's no use denying the fact," said a portly drummer as he leaned back in his car seat as if exhausted, "we men are bound to have the fate of the Indian and be swept off the face of the universe unless this woman business is stopped. I went down to the hotel office and found a young woman clerk there, as pleasant as you please. I wanted to send a telegram, and by the piper that played before Moses, the operator was a pretty girl, with a smell of violets about her, and I clean got mixed up, and I know the old man will be wondering where I was all night to send such a telegram in the morning. I made a bolt for the station, and, whether you believe me or not, the station agent was a plump and pretty girl wearing a cap with gold lace and shield, and on the shield was 'station agent.' I went clear off my usual track to get a word out of her, but she meant business, and I might have been a tin man for all she cared. I got into the car here, and I'm thinking God the conductor isn't a fetching thing in a uniform, and the brakeman doesn't wear an Eton suit and put on a gingham apron when he wants to open the windows or poke up the fire or whistle at the engineer."—*Boston Post.*

## A "Homy" House.

"A Homy House" is the title given to an article on decoration, and it sounds so true a note that it may well be copied here. Hominess is a characteristic to be desired before all others, and yet is the one most seldom seen. Splendor is often cold and forbidding. Absolutely correct treatment may lack in the essentials of a living room, but wherever homelike qualities exist success has been attained. A certain facility of arrangement is sure to be the foundation, and whether the perfect result be the reward of study or

of accident, no one can or will fail to appreciate the delight it offers, for the "homy" house is a place in which to live, a place in which to be happy, a place in which to sorrow, if need be, but always a place that is one's own, and that offers repose for every tired nerve—a tonic for every need.

## The Right Sort of Wife.

In conversation with a man whose opinion is worth something we were enlightened as to the feelings of the majority of mankind regarding the sort of wife they would prefer if the choice lay between the aristocratic and the feminine and the pretty-faced doll.

"You see," said this man, "a husband does not like to feel that his wife is his better half save from a moral standpoint. He may admire her intellect and her rare judgment, but just the same he wants to think himself superior and is much better pleased to have a woman look up to him as something infinitely wiser than herself than to have her assume little airs that tell him as plainly as so many words that she hasn't a very exalted opinion of his mental abilities.

## Woman and Success.

If you are a young woman starting out in the world, don't believe any one who tells you you can't do a thing you feel a strong impulse to try. There is no profession which you can choose where you won't be told it's overworked and there is nothing in it worth working for. There is something in every profession worth working for, or all these people wouldn't be in it. One reason that they warn you back is their fear of disengagement. But you ought to know that that ideal of yours and keep it just as high as you can. Don't be afraid to place it beyond your limit. Your mind will expand every time you lift your eyes to the ideal just as the limit of the sunshine on the floor moves and moves forward as the old earth follows the sun, around the circle. There is always a limit to what one can do surely, but that limit moves, and tomorrow the climax of your strength will be higher than it is today. I knew a girl—I know her yet, in fact—who spent two valuable years of her life fretting and fuming over the fact that she was doing nothing and trying to get people to believe that she could do something which she had the opportunity. One day a woman said to her, "Why don't you wait right in and do something and not keep saying you can't?" "I can't," she said, "I can't do it, but she tried it, and it worked splendidly. The world is always ready to take you in, and it is only your own sense in your work life; if you do your work well, you'll succeed. Only keep the ideal high and see that your limit of ability moves forward."—*Chicago Times.*

## American Women Growing.

The average of the measures taken at the big dressmaking shops shows pretty well the development of the American woman, says an exchange. If these figures are to be believed, the American woman is constantly getting bigger. A few years ago the skirt length was forty-two inches, and that was the length used for all model gowns sent over here from Paris. Now, however, the model length is forty-four inches, with the same measurements in proportion. While the middle aged women show an inclination to grow broader across the hips and shoulders, and through the arms, frequently cultivating disfiguring corporeities through indolent and indolent habits of life, the younger women, the university woman and the debutante grow more like the English lady every year. Not only is she from twenty to twenty-five inches longer from the waist down, but her waist is getting longer, her chest fuller and her limbs narrower. She is supple, agile and lithe, and is capable of a graceful movement. This long waist, long skirt and athletic beauty are due to physical exercise, particularly tennis. The new generation of the woman of the period has jumped herself into good condition, and cold baths have kept her so.

## Married Women's "Duties."

Many women seem to think that as soon as they marry their duty to home and husband requires that they should give up all the pretty accomplishments and graces that made them so attractive as girls.

## Elizabeth P. Peabody's Romance.

A most interesting story is told of Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. It is that she was engaged to marry Nathaniel Higginson before she saw her sister Sophia, and that, soon discovering the state of the case between those two, she said to them one day she would join them together in her heart. What is still stranger is the further intelligence that Elizabeth Peabody was the heroine of Mrs. Browning's poem of abnegation, "Bertha in the Lane"—that is, Mrs. Browning made the poem out of this mere suggestion of Elizabeth's surrender to her lover, who didn't love her, to the sister, whom he did love, for everything else is as unlike as possible to the story of Elizabeth Peabody, whose life was so useful and happy in its usefulness. It will seem odd to associate this alert, active, cheery and somewhat quaint woman with a poem of so intense ardor and sacrifice as "Bertha in the Lane," whose heroine dies.—*Springfield Republican.*

## Victoria's Aversion to Furs.

Royalty must be exceedingly "difficult" to get on with at times. One of the English queen's little vagaries is a dislike for the smell of furs. She never wears them herself, which is all very well. But neither will she permit any one else to wear them during an engagement with her. As an invitation to go to ride

with her is equivalent to a command, and as another little queenly vagary is a fondness for an open carriage in all seasons, the unhappy recipients of her invitations feel like making their wills before starting on a pleasure (C) drive with their sovereign.—*London Correspondent.*

## Ellen Terry's Wit.

Miss Ellen Terry, having once received special courtesy from a newspaper critic, offered to introduce him to Mr. Irving, but unfortunately when the opportunity of doing so presented itself she had utterly forgotten his name. Naturally, however, she felt that this was a very poor compliment to tell him so. Her ready wit did not forsake her in this trying emergency, and she promptly said to him:

"Do you know that I've made a wager with Mr. Irving and you can decide it? He says you spell your name one way and I say another. Write it for me."

All unware of the trick that was being played on him, the gentleman wrote down his name and the lady another. She glanced at it hastily, laughed and said gayly:

"I've won the bet!"

It was such a realistic bit of acting that the newspaper man, although it was his business to criticize plays and players, never detected it.—*London Tit-Bits.*

## A Mollified Daughter.

The present Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, as is already known, was a widow. Her little daughter of nine or ten years was the one person above all others to whom she dreaded to break the news of the engagement with Mr. Page. It at length became necessary to do this, however, and she set about it with all possible diplomacy. As she had feared, the little girl on learning the fact that her mother was to be married again, just here it should be added that no bride who knows what is truly becoming ever sacrifices beauty to pride of purse by exchanging a tailor's bill for one of lace, priceless though the latter may be.

The shaming of the wedding gown includes round waists, circular basquets and the princess gown, spreading out to about six yards' width at the bottom of the skirt. This enables each bride to select a style suitable for herself.

## She Has No Wrinkles.

One of the prettiest women in London society is said to plunge a towel in every hot water, wring it out and leave it on her face for half an hour every night before going to bed. The result is that this lady has no wrinkles.—*London Fashion Journal.*

## WASHINGTON WOMEN.

### The Family of the New Adjutant-General of the Army.

The wife of Gen. George D. Ruggles, the new adjutant-general of the army, was Miss Alma L'Hommiedeu of Cincinnati. One of her ancestors was Maj. John Hammond, commander of the English forces in the early days of Maryland. Her father, S. S. L'Hommiedeu, was one of the best known men in Ohio and was for over twenty years one of the proprietors of the Cincinnati Gazette. Afterward, for twenty-one years, he was president of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad.

### SOME FEMINE DON'TS.

Kate Jordan Gives Counsel Worth Committing to Memory.

Don't become known as the woman of one topic, one story, one gown.

Don't get a reputation as the gossip of bitter tongue, with an inclination for spelling every one's faults. Such topics may be acutely amusing, but they are secretly feared and hated.

Don't, if you have reached the limbo of "uncertain age," insist on remarking that your last birthday was your twenty-fifth. No one believes you.

Don't paint. It's vulgar. The woman who does this and perhaps bleaches her hair since both sins against good taste, and go together—makes a target of herself. She is like a mushy flower of artificial dye tempting the criticism of the sunlight. Every one's eyes are fastened on her, but the regard is pitying, secretly mocking, never respectful.

Don't wear jewelry of any sort in the daytime.

Don't fail to exercise. A walk, particularly on a mild, misty day, does more for the complexion and the brilliancy of the eyes than a Turkish bath and puts drugs at defiance.

Don't be personal. The art of placing yourself outside an argument and following it as one might a butterfly, here, there, everywhere, without ever insuring it in your circumstances, is rare and delightful.

Don't fail to cultivate perfect repose. In walking the arms should both hang by the sides, if you like, yet not swing like a bride. They may be ornamented, but sitting no movement should be made but what has a meaning. The woman who keeps her arms swinging and her feet rolling, her eyes, suggests commonplaceness—she seems nervous, overwhelmed by her surroundings.

Don't wear tight corsets, tight collars, tight gloves. If your feet are large, your fingers stout, your hands broad, these faults are but emphasized by the very means used to amend them, and besides the nose is reddened by tight lacing, the breath shortened, strained, and the face is drawn by leaving the hands swollen and purple in tone. Tight shoes ruin the walk and render the wearer ridiculous.

Don't laugh loud.

Don't wear green in any shade if you are sallow.

KATE JORDAN.

## Babies' Bibs.

A set of bibs is a very acceptable present to make a little baby, who is as much in the way of receiving gifts now as a bride. They may be ornamented with the richest of embroidery and trimmed to the most ornate of taste. But the first consideration is that they should be thick with no appearance of clumsiness, and simple enough at least that they may be often washed. After this beauty of design is to be approved, but a bib must be useful first.

## Brewing the Tea.

The excellence of all teas depends much upon the method of brewing. Freshly boiled water poured quickly upon the leaves, covered tightly and allowed to stand in a hot place, not never where it can boil for five minutes is the accepted time for perfect tea-making. Cream should not be served with tea, a slice of lemon in the cup, and either with or without sugar as preferred, represents the correct fashion.

## Mary Hallock Foote.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, whose artistic work with both pen and pencil is so well known to all magazine readers, lives in Bolsoe City. In her home life, as in large undertakings, she has been most fortunate. She is the mother of three charming children—two girls and a boy, of whom are said to be the best something of their mother's genius.

## WEDDING DRESSES.

### Elaborate Garniture of the Bridal Gown.

White satin of pearly tints remains the favorite for the wedding gown, though a creamy or ivory shade is often used. The wedding gown par excellence is distinguished by an exquisite simplicity and daintiness; in spite of this fact, however, many of the season's gowns are very elaborate with puffs, ruffles and ornate garnitures of lace and orange blossoms. A rich ivory satin worn by a recent bride had a bodice of transparent chiffon edged with pearl embroidery; the picturesque sleeves were composed of white chiffon and satin, the lower part trimmed to correspond with the bodice. The petticoat and round train were draped with a lace flounce and the seams piped with satin.

Evidently the young woman who wore the costume described disdained the old superstition that pearls mean tears for a bride. However, a Marie Antoinette



## WEDDING GOWN IN IVORY SATIN.

fichu made entirely of crepe lisse, which has an indescribable softness of drapery, becomes the average bride much better than the most costly garniture. Just here it should be added that no bride who knows what is truly becoming ever sacrifices beauty to pride of purse by exchanging a tailor's bill for one of lace, priceless though the latter may be.

The shaming of the wedding gown includes round waists, circular basquets and the princess gown, spreading out to about six yards' width at the bottom of the skirt. This enables each bride to select a style suitable for herself.

While the maid of honor usually wears a white gown, the bridesmaids often may be acutely amusing, but they are secretly feared and hated.

Crepon provides an economical skirt for bridesmaids' gowns, and the gaily-colored or three flounces furnishes a favorite model.

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