WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS—CLUB NEWS, FASHIONABLE HINTS AND USEFUL ARTICLES

THE FRENCHWOMAN'S CHARM

By AN ADMIRER

The Frenchwoman certainly does know how to dress to the best advantage, there is no doubt of that. There is such an air of immaculate neatness about her frocks—and, moreover, such a charm in her way of putting them on. Yes, she is chic!

My friend Celestine—who has come to America from France "because she feels so safe in Philadelphia"—shrugged her shoulders when she heard me deploring the fact that I could get no more new clothes for an indefinite time, owing to the war having taken so much money out of father's pocket. Then Celestine's eyes twinkled in a way that told me she was going to make an interesting remark.

"It will do you good to learn how to take care of your clothes," she said calmly. "So often you speak of my chic appearance—yet I spend on clothes not half what you spend. No," she added, as I made some remark about the art of looking nice being the birthright of a Frenchwoman. "It is not magic! It is only that we Frenchwomen pay more careful attention to our clothes, and that can be done by any woman of common sense—is it not so?"

I agreed that logically Celestine was right; then, as she declared she had no "secrets," I asked her to tell me how it was that she always looked so attractive—how her appearance always had that indefinite cachet that marked her out for being a Parisienne.

THE FRENCH GIRL'S ECONOMY.

"It may be partly that a Frenchwoman always buys things of good quality," she said thoughtfully. "Particularly it is so with the things that do not show. Once I heard you remark that you could not afford to have your corsets made to measure——"

"I can't!" I interposed, but she silenced me with a look of reproach.

"I would rather give up a new gown than not visit a corsetiere to have stays made to fit me exactly," she said. "You talk of the figure of the Frenchwoman—of the exquisite fit of her gowns—but you do not realize that it is greatly due to the fact that every Frenchwoman—even the poorest workgirl—is well corseted!"

"Then my underclothes—as you say—are of the best I can get. I waste no material in the making of them, for, whatever the decree of Dame Fashion, the line cannot be correct unless you have smoothness and slimness underneath. My underclothes I make myself mostly, and I am careful that they are always fresh and properly fastened and threaded with dainty ribbons. And in the drawer where such things are kept there is always a little bag of my favorite violet perfume.

"I think that gloves and footwear come next in importance to me," went on Celestine after a moment. "You have a proverb, have you not, that a lady is always to be told by the clothing of her hands and her feet? Then nearly all Frenchwomen must be 'ladies,' for these are matters of first importance with them. For myself, I try always to have my shoes made to my own measurements—which is an economy rather than an extravagance—it makes such a difference in your comfort and appearance. When not in use my shoes are always upon trees—another economical extravagance! Besides all which, shoes should be kept to occasion—a point which you, my dear American friend, frequently fail in!"

"For instance?" I asked, anxious for fuller details.

"For instance," she repeated, glancing at my feet, "walking shoes should not be worn about indoors—they should be kept for wearing out of doors—otherwise their shape and fit are spoiled for the future.

"With Frenchwomen, too, gloves are always 'bought good.' Even well-worn good ones are preferable to flimsy cheap ones. I keep a glove box for mending purposes, and I always do necessary repairs directly they are needed, and I never wear light gloves unless they are quite clean. Moreover, with new gloves, they should never be put on in a hurry—there should always be time made to put them on leisurely, if you desire them to look well and to have a long and useful life."

"It seems to me that Frenchwomen have lots of 'secrets' for their chic appearance!" I exclaimed. "You are giving me splendid hints. Tell me some more, please."

Celestine laughed.

"What is left? Ah, hats. I am very, very careful of my hats. You do not know how much trouble I have to buy a new hat, for I will not have anything less than the one that is just what I want. It must suit me all round—not only to my full face! I always keep my hats in boxes, and brush them and straighten bows and so on, before putting them away. My veils, too, are always removed and folded smoothly round a roll when not in use—not thrown carelessly on a table!" she added meaningly. "I made my own veil rolls from cardboard rolls, which are slightly padded with cotton-wool, sprinkled with perfume powder and covered with thin silk or brocade of my pet color.

FROCKS NOT FIRST.

"You see, frocks are by no means first consideration to a Frenchwoman, but they get proper attention nevertheless," Celestine declared. "We Frenchwomen of average degree do not have a great number of gowns, and I think we are more particular concerning 'fit' than anything else. I sacrifice trimming a gown in order to pay for a specially good cut!" she added with a laugh. "Moreover, when a new dress comes to me, I do not put it on straight away and wear it in public. I wait till there is leisure for me to put on my dress for my own edification—to sit and stand and walk in it—and allow myself to be thoroughly 'at home' with my gown beforehand!"

"So that when you appear in it in public you are not a bit self-conscious, but quite at ease?" I said, and she nodded.

"Example!" she said. "Also I keep my gowns and costumes all upon proper hangers, and never crush in put them away properly when I retire—however late I may be. Our maid spent thirty hours at three full days last week in dressing my dresses and putting them away properly. Also, I try to wear gowns suited to what is happening—for instance, I should not wear a fine dress for street walking in the morning, as some of your American women appear to do! And I never, never adopt 'the latest fashion' of any sort!" she added quickly and emphatically.

"Yet you always look it!" I avowed.

Celestine laughed.

"Therein—as you say—lies the difference!" she said.

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

"You see, we French girls do so love to be a very little different from the rest of the world. We find it what we call distingue—distinguished, is it not, you say?

"And to be chic and distingue is the height of our ambition. Oh, much more than to be expensively dressed, you know. For that one need but to have money and put onself into the hands of a big modiste, but to be chic one must have taste and originality. I would much, much rather be that.

"So even my violet perfume I choose a sort that is not quite of the ordinary, and I use it with discretion. Just the suspicion, no more. But some of you make a big mistake and use what all are using and perhaps too much of it, and so it is a failure. You become like every one else.

"No, it is necessary to suggest, not to proclaim. In perfume, and in colors also, all depends upon the way in which one serves oneself of a thing. Too much"—she waved her pretty hands dramatically—"and all is spoilt; enough, and one is a success!"

And isn't all she says absolutely true? I'm going to be both "chic" and "distinguished" now I know the way.

At the Women's Clubs

Club activities are being resumed again, now that Christmas has gone by with all its attendant festivities.

The College Club had its regular Monday tea yesterday afternoon, and the hostesses were Miss Idella Louise Gribbel, of Smith College; Mrs. F. L. Bacon, Vassar. Another interesting affair will take place on New Year's Day, when a large tea and reception for college undergraduates will take place at the College Club. The hostesses will include Miss Lucy Davis, of Vassar; Miss Abigail C. Dimon, of Bryn Mawr, and Mrs. Frank H. Griffin, of Swarthmore. All the members of the club who are recent graduates are requested to bring their undergraduate friends.

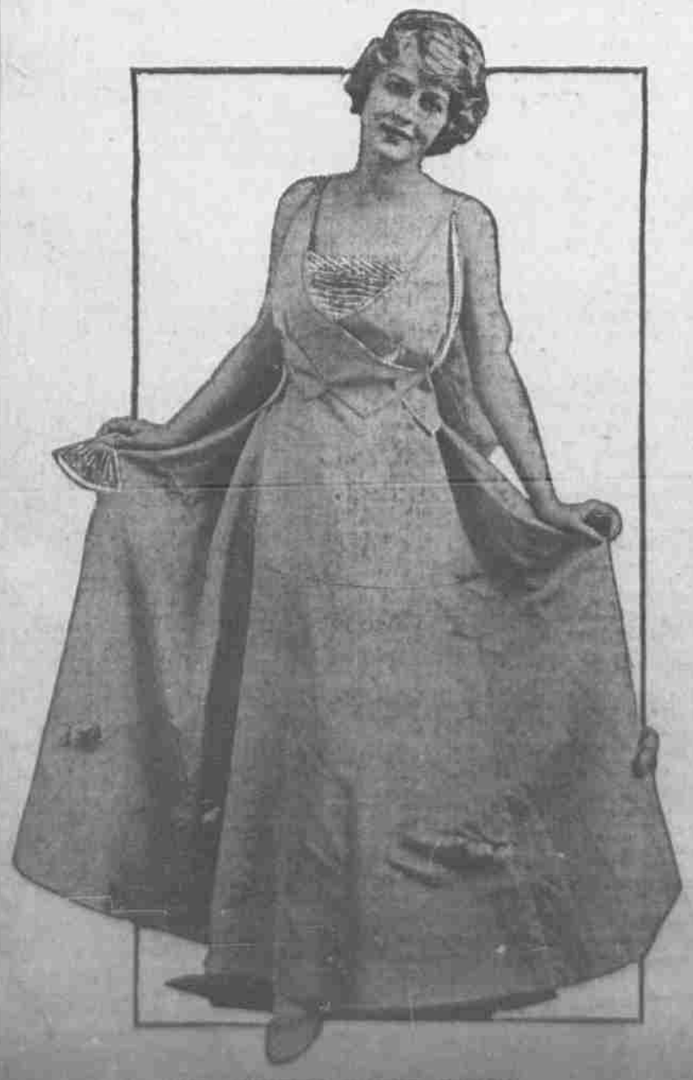
Tomorrow the Reception Committee of the Plastic Club, 247 South Camac street, will hold a meeting. Miss Fulton is chairman of this committee. Miss Virginia Wright Garber will give an illustrated lecture on "Our Trip from Cairo to Assuan," and a tea will follow. The hostess at the tea tables will be Miss Janet Wheeler.

The New Century Club, of Chester, will celebrate Children's Day today at 2 o'clock. A little playlet, called the "Miniature Wedding," will be presented by the youngsters. Mrs. John L. MacWaters has charge of the entertainment.

A new innovation, known as President's Day, will be given by the Pennsylvania Congress of Mothers hereafter on the fourth Monday of every month. These are a series of "at homes" and began yesterday. Mrs. George K. Johnson presided at the board meeting.

The government classes will be held at the New Century Drawing Rooms on Tuesday, February 23, when some very prominent speakers will lecture on "The Dependence of Philadelphia on Harrisburg." "What next November's Election Will Mean to Philadelphia" will be the subject for April 23.

Members of the Philomusian Club will hold a children's party today at 2 o'clock. "The Toy Shop" will be presented by the children of members. On Thursday the midwinter dance will be held at the club. On New Year's Day a reception will be held from 4 to 6.



AN ARTISTIC DANCE FROCK

FROM THE COURTSHIP DICTOGRAPH : By SARA MOORE

Record to be used when the bride meets his folks. "The family will be crazy about you, you ought to have great times with mother and the girls."

Modes of the Hour

The absence of the train and of the sleeves is the rule this season where evening frocks are concerned, and when they do appear they may be noted as the exception by which all rules are proved.

To lay down the law, however, this season would be to attempt the impossible. There is the long waist, for instance, much favored by one well-known French house, the short waist given the preference by another, and the indeterminate waist is an every-day affair.

The circular skirt has been taken up and elaborated upon, the shirred skirt is seen in silks and velvets and chiffons, but the tunic skirt is still with us, and the skirt of several tiers as well, while the draped skirt has not yet been eliminated.

There are some very lovely creations that are made possible by the combination of colors and by using different fabrics, with fur to fall back on, of every width and every kind, if invention fails.

The dance frock pictured today follows the rule in being both sleeveless and trainless. It also shows the latent possibilities in the circular skirt. The one that develops here is the making of an upper circular skirt, like a very deep yoke, and attaching another circular skirt to it.

The result, as a matter of course, is a skirt tremendously wide at the bottom, yet perfectly plain and smooth fitting at the hips. The billowy fullness of the skirt makes an effective setting for the pink roses that are placed at intervals around it.

Glittering rhinestones outline the little jacket fronts of the bodice and make straps for the shoulder and the upper arm. A big, fluffy bow of tulle is placed at the back just below the depth of the decolletage.

Shoulder straps of beads or brilliants are used on some of the loveliest of the imported evening gowns, while on others the use of tulle is noticeable. A strip of filmy tulle has much to commend it. It is always a lovely thing of itself, but it has a wonderfully softening effect that makes it very desirable.

Whether or not we owe the lack of any fixed principles in fashions to the fact that the French ladies of quality did not buy and wear new gowns this year, thereby guiding the rest of the world, the lack is certainly apparent.

The main idea, at present, seems to be to produce the picturesque. This is evident in evening gowns, house gowns and street costumes. It is sometimes forgotten that it takes a great artist to make a beautiful picture. Occasionally, there is seen the same relation of the daub to the masterpiece in the effects produced and those that were planned.

JOHN ERLEIGH-SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS

Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WIMBERLEY (Anne). She has been a widow for seven years. The present
MARQUESS OF WIMBERLEY, her son Guy, aged 13, who is about to go to a public school.
LORD ARTHUR MERIET, his uncle, is discussing the important matter with Lady Wimberley. He is the younger brother of the late peer and heir-presumptive to the title.
Lady Wimberley is most anxious for Guy to go to Harptree, which is a smaller and younger school quite close to the Wimberleys' home—Monkwilver. The headmaster,
JOHN ERLEIGH, is a great friend of hers. Erleigh has practically made Harptree.
Lord Arthur Meriet visits Erleigh and, in spite of his prejudice against Harptree, is greatly impressed with Erleigh's character. He tells the headmaster that it is necessary that Guy should be very carefully looked after as he suspects that schemes are afoot for kidnapping the boy. "It would be worth some one's while to get rid of him," he says. One attempt has already been made unsuccessfully at St. Pancras Station. The head footman at Monkwilver is a detective who has been engaged to watch Guy, though Lady Wimberley is ignorant of this fact.
Erleigh promises to look after Guy, "as if he were his own son."

* * * * * *

A year after Guy has been at Harptree, Erleigh, on a visit to Lady Wimberley, confesses that he loves her.
He is frightened after he has spoken, because of the social difference between them; but Anne interrupts him, and declares that she, too, loves him deeply.
Arriving at the school, he is informed that
MR. VERTIGAN is waiting to see him. The post of chemistry master at Harptree is vacant, and Vertigan has come in answer to advertisements, Erleigh having found his testimonials quite satisfactory.
It transpires that Vertigan had known Erleigh some 10 years ago, and witnessed the latter strike and kill a man named Rochford. Talbot, an innocent man, was arrested for the crime, sent to prison, and died there.
Vertigan has never given Erleigh away, but the schoolmaster fears him. Erleigh cannot, however, urge that Vertigan is not fit to be a master at Harptree, for he himself is no better.
He promises to think over the matter of Vertigan's appointment, but he knows in his heart that he must accept the man.
MRS. TRAVERS, Erleigh's sister, visits Lady Wimberley. Lord Arthur also meets her. Denham, the footman-detective at Monkwilver, tells Lord Arthur that he has recognized Mrs. Travers as a friend of Dick Meriet's, the man who is suspected of attempting to kidnap young Wimberley.
Lord Arthur wires for Barker, a private detective he is employing, to come to Monkwilver. He can hardly believe that Mrs. Travers is concerned in the plots against Wimberley, but the boy strengthens suspicion by saying that he remembers meeting the woman at St. Pancras when the kidnapping attempt was made.
Lord Arthur returns to town and consults Barker, a detective. Though the detective is convinced that Mrs. Travers is mixed up in Dick Meriet's schemes, Lord Arthur is not.
Mrs. Travers visits Lord Arthur and asks him to stop the marriage between John Erleigh, her brother, and Lady Anne. Lord Arthur is convinced of her innocence, but refuses to interfere.

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John Erleigh tells Anne that there is something about his sister's life which he thinks she ought to know. He says that his sister was never married, and that the man who loved and left her was killed—he does not say by whom.
Anne listens, and then declares that it makes no difference to her love, and she expresses sympathy for Mrs. Travers.
Erleigh is so moved at her generous understanding that he says: "I really believe that if I came to you with some shameful story of my own you would forgive me. Anne, would you forgive me?"
DICK MERIET, bankrupt, receives a note from Vertigan, who is in London, that Meriet is being watched. They arrange an interview.
They discuss plans and find that there is another plot against Guy. A lady, pretending to be Mrs. Travers, interrupts them.
She is a spy, and frightens the men. They decide to act quickly.
JIM TRAVERS, Mrs. Travers' son, is a born pianist, but has to work as a clerk.

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

SHE looked at him, with tears in her eyes. He was so clever, this handsome son of hers—an artist to the finger tips. If she had been allowed to have her own way, she would have encouraged him to take up music as a profession. But John Erleigh, who supplied her with her income, had been quite firm on this point. He had said that the boy wanted discipline, that he had been spoilt, and was in danger of growing up into a selfish, wayward man. He had spoken somewhat scornfully about the "artistic" temperament, and talked a good deal about "the formation of character." Then an opening had come—in a big joint stock bank. The salary was small, but the position safe, with a pension to look forward to at the end of it. The opportunity, Erleigh had insisted, was not one to be lost. And James Travers became a bank clerk, with £70 a year of his own—the first money he had ever earned in his life.

For nearly a minute there was silence in the little room. Then Mrs. Travers leant back in her chair and sighed.

"Play to me, Jim, dear," she said, in a low voice.

"No," he said sullenly. "I am not in the mood tonight."

"Please, Jimmie, my boy," she said gently. "You know how I love you to play to me."

He sprang to his feet, kissed her, and went to the grand piano, which occupied nearly the whole of one side of the room, leaning flushed on the music stick, he struck a single chord, played a few rippling notes, and then paused with his fingers on the keys, and his head raised, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. For one minute he sat there quite motionless, with a rapt expression on his face. It was no pose for mere effect. His mother was sitting with her back to him and no one could see him. Music was forming itself in his brain—springing to birth at the touch of his genius, formless as yet, but surging through all his being like a flood.

Then he began to play, and the music welled out from his finger-tips, as water gushed from the rock that was struck by the rod of Moses. At first there scarcely seemed to be a melody—only a flow and ripple and sparkle of harmonious sound. Then the air began to rise above the crashing of chords, like the thin, clear piping of a flute. It rang out, a sweet voice, trying to free itself from a tumult of discordant sounds. It died away again, as though it had not the strength to live. The crashing chords closed oveh it—harsh music that sounded like mocking laughter—then the steady tramp of hundreds of feet, and the noise of the world's great machine, ever revolving and grinding human souls into dust. Then a pause, and then a single deep chord and then silence.

For nearly a minute neither mother nor son moved. Then the young man passed his hand impatiently across his eyes, and, rose to his feet, and came to his mother's side.

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"I couldn't go on," he said, with a nervous laugh. "Mother, dear, you are not crying—you must not cry——"

There was a knock at the door, and the servant entered the room. She gave Mrs. Travers a note on a small wooden tray.

"Excuse me, Jimmie," she said, and she tore open the envelope and raad the few words that were scribbled on half a sheet of paper.

"Is the gentleman downstairs?" she asked, in a hard, quiet voice.

"Yes, ma'am. Shall I show him up?"

"Yes," she replied and then turned to her son.

"Jim, boy," she said, "I want to see some one on important business. Do you mind going upstairs to change—now?"

"Of course I'll go," he said gently, and he made his way upstairs. A few seconds later Mr. Vertigan was shown into the room—a gray-bearded old man in a thick overcoat and a woolen scarf wrapped round his mouth. Mrs. Travers glanced at him, shuddered and threw the note and envelope into the fire.

"Sorry to trouble you," said Vertigan, removing his scarf, "but things are pretty serious. They're on our track at last."

Mrs. Travers did not speak. Her lips were tightly pressed together and the tears were still in her eyes.

Vertigan glanced at her sharply, seated himself in a chair and told her about the visit of Miss Newbolt. She listened in silence.

"In Lord Arthur's pay, of course," said Vertigan, in conclusion. "Well, I thought it best to warn you. We shall have to be very careful—very careful, indeed. Now I want you to arrange to stay with your brother during the first fortnight of next term."

Still Mrs. Travers did not speak.

"What's the matter with you?" he said angrily. "Are you dumb? Can you arrange to stay with your brother at that time?"

"No."

"Why not?" he queried.

"Why not?" she echoed. "Well, because you and Dick Meriet will have to play your miserable game by yourselves. I am going to have nothing more to do with it—nothing more to do with you—either of you."

Vertigan looked at Mrs. Travers for a few seconds without speaking. Then he laughed. "You will have nothing more to do with us?" he said slowly. "You are talking nonsense, Mrs. Travers. You cannot go back now. You have gone too far."

"I may not be able to go back; but I shall go no further."

Vertigan shrugged his shoulders. "Then I'm afraid," he said slowly, "that you will not get very much out of the transaction."

"I do not wish to get anything," she said fiercely. "I—I am sick and ashamed of the whole business."

"But you want money? I think you told me that you wanted money for your son—that he was going to give up his office work and study music abroad. You have ambitions—for your son?"

She turned away from him and, resting her arms on the mantelpiece, stared down at the fire.

"It isn't as if we were going to harm young Wimberley," Vertigan continued. "We're only going to keep him until a ransom is paid. We shan't hurt the boy. He'll look upon it as a lake—rather fancy himself, I expect—in the hands of the brigands and all that sort of thing. And then it isn't as if you wanted the money for yourself. You want it for your son."

She turned on him, her face white, her eyes ablaze.

"You think you can tempt me," she said fiercely. "But you cannot. I have been mad—I have received my senses—as for the money, if I want it, I can get it somewhere."

Vertigan smiled and bitter sneer to his lips.

"You would sell us, eh?" he whispered—"betray us—to Lady Wimberley?"

"No," she answered quietly.

"Oh, yes, you would. How else are you going to get your money?"

She did not answer him. She had formed no plans as yet. She only knew that some change had come over her—and that it had come while her son had sat at the piano playing to her the music that was in his soul. She had seen then—and seen it very clearly—that she could no longer tread the path she had been forced to take. But as yet she saw no other path at all. She only had a vague idea that Lady Wimberley would help her, and that, somehow or other, the young bank clerk must be taken from his present surroundings and given a fresh start in life.

"You would sell us, eh?" sneered Vertigan. "Well, you'd better not try. You think you can shake us off? It's not so easy, my dear lady, to shake off your friends. We know a thing or two about you, don't we?"

"You know that I have never been married."

"Oh, yes—we know that. How would your son like to know it?"

She did not answer. Her face was cold and contemptuous, but there was fear in her eyes.

"I wonder what he would think of his mother?" Vertigan continued. "It's a pretty sight to see you two together—mother and son. The one clean thing in your life, eh—your devotion to that boy. Upon my word, I believe he worships you."

"You have said all this before," she answered slowly. "You and Dick Meriet threatened me with this when you wanted to drag me into your schemes. Well, I am going to tell my son myself—one of these days."

"One of these days?" answered Vertigan. "Oh, yes—'this year, next year, some day, never.' Well, perhaps Lady Wimberley ought to know."

"She knows already."

"Who told her?"

"My brother."

"Ah, there's a kind brother for you!"

Mrs. Travers smiled. "I asked my brother to tell Lady Wimberley," she said quietly.

Vertigan laughed to hide his discomfiture. "You expect me to believe that?" he said. "Well, it doesn't matter. What you've got to understand is that if you betray us you'll wish you had never been born."

"I have often wished that, Mr. Vertigan. And I'm not afraid of death."

He laughed, caught her by the arm, and thrust his face close to hers.

"That is just as well for you," he said grimly.

Then he let go of her arm and, lighting a cigarette, seated himself in a chair and looked up at her with a smile.

"We are talking nonsense," he said. "You have nothing to fear from myself or Dick Meriet. We are just a commercial organization. There were three partners. Now, apparently, there are only to be two. That means more money when it comes to a division of the profits. You can please yourself. If you refuse to come down to Harptree at the beginning of next term we can't make you. But if you are thinking of giving the game away—that is another matter. We must protect ourselves."

"How do you propose to do that?"

"By telling you exactly how matters stand. I can quite see what has caused this change in your plans."

"Can you?" she queried with a smile.

"Yes. This marriage—engagement, I should say—of your brother and Lady Wimberley has upset everything. You are fond of your brother, are you not?"

"I have every reason to be so. He has been very good to me all my life."

"Precisely. And now you have scruples—about getting money out of the woman he is going to marry?"

"I have," she replied.

"And you told Lady Wimberley the truth about yourself in order to break off the engagement?"

She nodded. She had certainly thought that it would be impossible to assist in the kidnapping of her brother's stepson, and had hoped to make things easier for her conscience by trying to break off the engagement.

"I thought as much," said Vertigan with a smile. "Well, your brother is a very fine fellow—he holds a high position. I admire him—very much. Without doubt he has made Harptree one of the best schools in England, and he must be numbered among the great headmasters of this country. It is a pleasure to work under a man like that."

She looked at him inquiringly, quite unable to follow the drift of his remarks. She only knew that the man was mocking her and that for some reason or other he hated her brother.

"He has a great future before him," Vertigan continued, "and this marriage will help him on in his career. They say Lady Wimberley has eight thousand a year of her own. And there is her social position. Tremendous, I call it. A pity your brother is not in the Church. He might be an archbishop one of these days."

"I really must go and change my clothes for dinner," said Mrs. Travers impatiently. "If you have nothing of importance to say to me you had better go."

"No wonder you are fond of him," Vertigan continued, without heeding the interruption. "Besides, you are entirely dependent on him for your daily bread. It would be a terrible thing, wouldn't it, if he lost his job and this marriage never came off, and he was kicked into the gutter by an obscure individual like myself?"

(Continued Tomorrow)

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Marriage vs. Work

"If I ever get married," said the Business Girl in her quick, decided way, "I shall stick to my job. I do think that some men are most impertinent, imagining that a girl who is earning a good salary will be willing and ready to throw up everything for the sake of cooking their dinners and living in some humdrum little apartment with about one-quarter of the luxuries she's been accustomed to! No, indeed, when I marry I stick to my job."

"But won't you find it rather hard work, running two separate jobs at once?" asked her quiet girl friend, timidly.

"Why must I run two separate jobs?" was the query. "You don't mean to suggest that I regard matrimony as a job, do you?"

"Isn't that the usual view?" said the friend.

"It certainly isn't mine," was the reply, as the Business Girl removed her expensive coat and plumed hat, and sank gracefully into the nearest chair. "When I marry I don't intend to work at all. My husband can, but I shall keep on my present job and save all the money I make. You know, I am making $18 a week just now, and not for all the tea in the States would I give it up!"

"How will you manage about cooking and that sort of thing?" asked the quiet little friend.

"Bother the cooking!" cried the Business Girl quickly. "Of course, I shall keep a maid to attend to the housework. I guess a young married couple can live in a small apartment and, if they want to, do without a maid. There are lots of apartments where a restaurant below will send up meals when you phone down to them. That's just what I shall do."

"Won't your husband object to that sort of thing?"

"Let him!" cried the Business Girl. "Before I marry him I'll have that all arranged, so he'll know just what to expect. Don't you honestly think that a girl who is making a good salary would be a fool to give it all up just for the sake of becoming the unpaid cook and household drudge of some fool man who hasn't got one-half the brains or capacity she has? No, thanks!"

"Your arguments sound good," said the quiet girl friend, "but I wonder if they would work out happily? Suppose you were making more money than your husband, don't you think he would naturally resent it?"

"Naturally, he would, since jealousy of women's work is deep rooted in the nature of all men," said the Business Girl. "That's at the root of all this trouble, you know. Men don't want women to have their rights, because they are jealous of women's ability and afraid they will surpass themselves."

"I guess that you will have difficulty in finding the right sort of man that you could live with happily," said the other. "My fiance always tells me that woman's place is in the home."

"In the kitchen, slaving and scrubbing for him, he means!" said the Business Girl. "My dear, think twice before you marry a man of that sort. When men get talking about beauty and sacredness of the quiet, sheltered home life for women it generally means that they're having a good time outside, and they don't want their wives to know about it. Oh, I've heard that sort of talk over and over again. All the men who've asked me to marry them are of that sort. I told them pretty straight just what I thought of them, too! They went off angrier but wiser men."

"I wish I had your strenth of mind," said the other girl, "and I also wish I had your salary. I guess I'd remain a bachelor girl then!"

A Famous Woman Pioneer

One of the pioneers of the women's club movement passed away on Christmas Day. Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, at 40 West 59th street, New York, died at the age of 81. She was known all over the United States as one of the four dresses of the Scrosis, the first woman's club, and later of the General Federation.

Mrs. Wilbaur was a well-known writer on many subjects, and was internationally prominent as a pioneer in the feminist movement. She also was associated with Miss Susan B. Anthony in obtaining the petition for the freedom of slaves during the Civil War.

When Charles Dickens came to visit America he was entertained at a dinner given by the New York Press Club in 1868. When women were denied the privilege of attending this dinner, Mrs. Wilbaur, together with Jennie Croly and three others, founded the Sorosis Club.

The first president of the Sorosis was Alice Carey, and Mrs. Wilbaur held that office for five years. After she had spent 25 years abroad with her husband, a noted Egyptologist, she was again elected president of the Sorosis. She was also president of the Phalo for many years.

The New Year's reception at the Sorosis has been canceled because of Mrs. Wilbaur's death. Only one charter member of the club survives—Mrs. Webster Glynes, of London.

Tiresome Engaged Couples

They are very tiresome sometimes. For instance, when they appear to think the whole world exists for them and that every one except themselves is blind and deaf. Then, again, they are a fearful nuisance when they insist upon catalogling one another's virtues to disengaged persons, who don't in the least care for either of them.

Engaged people do not love one another any the less because they are not continually locking themselves up in one another's arms before spectators, or because they find life possible, and even pleasant, with more than one topic of conversation at their command. Neither do they enjoy the happier courting days less because they are more sociable than their predecessors were, and are not everlastingly making their respective families uncomfortable by sighing and star-gazing when apart, and, when together, locking daggers at every one who enters their particular garden arbor or the drawing room.

Engaged couples are certainly improving, but even now there are a few too (openly) loving pairs who consider others too little!

Love—And Understanding

"To know all is to pardon all," our French friends tell us. Yet love and trust will supply the lack of knowledge and produce the same happy end.

In spite of the fact that the natures of men and women are different, it is possible for a man and a woman to live happily together, although not understanding each other. This lack of understanding is for their good. If a man knew every thought, feeling and sentiment of a woman, what would his love be worth? Love is faith. True love knows no jealousy, no doubt. It is because a man does not know a woman, but has faith in her purity and honesty, that he is so dear to her. She knows that he is taking her upon trust, as she takes him, and it is their faith in one another that binds them.

There are no rifts in the rosy cloud of true love, for true love is perfect faith, and the cloud that is riddled by the shafts of doubt and jealousy is a rainbow cloud that reflects only a little of the sunshine of life, while the greater part flows through and is lost in the abyss beyond.