

# The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

## Concerning Relatives

and Such

In a recent Baltimore paper the editor of the Woman's Page discussed with a great deal of charm and much common sense the oft mooted question of one's relatives. The entire article was apropos of Lord Acheson's remark that he did not marry his wife's family, meaning the Carters, of Maryland and Virginia. The very next day the following reply to the article appeared in the columns of the same paper:

Dear Leonore Calvert.—Your article in the News recently about a man marrying his wife's family is all wrong. A man does not marry his wife's family; neither does a girl marry her husband's people.

The man or woman who thinks so everlasting much of his or her relations should not think of marrying. That is one of the reasons why there is so much trouble between married people. I never did believe in relatives being on too friendly terms, because they can't agree (as a rule); it isn't human nature.

When I marry I expect to have my husband understand beforehand that neither my relatives nor his will be allowed to bother us.

In our family, if we visit our relatives once a year we think we are doing very well. I mean near relatives—mother and father, sisters and brothers—at that. Of course, we see them oftener, but as for visits to their houses, they are few and far between, and the result is peace. People in general, and married ones in particular, should have plenty of friends whom they visit and have visit them frequently, but relatives (near or far), they want to keep at a distance. E. M. M.

Baltimore, March 5.

Oh, what a creature she must be, with a soul no wider than her own narrow eyes and her heart as hard as flint! Dear E. M. M., did you never play happy hours with your scorned sisters and brothers, that your heart never longs to laugh again over the day that it wasn't your turn to ride the bicycle, and the littlest brother took the cake you had your eye on? There seem no thoughts in her mind beyond the belief in herself and her infinite capacity to make and live her own life. "No relatives allowed to bother us." What will you do, you who have gone into your own life and pulled down the shades, in that way when sorrow shall darken your hard eyes and the selfish soul be wracked with age?

This person, for lack of a better name, says she is not one to think so everlasting much of her own people. They must be well rid of her. There will be no mother's soft eyes to look up from her little son's cradle with the soft breathed prayer that he may grow like her child. She lives her life for her friends, one should say for herself. Nobody of her own blood to stand at the door and ward off the curious crowd of so-called friends, to stand between her and criticism, when a shadow has past before the bright sun of her happiness.

It is a very old saying that "blood is thicker than water," and yet older, that "no man lives to himself and no man dies to himself." What can she know of the meaning of the word, friend, who visits her own family once a year and considers her duty well over and the result peace. I cannot describe the surge of pity in my heart for the days that are ahead of her, into that woman's life when she will go to her long home unmourned and uncomfited by the hands of kin. The great God does not allow us to shift our responsibilities, and ten thousand fold will her hardness return to her, bitter than all the pain she has so carelessly inflicted, indeed one might say wilfully committed. One wonders in just what manner she will judge of the depth of the affection of the man she has married unless she measures it by his "little boy and girl" family, which is a part of the whole. You do not suddenly enter into a new life because you are married; your capacity for happiness, love and pain remains the same.

Oh, hard, unloving and unlovely woman, where is your heart, who has embittered your soul, what is your aim? No relatives to bother you; then surely none to love and care for you. I wonder if she has knowledge of the awful black night of loneliness that is just beyond her sight and the gaunt dark rocks of an unloved soul living its shut-in life.

E. M. M. says "it's all wrong" this marrying a man's family or her yours. I wonder who she is; I wonder what her station is in life, and what can possibly be the matter with the sunshine in her family that it should have left a nature so dwarfed and misshapen. Heave pity her darkened and selfish life!

BRENT WITT.

## Too Many Gowns a Mistake.

The late Monsieur Worth once said: "The best dressed woman in Paris buys only three new gowns a year."

This is something the woman of moderate income should commit to memory. It is not the quantity of new frocks we get that stamp us as well dressed or badly dressed, but the quality and make of those gowns.

The woman who must make her money go far can make no greater mistake than to get many clothes. She looks far smarter if she owns but two than into three or four mediocre ones.

How often a woman will say: "I cannot afford to get my clothes from a good dressmaker." Nothing will convince her that she is not being economical, though she may be spending as much on her dressmaker, who turns out several frocks, as if she bought one really well made one.

Besides the cut and style that come with the gown from a smart place, it is usually so advanced that it is not possible or in need of remodeling by the end of the season. It is a good purchase, particularly in tailored clothes.

It is important, though, that the woman of one or two new frocks be discriminating. She cannot afford mistakes in judgment, neither can she afford gowns so ultra as to be easily marked. One may perhaps dary a flash of color in cheap materials, from a cheap dressmaker, but the handsome gown should be chosen for its lasting qualities.

Especially should the fat woman follow this dictum of Worth. The quicker she learns that her one hope is in a well-made frock, from one who understands lines and color effects, the fewer pants will she suffer from passing a mirror. If you are fat or lumpy and hard to fit, better get one good gown a season and wear it everywhere. Your improved appearance will more than make up for the monotony.

Christening Gifts.



STUNNING MODELS IN VANTINE'S CHINESE PONGEE AND CANTON CREPE.

L'Art de la Mode.

## More Blue Frocks---Spring Novelties in Bags and Belts

Smart dressmakers are now mustering all their forces for the adornment and diversification of the taffeta frock, particularly of the dark blue taffeta frock. There are, of course, great possibilities of variety in the myriad hued shot taffetas provided for feminine apparel; but many women, either from necessity or choice, will content themselves with admiring these as they appear when worn by others. A fabric so cool, so light and so dust shedding as taffeta will naturally be most generally attractive in the one color—dark blue—which is now recognized as being the smartest, the most practical and at the same time the most universally becoming one which the dyers have so far been able to produce.

An examination of only a few of the new blue taffeta gowns reveals a surprising amount of variety in detail. This is apparent in the finishing of the top of the corsage, and is of especial interest there because this part of a gown has so much to do with making it becoming or unbecoming. Three different necks taken quite at random from a large collection show one high neck and two entirely different styles of round neck.

The high neck is formed by a shallow yoke and boned stock of white tulle, over which is a pleated collar of black tulle. The latter is wide enough to cover the yoke and extend an inch or two over the taffeta corsage, and is attached to a narrow band of black tulle, which stands out sharply against the white of the stock.

Of the round necks, one has a wide collar effect at the back produced by an arrangement of two or three bias taffeta frills, and finished at the top by a narrow frill of lace. In front are two lace covered revers, opening near

ly to the waist over a vest of plain cream colored tulle. Although the vest wears a certain air of simplicity, this is not altogether genuine, for, small as it is, considerable ingenuity and skill has gone into its construction.

Down through the centre, simulating an opening, is a row of scallops, worked with heavy mercerized cotton, and in each scallop is a small white pearl button. The buttons have four holes and are sewed on with black thread in such a way as to make four little black lines radiating from each of the four holes to the outer edge.

The top of the vest is bound with white satin white satin and in the centre is a smart little black satin bow.

The second round neck, which is on one of the simpler gowns, has a round yoke of horizontally tucked tulle, a continuation of the under blouse, which may be seen through a corsage made partly of blue chiffon. This yoke is finished with a narrow, flat tulle pleating, on the upper edge of which is another pearl button arrangement. Tiny white pearl buttons are sewn on at intervals with pink thread, and these are connected by a couple of rows of hand stitches done in the same color. There is another pretty touch of color in the little cluster of satin flowers, which hides the closing of the yoke. The top of the corsage below the yoke is outlined by a second narrow pleating, this time of blue chiffon.

The extensive use of white in dress fabrics of cotton and wool for spring has brought white accessories into high favor, in bags and belts, particularly. The black and white effect is also very fashionable again for spring.

## Glass Candlesticks

Two clever sets of prizes have just been made with the inexpensive glass candlestick of colonial shape as the basis.

For the first set the small candlestick, about four inches high, with square base, is used. Into the top of this is fitted a fascinating square cushion, which rests in the holder by means of a cork set in the cardboard bottom of the cushion.

These cushions are made from a four-inch square of heavy pastebord, padded thickly with wool and covered with vivid satin or flowered silk. On top of this is put open-worked gold lace—or gold thread can be worked in a loose honeycomb stitch across the top.

The edge of the cushion is finished with gilt fringe or gold lace bead fringe or a scant ruffle of flat lace. As a heading tiny ribbon flowers in rich colors are used quite close together, connected by green chenille or ribbon foliage.

The other set of prizes gives to the winner at each table one of the tall Colonial candlesticks, provided with candle and a dainty lace shade. The shades are made on a small round blue, white, pink or cream colored. For the top imitation chiny is used, two-inch insertion and the same width lace is put a scant frill of narrow chiny. The lace cover is put on without much fuss and is caught here and there in the centre of the frame with tiny buttons of the tight ribbon flowers in fascinating coloring.

Each bunch is set in the centre of a gathered rosette of lace about an inch in diameter.

Around the candlestick is a bow and ends of ribbon to match the lining of the shade. Caught in the knot are frills of lace and a larger bunch of flowers than those used on the shade.

The effect of candle pincushions or candles with shades when brought into the drawing room on a big tray will repay any hostess who ever trouble in making these candlesticks.

## Wearing of the Green. A Blarney Stone Party

St. Patrick's Day, of course, will always mean "the wearing of the green," and in any preparation for entertaining this color will naturally be chosen. Great care, however, must be exercised as to the shade, which should be neither a blue green nor a yellow green, but the brilliant, almost iridescent, hue of a true emerald green.

In spite of the fact that the Emerald Isle itself is sombre in prevailing tone, almost, for many, to the point of depression.

So let table coverings, gas or electric light shades, ties on pillows and chairs or any suitable decoration be made of the brightest green crepe paper procurable, cut in the shape of large shamrock leaves, practically the same in outline as those of our white clover. Lengths of the same effective material may be used successfully as wall panels in spaces between doors and windows, so heightening the brilliant aspect of the room, about which, here and there, should be grouped green potted plants, and everywhere possible, in scones, candelabra and individual candlesticks, the greenest of green candles, three happy being the fortunate owner of the coldest snake variety. Snakes, from the source of which St. Patrick freed the hostess who, for this purpose, is in many ways, together with Erin's flag and, cut from gilt paper.

The harp that once through Tara's halls The soul of music shed.

Among the first pleasures offered let there be a "clover" or "shamrock" hunt, which will, quite effectively, informally "start things going" for with a party, as well as with much besides. It is true that "well begun is half done." For this item of the evening's entertainment very little preparation is required other than the cutting out, from sheets of green tissue paper, found many times in order to duplicate the pattern, enough three-

leaved and four-leaved clovers to admit of each guest finding several of each variety from among those scattered here and there, in inconspicuous places upon the floor, under the edges of rugs, beneath chairs and tables, fastened between curtain folds or slipped between books and magazines.

A prize should be awarded to the finder of the largest number in all and a second small gift should reward the happy finder of the most lucky four-leaved variety. Prizes, however insignificant, add greatly to the pleasurable excitement of any contest among grown people as well as children.

Another pleasant way of passing the time is to have an "Irish potato race." A dozen or two potatoes are placed in a basket at the other from which each contestant in turn is to start, teaspoon in hand, upon a time limit, carrying in the potato back to the basket as many potatoes as each can safely balance and deposit in the allotted number of minutes. A tiny airship, train of cars or anything suggesting rapid transit will appropriately reward the most skilful and swift-footed.

Next, using the same potatoes, supply each guest with a knife, half a dozen toothpicks and a small tin tray, and set a time limit in which each shall carve his or her potato into some original design, serious or frolic, as each may choose. The two or three most successful may be selected by a committee of three, who, each in turn, will award the prizes to the competing sculptors of "Wild Animals I Have Known"—or not known, as the case may be.

About this time should come the serving of refreshments, green tinted as far as may be with plates and bakings bearing decorations of green Pistachio ice cream, cakes with green icing, green bonbons, etc., must not be forgotten, while every one drinking water may be beautifully and healthily colored with green mint juleps dissolved an hour previous to serving in the bottom of each glass.

## New Wash Materials

Everywhere in the stores one sees glorified in appearance that they seem almost to have lost their identity. Wash goods once meant lawns, batistes, organdies, calicoes and light-weight weaves generally, but the times and fashions have changed all this, and the heaviest of piques and crashes are now grouped with cotton chiffons and voiles.

There are heavy linens with their more or less fancy weaves and flax or embroidered borders, dainty voiles with a border at one side, or both, and with or without an additional centre panel design, filmy chiffons, plain or pencil-striped and powdered all over with exquisite buds and blossoms; French marquisettes in black and white yarns, with ribbon effect borders; imported plaques by madras stripes, some with the ribs or cords running lengthwise, some crosswise, some in rathine, or Turkish toweling varieties, new for dresses and trimmings in white and bright leather color, the good ones wistaria, yellow, tan, cerise and old blue tints of all these fabrics.

Bordered wash materials of all textures and weights are exquisite in design and beauty, as well as practical. Many are bordered in black and colors on white, some are bordered with velvet in discs and dots, others are block-printed in fascinating designs and colors, and many have drawnwork borders in imitation of flax, the latter being more especially shown in coarse linens, crashes and ratine weaves. While the background is usually white, some exquisite shades of pink, blue, rose, tan, heliotrope, geranium and other reds are seen. Every one's favorite color of summer. Many beautiful gowns of embroidered batiste are in this tint.

A Dainty Easter Gift.

The fittings for a boudoir writing table or desk are vastly more frivolous than the dignified belongings of the library downstairs. My lady is not supposed to invite anything more serious than friendly notes, dinner invitations and love letters at her own desk upstairs, and silver fittings with cut-glass ink bottles and cases for the flowers that always brighten a dainty woman's writing table are the appropriate furnishings. To match these pretty silver and cut-glass trifles there is a new desk blotter—white, of course with corner mountings of all-green silver, and in one of these silver corners is inserted a small silver-faced watch, which is always conveniently ready to be glanced at during the half-hour snatched for correspondence.

Why Talk at Random?

The average woman has an absurd dislike of silence. In its depths she imagines all sorts of evils, and she scarcely dares pause to draw breath for fear it will be thought she has nothing to say. Consequently the ripple of her conversation is incessant. She rarely stops to consider what she is saying, but rushes madly on, scattering words recklessly until one wonders if conversation has become a lost art and chattering is the order of the day.

Girls ought really to be taught not so much how to talk as how to remain silent without appearing awkward or stupid. Intelligent silence is impressive, and for the matter of that more difficult than nervous chatter.

In the restless groups of women one meets at teas and seldom finds a woman who talks connectedly. Not because they are unintelligent, but because they have failed to learn the value of repose.

Their restless animation is the result of nerves. They dash into a conversation as they would take a plunge in the morning, and come out panting and breathless.

Their vivacity of manner is excessive, and if one is striving to get the best from the people one meets it is very annoying. For it is difficult to find satisfaction in disjointed phrases, no matter if they are cleverly turned. What a relief it is to meet a woman who has none of this artificial animation, whose nerves do not drive her through her social conversation in a cyclonic manner.

The girl who can enter a room leisurely and begin a conversation as if she had all the time in the world, who says things in a calm, well-poised manner, and who does not flutter excitedly through involved byways, has the social situation in her hand.

This type of girl neither strives for epigrammatic effect nor arranges to work off a topic that is evidently on her mind by hurling it frantically as you in a mad volume of words. To meet a girl like this is like coming upon the proverbial oasis in a desert. The comfort and peace of her manner soothes even the high-strung character and makes her unconsciously imitate it.

Women who are anxious to cultivate the art of attraction will bear in mind that little warning against breathless chattering and a too vivacious manner. It is not an amusing or compelling thing to seldom draws people for the girl who chatters volubly, even if cleverly, does not often have the "come hither" lure.

She may, by the vivacity of her manner, appear to be drawing a perfect time, but she fails to draw out the best of her guests, and she is in them anything more than a passing interest, while the girl of silence and poise often arouses a strong desire for better acquaintance.

An Invaluable Patch.

Children's dresses have to be patched to be sure to match the weave of the material, and if it be striped or plaid goods, take great care that the pieces of the fabric are exactly matched. Before applying the patch be sure that the material of the patch matches the dress in color. For example, do not patch a faded garment with a piece of new material. If the dress is faded, wet a bit of new material and lay it in the sun until it, too, is faded the color of the faded material. Then it can be put on underneath the tear, the frayed edges cut away and the edges of the tear sewed down with invisible stitches. Dampen and press the patch on the wrong side, and it will be almost impossible to see where the garment has been mended.

To apply an invisible patch to woolen material, place the patch under the hole; then, with strands of wool thread raveled out from the new material or the piece you are patching with darn the edges of the hole down to the patch, taking care to follow the weave of the material as you work. Dampen and press under a cloth on the wrong side.

Lace may be successfully patched by sewing a piece of net having the same mesh as the lace underneath the patch. Use a very fine needle and thread that corresponds to the thread in the pattern of the lace work over the net. The same design found in the lace. This patch is very successful in mending the yokes and collars that have worn in small holes about the joining points, yet are too good to discard altogether.