

Woman's World

Conducted by Helene Valeau.

HELENE VALEAU'S ANSWERS.

Miss Valeau will reply to all questions asked by the feminine readers of the Intermountain Catholic.

G. M. Salt Lake.—If the hands are always thoroughly dried, after washing with a perfectly dry towel, they should keep smooth even in the coldest weather.

S. F. Butte.—If the short hairs in front of your ears are stiff and will not brush back properly, get a little lanoline at the drugstore—15 cents worth is enough—tip the end of your brush into it very lightly and then brush the hairs up where they belong.

L. S. Ogden.—A low forehead is considered beautiful—so let your hair alone. In any case there is no way in which you could destroy the hair that grows down on your forehead without injuring your whole scalp.

WHY WOMEN GET OFF CARS BACKWARD

(Ada C. Sweet, in Chicago Journal.) Another man has been writing upon the favorite conundrum, "Why women get off cars backward?"

Now, I wish to remark, and my language will, I hope, be plain, that there is good reason, and reaching far back in creation, why women get off of cars in that I concede is a dangerous manner.

Our street cars are all made so that passengers leave them from their right side. Women carry their belongings, purse, handbag, umbrella, packages or children in their left hands, or arms, almost universally. They have carried their babies on their left arms since the world began.

With her left arm, her right free to protect her youngling, the aboriginal mother held her child. In her arms of toil and slavery, she slung the baby over her left shoulder, or upon her back, and worked, so, with both hands.

Among hard-working folk today you can see a mother with her baby on her left arm, at work with her right, cooking, sewing, ironing.

Possibly in some back-to-nature movement of the future, Americans will adopt the fashion of some European countries, and make the exits from public vehicles on the left side. Then women will be all right each triumphantly placing her right hand on the rail and springing off the car looking forward.

And this is more likely to happen than that all women will learn to take their babies and bundles into their right hands and arms before leaving a car, and then, with the left hand on the rail, looking forward, get off as men do, and as everybody ought to do, under present conditions.

It takes a long time to educate nature out of any one. It is a dangerous practice getting off of cars "backward," but don't let us make a mystery of it. Women's garments all are made to button or hook over from the right. Their care of their children and all their work is planned right-handed. That is the secret of the street car riddle.

The Oldest Monarch.

Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria and king of Hungary, enters upon the 54th year of his age. He is the veteran among European rulers. King Oscar of Norway was born some eighteen months earlier, but did not come to the throne for a quarter of a century after the accession of the Austrian emperor.

Some of the princelings and grand dukes of little German states are also senior in years to Francis Joseph. But this dean of the royal chapter was crowned in 1848, at the age of 18.

This life is not only the longest upon a European throne, but it has been shadowed by domestic tragedies for which high public station offers no recompense. His brother Maximilian was shot to death at Queretaro, tool and victim of the intrigue of the second Napoleon to establish an empire in Mexico. His only son, Rudolph, heir to the throne, died by his own hands as the culmination of a court scandal. His nephew, the beautiful and saintly Elizabeth of Bavaria, was stabbed to death by an anarchist at Geneva only eight years ago.

It is the most tragic record which the pages of modern history bear of a royal family.

Restrained.

"Do you know we have the most accommodating chauffeur you ever heard of?"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. When he is offended he merely kicks the seat with his wife, and punts the children, where the average chauffeur would leave."—Puck.

Lost Ships.

Here on the sands when the tide comes in, I look on the waste of sea, And I dream of the ships of the long ago.

And years with their mystery, Then that the blood was wild, And the golden hopes were undefined, For the ships I sent to a far-off world.

Proud, with snow-white sails unfurled, Would bring back gold to me.

The white gulls swing from a fleckless sky, And cry as in days of yore, But the hope I heard in the siren's song.

Is lost in the breakers' roar, Far, far out where the sky and sea meet in the mist on the boundary Of Life's vast tide I look for sails That I sent away—but naught avails— They're gone forevermore.

The cliffs are bleak on the dreary shore, Shadows beside the sea, And each one looms a spectre grim, Mocking the memory of the dead.

Laden ships come from lands afar, And I see them cross the harbor bar, But the ships I sent in the long ago, Stanch, with sails unfurled of snow, Are lost—all lost to me! —Milwaukee Sentinel.

To Kill Moths.

Contrary to the general belief, camphor, naphthalene and tobacco will not kill clothes moths, says Suburban Life. They act merely as repellents; where they are used the moths will not deposit eggs. If the eggs are already laid or if the young have hatched substances of this nature will have no effect.

May or June the moths appear and lay their eggs, which soon hatch into the destructive grubs that feed on feathers, wool, fur and other things of an animal texture. The campaign against the moths must start early in the spring if immunity for the rest of the year is to be enjoyed.

The easiest way to rid clothes of moths is to give them a thorough brushing once a week and then expose them to air and sunshine. Where they are to be packed away fumigation with carbon bisulphide is the surest method. The garments are put in a tight trunk, with moth marbles.

Then a saucer is placed on top of the pile with four or five tablespoons of liquid carbon bisulphide in it, easily obtained at all drugists. The lid is closed and the trunk left undisturbed until the clothes are wanted.

The bisulphide evaporates, and being heavier than air, settles through the garments. It is deadly to insect life and will destroy it in all stages. No odor will remain in the clothes after airing them for a few moments, so that they can be used as soon as they are taken out. The moth marbles prevent the other females from crawling in to lay their eggs.

A simple way, but not so sure, is after brushing the goods to pack them in ordinary paper boxes or flour bags, and to stick a strip of paper over the cracks in order to keep out the moths. For closets, cracks, carpets, furniture or carriage furnishings a thorough sprinkling of benzine or gasoline will clear out the pests.

The River of Rest.

O the river of rest, with tides that sweep By the bloomy margin of the shores of sleep; The river flowing by vale and hill In the lush heart of the Heart-Still.

Shadowy armies of young and old Are yearning there for thy sweet end; Yearning, longing and calling thee To sing to them and to set them free!

O river of rest, where no man knows The silvery way that your water flows; In youth, in life, in hope, in cheer, In days of daring and nights of fear.

Hearts that beat in the human breast Of time are beating the tune of rest, And love is singing to love: "Some day On the river of rest we will drift away!"

O river of rest! O beautiful stream, With tides that flow to the seas of dreams! White-haired women and feeble men, By streets of cities and sylvan glen, Morn and noon and all day long To soft susurrus of golden song.

Are calling thee as thou callest them To blossomed meadows thy waters hem! O river of rest, the old recline On the mossy banks of those shores of thine;

Gray as shadows and soft as shade, They people the slopes of the hill and glade, Waiting there through the restful years For loved who went in the mist of tears.

And came not back, and will not come To hearts that grieve and lips grown dumb! —Baltimore Sun.

The Greater Ache.

"You might think you've got such a headache," said the woman, "that you can't stand it at all. You'll never get over it, never in the world! You can't stand it another minute without dying of it, but just wait till you get the toothache good and hard, then stand by and watch the headache go way back and sit down!"

Just a Suggestion.

If you are a business woman, do not talk shop after business hours. Be a "society woman," or anything you like, but forget the eternal grind. And while you are in the "shop" don't wear perfumed garments, for there may be some one else who dislikes the kind of perfume you use, unless it is something very simple and rather suggestive than really in evidence.

Strawberry Acid for the Teeth. "Perhaps it is your sunburn that deceives me, but I really believe," said the first girl, as she floated on the sun-warmed billows, "that your teeth have turned three shades lighter."

The second girl, taking a huge breaker very skillfully, laughed and replied: "No, it is the truth. They really are white. It is a new wash that I use."

"Tell me what it is." "It is nothing but crushed strawberries. You take two or three fresh strawberries, crush them and rub your teeth with them for five or six minutes a day. The improvement begins at once, and in a short time the yellowed teeth are as white and lustrous as pearls."—Minneapolis Journal.

At Bedtime.

The little room in fading light, The little beds all sweet and white; The little prayer at mother's knee, And then all cuddled close to me.

My darling's head for stories old, That have a thousand times been told, Of Alice in her Wonderland, Of Cinderella's ball so grand;

The bear and poor Red Riding Hood, And those dear children in the wood; And fairy tales among the rest— Hans Andersen they love the best.

Without, the dark tumultuous night, Within, the peace of fading light, The years may come, the years may go, But nevermore such joy we'll know,

As when, all cuddled close at home, The hour of story-time has come. —Frank Fay.

King of Beverages.

(From What to Eat.) Water is the king of beverages; it is the beverage to which all turn when they would cure themselves of the injurious habit of consuming other beverages. But water that is not pure may be more harmful than the most harmful of other drinks.

Every health department should emphasize the dangers of impure water and urge upon the public the necessity of giving this matter first consideration. There is at our command numerous health reports bearing on this subject and it is not difficult to prove that the death rate would be lowered by greater care with regard to the consumption of pure water.

Water is the basis of all other beverages. All beverages of man's manufacture are water that has been adulterated by admixtures and chemical treatment.

Pure water is the one beverage which has stood the test of science and come down to us unscathed through countless ages. It is nature's chiefest blessing to man.

Other beverages undergo many changes with time. Each age brings them forth in new style, new methods of manufacture, new processes of chemical treatment, and new keepings.

Foods change with each successive generation. We eat different kinds of foods from time to time, each generation prepares them differently; there are different methods of cooking them, different methods of preparing them. Pure water is the same yesterday, today and forever.

From long before the time of the Pool of Siloam, mentioned in the Holy Writ, to the present time, pure water has undergone no change, and people have never lost a taste for it. Other tastes come and go, the taste for water never varies. So long as man and beast inhabit the earth the "practice" of drinking water will never cease.

The Saleslady.

Say, Mayme! Last night I went ter see a show: We had orchestra seats—the second row.

An' honest, Mayme! Who'd yer think I seen A-settin' in a box but that there Gladys Green?

Remember how she useter holler "Cash!" Across the aisle, before she made a mash On that old guy from Pittsburg? Well, now, say!

She's got a motor car an' drives around all day. I wonder how my hair would look, all frizzy An' marcelled same as hers—I guess I'll try it.

An' change the shade—Of course I wouldn't dye it, But bleach it just a bit—My style's too quiet.

What's that you say? Show you some handkerchiefs? Say, Lizzie! You wait on this here lady, I'm for busy.—Puck.

Comforting.

A lady who had recently moved to the suburbs was very fond of her first brood of chickens. Going out one afternoon, she left the household in charge of her 8-year-old boy. Before her return a thunderstorm came up. The youngster forgot the chickens during the storm, and was dismayed, after it passed, to find that half of them had been drowned.

Though fearing the wrath to come, he thought best to make a clean breast of the calamity rather than leave it to be discovered. "Mamma," he said contritely when his mother had returned—"mamma, six of the chickens are dead."

"Dead!" cried his mother. "Six! How did they die?" The boy saw his chance. "I think—I think they died happy," he said.—Harper's Weekly.

A Good Guide.

Governor Vardaman of Mississippi in the course of an address in Jackson, repeated a pithy saying of the famous Bishop Wilberforce. "Bishop Wilberforce," he said, "was out driving one day when a man on horseback stopped him, and, thinking to have a joke, asked: 'Excuse me, bishop, but could you tell me the road to heaven?'"

"Certainly, sir," the bishop answered. "Turn to the right and keep straight on."

Heaped up in the kitchen, All the dishes stand; All the common china, All the Haviland.

Mother's been away a month, Dad has used them all; Now he's eating off the plates That decorate the wall.

He is up against it, While you stay away; Now he's eating breakfast food From the large ash tray.

He will not wash the dishes, He piles them in the sink; If you could only see them now, I wonder what you'd think.

Oh, hurry, mother, hurry, Come back to us today; For father hasn't washed a dish, Since first you went away. —Detroit Free Press.

(Kansas City Journal.)

"I concern myself very little about Roosevelt," says Governor Vardaman. "What? But won't the president feel crestfallen when he hears that? How can he have any right to go ahead with his administration?"

Earthquakes Under Seas.

Twenty thousand leagues below the sea the earthquakes make as much commotion as on terra firma. The latest volcanic eruption of Vesuvius was observed with respect to its effects in the Gulf of Naples by Dr. Salvatore to Biondo.

The day before the eruption not a sardine was to be caught in the neighborhood, although it was the height of the sardine season, for by some sixth sense the fish seemed to know of the impending disaster. The spawning of fishes was retarded; oysters, clams and their kin were killed, and there was great mortality among other types.

Fishes that frequent deep waters were somewhat protected from conditions prevailing at the surface and escaped death, but evidently they were thrown into a panic that caused them to leave their natural hunting grounds, for men fishing in small boats caught species which never had been brought up before except by a special deep water dredge.

The minute plants and animals comprising plankton, which form the main food supply of many of the marine animals, were largely destroyed to a depth of ten fathoms, and, as a consequence, the scarcity of the food caused the death of the fish to such an extent that in Sardinia the fishing industry practically was ruined.

One of the most curious effects of the shower of cinders was to cause certain animals to endeavor to protect themselves. The lobster is one of the familiar animals that adopts the philosophical plan of giving up much to save more, and when caught will automatically detach a claw and leave it in the hands of its captor in order to escape with the rest of its corporeal entity.

The serpent starfish adopts the same policy in time of danger, and as it is exceptionally well provided with arms, its chances of escape by autonomy are correspondingly increased. When the shower of cinders descended into their world the animals accustomed to this mode of defense responded to the disturbance in the usual way by throwing off their appendages, repeating the process as the irritation continued until they were completely dismembered.

Conried's Compliment. An actor told the other day a graceful story about Heinrich Conried. "At a reception," he said, "the loss of the various senses was discussed, and a young woman, a grand opera singer of considerable beauty, said to Mr. Conried: 'Which would you rather be, deaf or blind?'"

"Smiling and bowing gallantly, the great manager answered: 'Deaf, madam, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing.'—Washington Star.

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