

FIVE MINUTES TALK.

Thanksgiving Notes-Federation of Woman's Club.

Social, News and Personals.

The observance of a national Thanksgiving Day is of New England origin, and has become a custom peculiar to this country.

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forceful and eloquent. His text was from the 20th verse of the 5th chapter of the Epistle, and he linked interestingly the connection between the Passover, Good Friday and Easter, the Feasts of the First Fruits of the Harvest and the Feast of Pentecost, the First Fruits of the Resurrection, and the Feast of Ingathering of the Harvest and the day of Thanksgiving and urged the people to be thankful to God for the many blessings received.

The free offering for the Orphanage was taken by Mr. B. McCutchan of the Methodist church, Mr. Prescott of the Baptist church, Mr. Hicks of the Presbyterian church and Mr. Barrett of St. Marks church.

There was also offered by merchants and business men of the city a quantity of provisions and articles of wear for the orphans, which were placed in the care of the Home Charitable Association for distribution.

The Union Thanksgiving service will long be remembered pleasantly.

State Federation in Natchitoches. The State Federation of Women's Clubs was held in Natchitoches, beginning Thursday, November 29, at 4:30 o'clock in the spacious hall of the Comus Club with Mrs. J. M. Foster of Shreveport, president, presiding.

There was in attendance representatives of the various clubs throughout the State. After hearing a vocal quartette artistically well rendered, Miss Morris, in admirable words, introduced Bishop Durier who welcomed eloquently the ladies in attendance at the meeting of the Federation.

The programme was in the order following: Address—President of the Comus, Mr. M. H. Carter.

A Few Words of Welcome—Mrs. McVey, of the Leona.

Response—Mrs. Foster, President of the Federation.

Vocal Solo with violin obligato—Mrs. W. Cunningham, Payne Breazale.

Address—Mr. B. C. Caldwell.

Appointment of Committees.

Report of Credentials Committee.

Reports from Individual Clubs.

Reception at Mrs. T. P. Chaplin's from 9 to 12 p.m.

Fisher-Kline Wedding

One of the society events of the season in Shreveport was the marriage of Miss Susie Fisher and Mr. John Jackson Kline, in the Presbyterian Church, at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday night, November 28, by Rev. Matthew Van Lear.

The altar and the chancel of the church were banked in potted plants, palms and ferns, and over the right and left aisles were arches in green and white and pink chrysanthemums. The church, in a blaze of light, was filled to overflowing by interested friends of the happy couple.

Preceding the ceremony the audience in waiting were entertained delightfully with a duet by Mrs. Eugene Hibbette and Mrs. John K. Land, accompanied by Miss Mamie Bourque, the skillful and charming organist, who discoursed choice selections, appropriate to the occasion.

At the appointed time the groomsmen, attired in full evening dress, and the bridesmaids, in pink organdie with a pink rosette in hair and carrying a bunch of pink chrysanthemums, entered the church in their respective order and walked to the chancel, where they formed into a semi-circle, the groomsmen being on the right and the bridesmaids on the left while the bride with her maid of honor, Miss Martha Stoddard, walked to the chancel, where the groom was met. The effect was charming.

The bride's robe was exquisitely beautiful, with bride's roses and white Tom Thumb ribbons, maiden hair ferns looped up in the streamers that extended nearly to the floor.

The attendants were: Maid of honor, Miss Mattie Scofield with Mr. F. V. Gard; best man, Miss Beattie Fisher with Mr. J. M. Foster, Jr.; Miss Bessie Stringfellow with Mr. F. M. Williams; Miss Mamie Sewell with Mr. B. D. Gray; Miss Sybil Jones with Mr. J. A. Thigpen; Miss Mary Hume Lindsay and Mr. Wm. Van Lear; Miss Anna Elston with Mr. Allen Renda; Miss Neemie Skannell with Mr. Wm. L. Young.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson Kline and their attendants and a few invited guests were entertained at the residence of the bride's parents on Texas street, after which the bride and groom left on the train for Fort Smith, where they will reside.

The bride is the charming and accomplished daughter of Dr. L. H. Fisher, and is one of the loveliest of her sex. The groom is a popular gentleman and for years a resident of Shreveport. He is well and favorably known in business circles and is the manager of the Armour Packing Company's branch at Fort Smith, Ark. May the choicest blessing of earth attend them always.

Condolence is tendered Mr. and Mrs. Joe T. Black over the death of their bright and beautiful boy, who died Friday night and was buried last evening at 8:30 o'clock in the new cemetery.

It is a comforting reflection to believe that there has been added another pure and lovable spirit to the hosts in heaven, who will ever more live in the full glory of a blissful and eternal life.

The ladies of the Christian church gave an oyster supper last Tuesday night in the new and attractive two-story brick store of Mr. J. W. White on Texas avenue, for the benefit of the church. There was a large attendance and the night was spent delightfully. The ladies appreciate the free use of Mr. White's building and thank him and others who assisted and for courtesies.

Miss Willie Enders has returned home after a delightful visit of four months to friends in San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. Mattie Ford accompanied Mr. and Mrs. John J. Johnson to their home in Fort Smith and will permanently reside with them.

Mrs. J. S. Young returned home from Minden Wednesday evening.

Mrs. L. G. Smith, of Benton, was a visitor in the city Friday.

The Girl To Be Avoided.

Be not intolerant, agree to differ in opinion, and refuse to turn loud in discussion. Remember that your best friend is your mother, and have nothing to do with those who think otherwise.

Do not expect too much, but forbear and forgive. Do not charge a bad motive when a good one is conceivable. Do not monopolize conversation or attention, and do not talk too much of your own affairs. There is a limit to people's interest in your concerns.

She is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party, which is to be a "dead secret," and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of today committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care and love your own, to help mother and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows and the people, is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as "a gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And of all others she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is the girl to be avoided.

I have lived long enough to see a woman who has voted for president. I esteem it one of the privileges of my life. The lady voted in Colorado. She is a distinguished musician, brilliant, accomplished and popular socially, besides speaking four languages fluently. She may never be able to vote again if she stays in this benighted old New York, but at least her descendants will be able to point with pride to the fact that their great-grandmother of 17 generations back cast her ballot for president. At any rate, mine eyes have beheld her. I am not yet quite ready to depart in peace, but I have certainly seen a great thing.

A wife ran away with a tramp. The tramp starved her and finally beat her. In response to her piteous appeal her husband forgave her and took her back on the ground that she was out of her mind when she eloped. A husband ran away with his wife's pretty sister. When he was tired of it, he was also welcomed back repentant to his home, and the word was given out that he had been temporarily insane. That is right. Any married person who elopes with another's husband or wife is undoubtedly crazy.

Mrs. Rosalie Mauff of Denver has built up the largest greenhouse business in the northwest. In artificially heated glass houses are raised everything from palms and ferns to asparagus. Her palmhouse is a vision of landscape from the tropics. In Denver it itself she has six greenhouses and in a village near by 12. All these grew in 17 years out of a tiny glass roofed room heated by a stove. Three factors contributed to Mrs. Mauff's success. She is a woman of rare business ability to begin with. Next she started her enterprise where there was a good market. Third she superintended personally every detail of her work "from planting seeds to decorating churches," the Denver Times says.

In the states in which women vote for presidential electors the returns show a largely increased balloting on their part. In The Woman's Journal Mrs. Chapman Catt gives instructive statistics from the states in which woman suffrage amendments have been twice defeated. In Kansas the vote in favor has increased from 9,100 to 95,302. In Washington a majority against it of 19,386 a few years ago dropped to 9,882 in 1898. South Dakota in 1890 defeated the measure by 23,610; in 1898 by only 3,285. In 1884 Oregon went against by 16,953; this year by only 2,033. In Oregon the negative votes were this year within a very small figure of what they were in 1884, showing that the old hunkers who voted against then still live and slumber, but the increased vote of the state is very largely on the side of woman's citizenship. This favorable growth, it is to be remembered, is in the immediate vicinity of the states where women now have full suffrage. Look out next time!

San Diego, Cal., rejoices in several athletic young women boat crews.



The pillow is the curse of man.—German proverb.

There is little doubt that the above is true. A nation that is rugged in its simplicity and strength of character disdains these soft inducements to rest.

On the other hand, the indolent and pleasure loving countries could hardly exist without them. In the New England farmhouse the cushion is almost an unknown quantity.

Perhaps in the "best room" it may be found, a prim, stiffly embroidered affair, executed by the hands of the daughter of the house. It rests in a very upright position at one end of the horsehair sofa. It is made to look at and admire, but never, never to lie upon!

In Turkey, on the contrary, the pillows and the divans are the whole furnishing of the room, gorgeous in fabric and color, unnumbered in quantity, soft, alluring. It is no wonder the Turks are the laziest people in the world. But here comes the serious part. According to my argument, then, we are degenerating.

Never before have beautiful pillows been in such demand, and never have so many been used. Are we, then, becoming weaker as a nation? And shall we also become victims of the pillow? I suspect not, and I will whisper in your ear my reason. The new cushions are almost without exception made to look at.

It would be an utter brute, for instance, who would have the heart to lay his frowze on the following creation: The background is of pale green satin on which appear to be scattered carelessly handfuls of autumn leaves. A close examination reveals the fact



FOR COLLEGE MEN.

that the leaves actually grew on maple and oak trees. They were pressed in books and then glued lightly to the satin surface. Then they were covered by a bit of white silk illusion, and this was carefully embroidered around the edges with red brown or green silk to match the edge of the leaf. It is a gorgeous cushion and one of the latest fads. Fads! How I hate the word. It symbolizes all that is silly and affected, but what a blessing it is to shopkeepers and what a mint of money it sends jingling into their pockets!

There is the artificial flower craze, for instance. Would you believe it, it has actually struck the cushions? "What color is your room, madam?" "Pink and white."

"Then you certainly want a rose cushion."

And you see a square of pale tinted satin with a huge pink rose appliqued in the middle, with the large velvet petals stitched down flat and the fluffy center of crimped silk left to stick up, to tickle your ear if you should feel inclined to lay your weary head upon it, which you don't! Stunning, of course! And the pansy and chrysanthemum cushions are even more so. I forgot to say that the leaves and stems of the flowers are all done in flat embroidery, and so are the buds. It is only the one large central flower which is, so to speak, in bas relief.

Two striking affairs are made of lace. One is called the bowknot and the other the patchwork pillow. In the patchwork lace figures, black, white and yellow conventional flowers, bowknots, diamonds, etc., are set over pale pink, blue or yellow satin pieces of the same shape, and these are applied on a background of white or black silk, giving a very odd effect. The lace bowknot consists of three applied bows and ends of white, black



ROSE AND LACE INSERTION.

and yellow lace. It gives an effect like a monogram in which each letter is distinct and yet all three are mingled gracefully.

"They marked that \$6 at Chargem's," remarked a friend of mine, "and, if you please, I made mine out of three remnants of dress trimmings appliqued on a section of my old orange silk petticoat."

What in the world, I ask you, would

become of the shopkeepers if there were more girls like her?

Well, to return to the subject, not the verse pillow, for instance, not serious verse, I am sorry to say. The tendency of the age doesn't run in that direction. No, some flippant doggerel or perhaps a snatch from a popular comic or comic song. The verse is embroidered crookedwise, and on either side are figures done in paint and outline stitch supposed to illustrate the prevailing sentiment. For instance, that classic:

I've 'er picture next my 'eart  
Dressed all up so fine an smart  
In a jacket trimmed with artificial fur,  
An it makes a taffer fool  
Kinder prouder of 'imself  
To be loved by a gal like 'ert

It is illustrated in this wise: Over the verse floats a miniature of the lady in the famous jacket, and below at the left kneels the ardent cockney looking upward with one hand on his 'eart. I may add as further evidence of the realistic wave which has struck pillow land that the many buttons on his



LEATHER PATCHWORK.

trousers and coat are real little gilt ones. No, I do not think that any sins of laziness will be laid to the share of this pillow. It must be the same designer who evolved out of her inner consciousness the Indian pillow with the real bead necklace around the brave's neck and the danseuse with her abbreviated skirt set full of scratchy spangles.

By the way, these Indian pillows are all the rage. They come printed in cotton and painted or burned on leather. They are supplanting somewhat the "vice" pillow. Don't start in horror. I am merely quoting a remark I overheard at the cushion counter. The speaker had just been fingering a pile of pillow designs for college men's rooms. They represented edifying scenes, such as a pile of cards and poker chips surrounding an emblematical "kitty" or a crowd of men around a large beer stein with the choice motto:

While we're young, we'll have our wine,  
So let us drink and let us sing!

"Dear me!" she remarked. "If women have vices, at least they don't embroider them."

Which is true. They are not yet afflicted with the desire of advertising their badness. But patience! Perhaps even this masculine attribute will be theirs in time.

Land of the Powder Puff. In every country where women make a pretense to elegance you will find the little powder puff. It is useless for reformers to preach against it. Their own shiny faces counteract any effect their words might produce. In warm countries especially it is valued as an aid to beauty, and Cuba in particular has gained the name of "The Land of the Powder Puff."

Even when bread was so scarce that thousands of people were literally



POWDER PUFF.

starving, there was no lack of face powder even among the poorest. Every Cuban woman, from the octogenarian grand dame to the little peasant girl of 6 or 7 summers, regards powder as an absolute necessity to her attractiveness and far more important than mere soap and water.

In every Cuban school teachers and pupils alike are well powdered, and in every desk is to be found a powder box. In factories and shops where women are employed, directly the hands of the clock point to the hour of the luncheon, every girl stops work and, getting out her powder, proceeds to adorn herself.

Unique Paperweight. It remained for the Prince of Wales to startle the world of fashion with a new fad in paperweights, but it is safe to say that he will have few imitators. His numerous letters are held in place by the mummied hand of a daughter of one of the pharaohs. This is without doubt the most curious desk ornament to existance.

Elephants as Nursemaids. Siamese mothers intrust their children to elephants, who are most careful of their little charges. If danger threatens, an elephant will gently lift the child with its trunk on to its back out of harm's way.