

FOR THE FAIR SEX

THINKS WIVES FLIRT

A MAN WHO HAS SUFFERED WRITES

There Are Mrs. Whites in the World as Well as Maj. Whites, and They Often Have Their Fling After Marriage—Not the Ideal Chaperon

A man wrote a letter to this department not long ago—an anonymous letter—in which he suggested as a subject for discussion the flirting of married women. Now there is no doubt from the tone of his letter that he regards this as a serious subject, and if I might hazard a guess it would be that he himself has suffered in no small way from this very thing. The letter was apropos of an article which appeared here not long ago, in which I spoke of a case in which figured a Maj. White who was very attentive to another man's wife and she in no way displeased with his attentions. The Maj. Whites of the world were spoken of, as these are many of them, and the man who wrote the letter says he thinks the Maj. Whites are no commoner than the Mrs. Whites if I may label that lady in the abstract for purposes of illustration.

Surely very few women who have married the right man and settled down ever flirt afterwards. But the trouble seems to be that so many belles marry for love only in a way, without knowing what real love means and then make up their minds not to let marriage interfere with their good time. Circumstances at times shape these things, without much intention on the part of anyone. Sometimes it happens that a girl who has never had what is known as her fling will marry young and really begin her social career afterwards, instead of finishing it, as it were, when she embarks upon the perilous matrimonial sea. She is then fascinated her, men admire her and she literally has the time of her life. Her husband likes to see her enjoy

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE



Now that winter fashions are practically settled, the fact has been established that there are two distinct styles in vogue. There are, of course, endless modifications of both styles, but the main points of the two different fashions are never lost sight of. One is picturesque, marked by full skirts, draped bodices with or without collars, elbow sleeves, transparent lace yokes, wide brimmed hats, old-fashioned wigs, bonnets, etc., and the other is simplicity, in which class not only are all the tailor made, included, but also rich sweeping velvet and cloth gowns combined with long redingotes, rich furs and handsome feather-trimmed hats. Both styles are equally correct, so that the sensible woman would be wise to select whichever one is most becoming to her, and then to adhere to it throughout the entire wardrobe. For ceremonious gowns nothing could be handsomer than some of the simple velvet costumes, which are almost regal in appearance, that are being worn by smartly dressed women. A favorite model for such gowns has a sweeping skirt of moderate width and a long coat built on the redingote lines. The coat is the distinctive feature of the costume and should be made very long and full, but it may be either single or

double breasted, elaborately or simply trimmed with braiding, buttons, etc., and may open over a fancy waistcoat or not, as the wearer pleases. Some sort of soft lace stock and jabot with corresponding wrist ruffles and handsome furs are also to be overlooked. From this description it may be seen that such a gown, while considered simple, is far more expensive than the average woman wears, and for her there are many charming models that may be procured for comparatively little money. The gown illustrated, for example, is a most useful model, being suitable for either calling or general street wear. It is made of dark blue broadcloth with a three-piece skirt trimmed with wide tucks in the manner shown, and a short coat blousing over a wide tight belt with three short overlapping skirts below. There is a deep cape trimmed with tucks that end under the box-plaited fronts which are ornamented with large gold bronze panne velvet buttons. The collarless neck is trimmed with similar buttons, and beneath it is another band of gold bronze panne velvet embroidered in shades of blue silk. The cuffs correspond and the hat is of the shirred bronze velvet with blue feathers on the left side.

bridge do it out of jealousy, because they have no endowment with the requisite amount of brains ever to become acceptable players. The positive advantage of bridge, she says, is "the change it has brought into the lives of certain middle-aged women, perhaps not very attractive in appearance or amusing in conversation. Formerly their only diversion took the form of dreading the day when they would be well in a dismal circle, nobody taking much notice of them, but now if they are fair bridge players how different their lives have become. They are welcomed when they appear with the joyous 'How good of you to be so punctual!' while in the ante-bridge days nobody cared whether they came or not."

Children are such lazy little things, says a writer in Good Housekeeping, that cleanliness must be made easy for them. "Until the habit is formed they will not be clean if it involves great inconvenience and trouble. They will not bathe frequently if bathrooms are ill arranged, the supply of warm water is inadequate or if there is any difficulty at getting a turn at the bathtub."

Miss Una Taylor, the English needle artist, who was represented by several pieces at the St. Louis exposition, has promulgated some interesting views on the subject of needlework. She is strong on insisting that it should always be done in the hand, as much character and individuality are eliminated from work which is embroidered in a machine. In figure needlework, with which Miss Taylor spends much time, this fact she has proved of special importance, because when working in the hand the needlework has the appearance of roundness and suppleness to the limbs which would otherwise be impossible. Miss Taylor has also worked out her theory that no shadow should be cast by the needlework, the surface of itself creates passing shadows and catches high lights, compared with which any darker tones in the actual work have a solid, heavy effect, and transparency—the essence of shadow—is lost.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

Slight of Viscount Mandeville, the baby son of Helena, Duchess of Manchester and Cincinnati, ought to be the subject of a needlework. She is strong on insisting that it should always be done in the hand, as much character and individuality are eliminated from work which is embroidered in a machine. In figure needlework, with which Miss Taylor spends much time, this fact she has proved of special importance, because when working in the hand the needlework has the appearance of roundness and suppleness to the limbs which would otherwise be impossible. Miss Taylor has also worked out her theory that no shadow should be cast by the needlework, the surface of itself creates passing shadows and catches high lights, compared with which any darker tones in the actual work have a solid, heavy effect, and transparency—the essence of shadow—is lost.

Trying though it is to all women except those of spirituelle type, the Corset is here for the season. Fashion's seal has been set upon it so emphatically since the beginning of horse show week that it is difficult to see how its detractors can hope to relegate it to the limbo of the past. Miss Mildred Barclay looked bewitching in a dark one when she appeared in the Garden early in the week, and the lighter shades of blue, navy and black were even more piquant.

Perhaps Mrs. Genevieve Chandler Phipps is only amusing herself with her former husband, and the twice-enraptured "Larry" will find love's labor not before his present Denver winging of her. All this, the story of her recent return to a remark he made last week in the course of his second courtship. They were discussing the matter yesterday. "After all, Jenny," said Mr. Phipps, "marriages, you know, are made in heaven." "Then you can't have many friends, dear boy," she laughed, "who have their face in a cluster of roses he had sent."

"Broad nails," remarked Mrs. Ogden Golet to a veranda symposium in the Hotel the other day, "are unfortunate possession, not only from the viewpoint of beauty—or lack of it—but because they are sure signs of a bashful, gentle disposition—the sort of nature which every body imposes. The young woman with narrow nails is ambitious and quarrelsome, but if she can subdue her pugnacious tendencies, she will be a good wife and mother. Of course, as you all know, the ideal woman has round nails of the true fibrous type. She is in whom you find liberal sentiments and love of knowledge. And how about girls with 'little nails'?" asked Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, until lately Miss Postley, of Manhattan. "Preserve me from such!" cried Mrs. Golet, "Conceit, obstinacy, smallness of mind—oh, dear, such a universe of disagreeable qualities!" and the good matron positively "shivered in the balmy Virginia air."

Now and then the Laird of Skibo would give a "dinner and dancing" district alone, unawed by the crush of femininity, rampant even in the most select bazaars, and whenever he does he always takes home something that he has picked up in the city. The man was seen lately buying in a Twenty-third street shop an ultra-Scottish Tam o' Shanter of snowy as-trachan with cosy earmuffs, which the tiny lass will wear on her way to school when the mornings become really nippy.

One of the ancient customs of municipalities governing districts was maintained until this day, is that the wife of the mayor, who enjoys the title of mayress, except in London, where she is the lady mayress, shall be represented at the coronation. The wife of her eldest daughter if she has one. In observing this regulation, there was presented in Chatham a few days ago, a rather interesting spectacle. The man was driven in his brougham to the town hall to go through the ceremony of installation in office. The mayress sat alongside of him. She wore a large picture hat and all along the route she carried a tray with her. She wore a white stockings, with evident pride. Not even the prin church folk of Chatham were shocked for the mayress is three years old and has a particularly pretty pair of underpinnings. Her mother died when she was four weeks old, and as the title descended her immediate ancestor came the youngest mayress that had ever lived in all England.

You will not enjoy your Sunday dinner unless you get a copy of The Sunday Globe. Telephone N. W. Main 1021 or T. C. 1640. It will be delivered at your home.

The Christmas HARPER'S

There are only a few days left when it will be possible to find a copy of the Christmas Harper's on the newsstands—in other words, if you don't get it now it will hardly be possible for you to get it at all, and no one can afford to miss it.

This is a magazine which is not only a beautiful volume (180 pages) with its wealth of pictures in color by great artists and its rich and dignified cover, but it is a magazine which has among its contributors the most distinguished array of names ever brought together in a single number. Note some of the writers:

- Mark Twain
Henry James
W. D. Howells
Margaret Deland
Mary Wilkins
John Luther Long
Sir William Ramsay
Booth Tarkington
Norman Duncan
Thomas A. Janvier
Richard Le Gallienne
Mrs. Humphry Ward

But despite this list the Christmas Harper's is not a magazine of names so much as it is a magazine of quality. It not only contains contributions by these authors, but these contributions are among the best things they have ever written.

There is another great contributor whose name has probably never before appeared in a magazine, Warren Hastings, whose impeachment was the occasion of the greatest speeches of Edmund Burke and Sheridan, and drew forth from Macaulay his greatest essay. In the Christmas Harper's there is printed for the first time Warren Hastings's own account of his trial—a document which has lain hidden from the world all these years. Read this and then read your Macaulay—the comparison is interesting.

Of course there is a profusion of color illustration in the Christmas Harper's, but the literary quality, and above all the interest, is the thing. Another point: As the New York Evening Post puts it, "Christmas is not quite so monotonously evident in the December Harper's as it is in some of the other magazines." It would have been perhaps fairer to say that there is not a story or article about Christmas in the whole number.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Franklin Square, New York.

Mainly About People

The junior class of the university will give their annual party tonight at the university armory. The party this year is an innovation, inasmuch as it is the first year it has been a strictly class affair. This does not take the place of the formal junior ball, which comes off Feb. 3.

The entertainment given by St. Luke's Aid society will continue today

at 311 Jackson street. Mrs. Oliver Dalrymple is in charge.

The ladies of the Woodland Park Baptist church will have an entertainment and supper next Tuesday afternoon and evening at the church, Arundel street and Selby avenue.

W. D. MacGregor, of Chicago, who has been spending the summer in Canada, visited a week with Lem H. Nolan, of West George street.

Norden Rebekah Lodge No. 155, I. O. O. F., will give their annual party tomorrow evening, Dec. 10, at Central hall, corner West Sixth and Seventh streets.

Mrs. A. C. Heath, of Portland avenue, entertained informally yesterday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. Robbins, of New York.

Frau Grunow La Comb, of Portland avenue, received informally yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. O. C. Macklett, of Dayton avenue, has returned from St. Louis.

Miss Ranney and Miss Moore were guests of honor at an informal tea given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Charles E. Clark, of Portland avenue.

An exhibit of the work of the pupils of the McKinley school will be given this afternoon at the school, beginning at 2:30 p. m.

The Assembly, a dancing club of young married people, gave a dancing party last evening at Ramaley's hall.

Palpitation Gladys—Oh, papa, I think I shall break the engagement. I have discovered that Jack plays—plays the race! Father—Gad, how you shocked me! I thought you were going to say that he played the piano!—Puck.

Defined Son—Papa, what is a philosopher? Father—A philosopher, my boy, is a man who will pay his car fare, forgetting that he has a transfer in his pocket, and not get mad when he discovers it afterwards.—Puck.

The Celestial Clippers "Mamma, do barbers go to heaven?" "If they are good, dear; but why do you ask?" "Why, I was wondering who trimmed the saints' whiskers."—Puck.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Under the title "Is Bridge Immoral?" discussed by the Ladies' Realm, Mrs. Robert Tennant declares that it is not a gambling game pure and simple, for the reason that before the game is begun the stakes are fixed, while in games to which the term "gambling" might rightly be applied the stakes are elastic. Moreover, she says the people who raise such a fuss against

All We Ask Is One Visit

WE HAVE THE RIGHT GOODS WE MAKE THE RIGHT PRICES WE OFFER THE MOST LIBERAL TERMS WE ARE DOING THE BUSINESS We all judge by comparison—We ask you to come and look around our store—See us and use your own judgment—We'll abide by it.



THIS LARGE GENTLEMAN'S Genuine Leather Rocker Frame either Mahogany or Quarter-Sawn Oak; seat is filled full of steel-tempered springs and hair filled. This is a regular \$20 Chair. Our special price \$12.50

Our line of Genuine Leather Couches, Leather Davenport, Leather Rockers, Leather Morris Chairs in Mission style, Parlor Pieces, ODD pieces and other upholstered goods occupy 10,000 square feet of floor space. You can find here the largest assortment, the most varied styles, at prices far below what others ask. Don't Buy Imitation Goods in Parlor Pieces.

FREE GIFTS! FREE GIFTS! FREE GIFTS!

In addition to the biggest values in everything for the home you get free your choice of the following. Take them home with you at the time of making purchase. No delays. No trading stamps. Come in and see how handsomely we'll treat you.

- On All Purchases of \$5.00 and Over A 7-piece pressed Cut Wine Set, consisting of a Decanter and 6 Wine Glasses.
On All Purchases of \$10.00 and Over A beautiful Japanese Sugar and Creamer, handsomely decorated in gold and blue.
On All Purchases of \$15.00 and Over Your choice of a Triple Silver Plated Fruit Basket or Set of Triple Plated Knives and Forks, consisting of six knives and six forks.
On All Purchases of \$25.00 and Over Genuine Cut Glass Bowl—9 inches, deeply cut in an elaborate pattern of Japanese Chrysanthemums. This is not a cheap piece, but is made by the best cut glass factory in the country.

THE WALLBLOM Furniture & Carpet Co. 409-417 JACKSON STREET.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

THE powder puff is to go. Beauty has discovered that it is too unhygienic to be safe—and in addition a new fashion was wanted. So an old toilet adjunct has been resuscitated from the past in Paris by a great beauty, who, searching through the archives of the time of Louis XV., lighted upon a curious little knife, with a supple golden blade as thin and pliant as a painter's palette knife, set in an exquisite enameled handle of that bright, yet mellow character that proclaims beautiful old age. Discovering its use, the modern woman, professing abhorrence of the microbe-laden puff, has adapted it to her own needs, and has hereby set a new vogue in exotic Paris.

er is stamped in gold, or her book plate is pasted. Even such commonplace books as the "Where Is It?" a compendium of addresses, the telephone memorandum book, which is kept on the stand in order that messages delivered to servants through the telephone may be recorded therein, the account books of the modern housewife, are beautiful to behold, in their burnt and embossed leather cases, or the vellum ones hand-painted in colors and gold that are only a little less novel.

Another very charming present, and one that is highly to be recommended because of its novelty, and the fact that it is not particularly costly, is a watch job. Fobs are now coming into fashion again, because Directoire coats, cut away to show the vest in front, are prominently modish. They make the very prettiest and most picturesque items of a bridesmaid's toilet, carried out in velvet or brocade, and worn with a lace befringed muslin petticoat. The fob chain is usually made of black moire silk threaded through gold slides, and is completed at the end either by an old-fashioned watch or, more commonly, by a gold seal, which would, of course, have the bridesmaid's cipher engraved upon it. If gold slides, in solid gold with emerald eyes, the body is made of chain, and at the end appears the curly tail of the pig, while its four feet figure elsewhere. Pigs are always supposed to bring good luck when they are worn, and so this present, which is perfectly new, should be remembered by the oupient.

A RABBIT THAT SHRIEKED FOR HELP

IT WAS the first party they had given since their return from the honeymoon, and though there was nothing pretentious about it—just a few close friends and a Welsh rabbit—the bride was supremely anxious that everything should be "just so." The path—always bridged over the half-felt pause with some quick jest. And at last the silver chafing dish was brought out and the hour for the making of the rabbit had come.

Every one admired the flat immensely, and the little house warming was a grand success. Now and again there was a faint odor as of some old, forgotten, far-off thing, that struck a chill through the little bride and seemed for a minute to throw a shadow over the merriment of her guests. But the best man—"such a dear, good fellow," as she whispered more than once to a bridesmaid whom she already was scheming to lead into her own happy path—always bridged over the half-felt pause with some quick jest. And at last the silver chafing dish was brought out and the hour for the making of the rabbit had come.

best man quietly slipped a big hunk of cheese out of its wrapper and dumped it into the chafing dish. He buried it hastily under the original contents, much as a murderer might try to hide his victim's body, and then followed close on his hostess' heels into the dining room. Every one was sure the rabbit was going to be a great success, but as the best man stirred steadily a look first of perplexity and then of pain spread over every face. The same odor, clamorous, insistent and unspoken ancient, assailed every nose, and as it grew stronger and stronger even politeness could ignore it no longer. Perhaps the gas was turned on in the bathroom or was it possible that a mouse had died in the wainscoting? The poor little bride was ready to weep, but the best man—always such a dear, good fellow—only treated it all as a joke and laughed uproariously as he went on with his stirring.

In the immortal verses concerning the Walrus and the Carpenter, and the Oyster, the Walrus spent a pleasant time strolling along the beach consuming what is generally known as the succulent bivalve. This winter his prospects are less rosy, because his skin is in request as the most fashionable medium there is for the manufacture of those bags that women love to carry on their wrists or dangling from their waists, and for their innumerable blotting pads, notepaper racks, writing table sets, card cases and book covers that the luxurious collect about them.

The colors in which the walrus skin is developed are a delightful dun brown and an equally refined olive green. There is nothing garish about the choice, which maintains the spirit of quiet richness that pervades the decoration of our rooms to a nicety, and adds much to the pleasant aspect of the apartment.

At last the rabbit was ready and the bride, who had been hovering over it like an anxious mother, was called upon to serve it. One portion she ladled out on to the toast, and a second; but at the third the thing had become unendurable. The gas smell seemed to be positively shrieking; the women felt it clinging in their hair and among their faces; it filled the whole room. The little bride folded her hands in her lap and stared vacantly at the rabbit, while the others took open refuge in their handkerchiefs and smelling salts. Only the best man stopped laughing; and between his laughing and the gas she concentrated on the smoking chafing dish a thought came to the little bride. Before any one could stop her she had slipped from the room and stood overhanging the table in the kitchen on which the best man had been cooking. She came back in a few moments with a neat little package in her hand; and the best man stopped laughing when he saw her face as she walked over to him. "You brute!" was all she said; but the best man knew she meant it. And when she displayed the remnants of the dear, good fellow had added to her first rabbit, the rest of her guests indorsed her heartily.

If you are too busy to bring your WANTS AD to the office, PHONE N.W. 1065 or W.C. 1065 and the Globe Want Ad Man will call.