

Activities of Women in Various Ways

A High Priced Maid.
 An English household which designates her rank as "first-class upper," is pretty and ambitious to have her voice cultivated, writes to the Chicago Tribune expressing her willingness to take a situation in a Chicago family which advertised for a model housemaid. The qualifications were not exacting. Breakfast at 7 a. m., no washing, no hours a day and six days a week. Compensation, \$1.00 a year, a luxurious home, an automobile and music lessons, reception room for callers and all the candy she could eat. The letter of the "first-class upper" housemaid reads:
 "I should have no time for motor cars, etc. If I did my work properly, as I should wish to do, but I should require two hours of each day in order to continue my studies in singing. I was told by a woman of great experience that I had a lovely voice if trained. I went to Rome and studied under Signor Biaccia, who told me I could do great things with my voice if I worked hard. My voice is dramatic, with a phenomenal compass of three and one-half octaves, from lower C to F in alto, with a perfect mezzo voice in between. I have managed to practice twice a week until now, but if I could only get into a situation where I could have two hours a day and make enough to pay the fees of a good master I should be quite sure to succeed, and I would work with a will to make it up to the considerate employer who allowed me such a privilege. In England a housemaid is always a housemaid, and I cannot hope to rise superior to class distinctions, but in your enlightened country I understand that brains and talent can secure consideration, no matter in what walk of life they are found. I am a real, hardworking, respectable housemaid and I know my work thoroughly. I can give the best of references from high class employers and I am enclosing two photographs with this letter of application."
 The application is under consideration.



Glory of Motherhood.
 In a recent publication on wood-famous singer, Madame Schumann-Heink, mother of eight children, makes this declaration: "I am so happy when I can go about with a dustcloth in my hand or get into my big apron and cook what the children like, and they think I can do it better than anybody else. My great ambition is my children. If I can make the world my 'Schumann-Heink' has raised a good, useful family, then can I go to my God and know I have lived well. When the newspapers and the critics say I understand, I think maybe I do, and I know where I learned—it was from my children; and if I am an artist it is because I am a mother. There is much in America now about the women not being mothers. Well, if I could speak the English so I could make them know, I would go up and down America and tell the women who are afraid to be mothers because maybe they lose their figures or their money, what it means to be a mother. The woman who is not a mother—oh, God, how I pity her! She has never lived."
England's Women Sailors.
 Among the many women of old-time sea life which the student of naval history chances upon in his researches, none is more curious and none more romantic than the records which are frequently met with of women, says the London Globe. They are divided into two classes, those who went to sea by permission with their husbands, who in the hour of battle rose to the occasion, and did yeoman service behind the guns, and those who for one reason and another donned male costume and sailed in the ordinary way. In the prosaic times in which we live it is wellnigh impossible for any romantic girl to get to sea in a man-of-war, though in a recent novel woman correspondent of a daily paper is made to attend maneuvers, and some terrible complications follow her incursions into tactics and strategy. Up till the middle of the last century, however, it was no uncommon thing for captains and even seamen to take their wives to sea. It is recorded that at the battle of Camperdown a woman assisted in firing the guns when her husband was quarrelled, and stuck firmly to her post until, with one leg shot off and the other wounded, she was carried below to the surgeon's care. A curious case arose as the result of women being present at Trafalgar. In the official record of the applicants for the naval war medal in 1847 occurs the entry: "Jane Townsend, of his majesty's ship 'Defiance.'" Sir T. Blyth Martin noted against this that the order directing that all who were present at the action should have a medal was made without any reservation as to sex. He adds: "As this woman produces from the captain of the Defiance strong and highly satisfactory certificates of her useful services during the action, she is entitled to a medal." After further consideration, however, it was decided that the claim could not be allowed; "there were many women in the fleet equally useful, and it will leave the admiralty exposed to innumerable applications of the same nature." The state of things in some of our men-of-war in that time may be gathered from an entry in the diary of a naval surgeon of the period. He tells us that when the Magnanime, of 750 men, was ordered to be repaired at Portsmouth, its crew were turned over to the Canterbury, but no shore leave was given, permission being accorded instead for the men's wives to come on board. In consequence the consumption of beer was so large that the purser had to enter a complaint. The admiral ordered the females on board to be mustered, and there were 432 of them. They all declared themselves married women, and were acknowledged by the sailors as their wives.
 Two of the most famous nautical heroines were Mary Anne Talbot and Hannah Snell. The former served for many years in the navy, and ultimately retired on a pension of £30 a year granted for wounds received in action. Hannah Snell was a royal marine, and her memory is honored by the sea regiment to this day. She served first in the army, but, desiring to be a marine, and went out to the East Indies

home," said Mrs. Hulon. "We will talk over in friendly chat our wedded experience. I think there is great need of such a club in a city like Chicago, where there are so many divorces. The possibilities are obvious. Many persons marry hastily and regret, while others regret their marriage even after long courtship. All of us can talk over our troubles in a friendly way and gain much from them. If we make our experience common property among ourselves I think we can do much in preventing divorce. That is just what we want to prevent."
Congress of Mothers.
 The International Congress of Mothers is to be held in Washington March 16-17, and the various state clubs are preparing for the convention. The first session will be held at the White House, and President Roosevelt, who is in sympathy with the mothers' movement, will be the principal speaker. Other speakers will be Ambassador Horace E. Brown, commissioner of education; Commissioner of Labor Neil D. Wiley of the Agricultural department, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Judge Benjamin Lindsey and others. The delegates from the states will be appointed by the governors. This movement of the mothers of the country to study the problems that would interest them, as they pertain to the health and comfort of the family, should receive much encouragement, as it merits a progression in the direction of the perfect home.

Don'ts for the Holiday
 Seasonable Suggestions for Those Planning Appropriate Gifts.
 Don't leave the cost mark on presents.
 Don't let money dominate your Christmas giving.
 Don't let Christmas giving deteriorate into a trade.
 Don't embarrass yourself by giving more than you can afford.
 Don't try to pay debts or return obligations in your Christmas giving.
 Don't give trashy things. Many an attic could tell strange stories about Christmas presents.
 Don't make presents which your friends will not know what to do with and which would merely encumber the home.
 Don't give presents because others expect you to. Give because you love to. If you cannot send your heart with the gift keep the gift.
 Don't decide to obtain from giving just because you cannot afford expensive presents. The thoughtfulness of your gift, the interest you take in those to whom you give, are the principal things. The intrinsic value of your gift counts very little.
 Don't give things because they are cheap and make a big show for the money. As a rule it is a dangerous thing to pick up a lot of all sorts of things at bargain sales for Christmas presents. If you do there is always a temptation to make inappropriate gifts.—Success Magazine.

HAIR ORNAMENTS FOR THE EVENING COIFFURE.
 she got the idea of organizing the Widowed club, "when I fell to thinking how sad is the lot of the widow, especially the widow of middle age. Young girls marry the men naturally fitted for widows of middle age, and the widow wastes away in loneliness. So I concluded that an organization where widows might meet men of their age was a necessity.
 "Again I thought how many of us suffer in our matrimonial experiences. Why, I got a whole crate of lemons the last time. So I made up my mind I would start a club where the members could discuss their marital experiences, and, profiting by a revelation of their mistakes, could avoid being lamed the next time—if there is any next time."
 Before giving an inkling of the secret to even an intimate friend, Mrs. Hulon mapped out a set of bylaws to govern the qualifications for membership. These provide that:
 "The man who seeks to become a member must prove that he is honest, temperate, free from debt, intellectual and moral.
 "The woman applicant must prove that she is honest, temperate and not a gossip."
 The object of the club was formally announced to be "to present widows and widowers, for pleasure, mental profit and matrimony, if it be ordained that the association herein arranged for, shall lead to such a happy denouement." In case one of the members marries, however, he or she will be required, under the rules, to give a dinner or some other entertainment to all the other members of the club.
 Mrs. Hulon next advertised for members. Bushels of letters came in response. More than ever Mrs. Hulon was convinced of the necessity for a club for widows and widowers.
 "It's the best idea ever proposed," wrote one applicant. "I'm dying of loneliness. Please count me a member."
 One letter came from a prominent physician. He wanted to become a charter member. Others' letters came from men who included reports by married gentlemen showing high marital ratings.
 Mrs. Hulon said she had little difficulty in culling fifty members out of them. Most of the letters indicated the characters of the writers, without any references.
 Within a few days Mrs. Hulon announced the membership was full. This, however, did not stop the flood of letters that deluged her home.
 "All the meetings will be held in my

SHOPPING CAUSES WRINKLES
 Three Distinct Varieties Line Up on the Face of the Christmas Shopper.
 "Each Christmas present makes a wrinkle," said a woman, seating herself with a weary sigh in front of her mirror. "I call them my shopping wrinkles, and I get enough of them every Christmas to last a year."
 "They are of three varieties. There is the calculating wrinkle, which comes between the eyes. That is the wrinkle I get when I count up my change and find I haven't as much money left as I thought I ought to have.
 "Next there's the genuine worry wrinkle, which comes around my mouth. It is deep and dark, and it makes me look 60. It comes when I know I am forgetting something important.
 "Then there are the wrinkles around the eyes. They can be traced to late hours and Christmas festivities generally. If a woman is to be the maker of her own fate, she should make her wrinkles very fast. It is good to go to bed as soon as you get a set of those eye lines.
 "This year I was clever. I took time by the forelock and made my preparations. I expect to get through the holidays without a wrinkle on my face."
 But what it has cost me in time and money, in study and forethought, none but myself and my conscience could tell.
 "My initial move was to get a good dressing table. On it is a three-winged looking glass. On top are candlesticks which light up the mirrors and give a woman a good view of herself. With this installed in my room I felt that I could at least keep myself informed as to my wrinkles.
 "A three-winged mirror of this kind is a blessing. It appraises its owner of the approach of her first grey hair, it warns her of a bad complexion; it tells her when her teeth are not quite as sparkling as they ought to be; and as for her wrinkles, it detects them of all kinds and among the season's most popular fancies.
 "An ideal way of bringing an old fur coat up to date is by trimming it with bands of broadcloth. An old seal skin was trimmed with bands of broadcloth around the cuffs, the neck and lower edge of the collar. The front was buttoned with big cloth buttons and at the neck there was a silver 'asp. The effect was very smart, although the coat was several seasons old.
 "With the brown reception gown there is worn the little mink jacket, which is short, tight fitting and trimmed with a narrow band of brown satin embroidery. One of these little jackets is the collar of colored linen beautifully embroidered in white. It comes in pale yellow, tan, brown, violet, green and blue and the embroidery is in flower pattern. The girl who is handy with the needle can make her own collar, but she must obtain a pattern with which to work. An old, well fitting linen collar, ripped apart, will serve as a model for the hand-

and they are somewhat newer than the all fur muff and scarf.
 Furs are having a wonderful popularity this season.
 "The wearing of cloths gowns trimmed with fur has become a fashionable vogue. The muff is a fashionable Christmas present and this season there are many beautiful muffs displayed to tempt the holiday shopper.
 "Ribbon loops are much used as a trimming upon cloth gowns, and big soft ribbon choux are also employed. They are made rather flat and are tucked upon the gown in a regular row down the front or in parallel lines at the side. Ribbon trims most of all kinds and among the season's most popular fancies.
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Leaves on Fashion's Notebook.
 Long velvet stoles, edged with fur, are the latest in wraps. They are made around them, and there are big flat muffs of black velvet, trimmed with bands of fur. These sets are expensive and beautiful

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What Women Are Doing.
 Mrs. Kennard has been postmistress for sixty-one years of the postoffice of Wivelsfield, near Haverdale, Hereford, England. Mrs. Kennard is now 85, is able to attend to her own house and spend many years yet at her post.
 Boston now has a school for nurses, who assist the school physicians, dress wounds and visit the homes. There is an inspection of the school children every twenty-four hours, and in this way there is little danger of the spread of contagion. The school nurse has been found to be a real necessity.
 Fanny J. Crosby, the blind hymn writer who is now in her 88th year, is still in vigorous health, and last week wrote a poem in the dedication of a rescue home in her own town, Springfield, Mass. One of the hymns she wrote was "Angel Voices Give the Law," and it will, no doubt, be set to music and numbered among her other hymns, of which she has written over 5,000 in the anthologies.
 A woman veterinary surgeon of London has a paying business, as she confines herself to rich women's pets, and these poor pampered creatures are often ill. One source of her success lies in the fact that society women have come to believe that men veterinarians have much more interest in sick horses than for pet dogs. This woman surgeon makes great pets of her patients, and both dogs and mistresses appreciate it.
 The latest novelty in the boudoir is an Indian maid, Mrs. Lloyd Eric having set the fashion with a Cherokee maid named Sparkling Water. The girl was educated in a French convent and has pretty little French ways that are very diverting. Many of these Indian girls are very competent and will no doubt prove much more satisfactory than the average foreigner, when trained to service of this sort.
 Mary Josephine Crane, the daughter of Chicago iron manufacturer, intends to become a farmer. Miss Crane has been deaf and dumb from birth and is about to finish a three years' course in agriculture in the University of Wisconsin. Recently her father gave her a farm near the Crane summer home at Lake Geneva, and she intends to direct the work there next summer personally.
 At a ball in Bermuda a wonderful dress was worn and in the making of it over 30,000 stamps were used. Years were spent in collecting the stamps, and three weeks in making the dress, which was of the finest muslin. The woman called upon her friends to help her and the dress was covered with the stamps of all nations. On the front of the bodice was an eagle made entirely of brown Columbia stamps. Suspended from the bird's talons was a globe made of old blue revenue stamps. On each side of the bodice was an American flag having stripes of red and blue stamps. On the back of the bodice was a collection of foreign stamps in the form of a shield, in the center of which was a portrait cut from old revenue stamps. A picture hat covered with red and blue stamps was worn with this remarkable dress.

Chicago Widows' Club.
 The Widowed club is the latest club organization in Chicago. Members call it "The Anti-Lemon Club."
 "The last time I was married I thought I was getting a peach," says the founder of the club, Miss Helen Hulon. "This club may help to prevent me from drawing another."
 The club membership at first was limited to fifty, but more than 200 have sought to be enrolled. Some were rejected as unfit. Others were put on the "waiting list." When a member dies or gets married one of these may be elected to fill the vacant place.
 Meanwhile the fifty members will strive to find "successes of sorrow" in one another's society. They will have parties, and dances, dinners, automobile rides and tele-grams. If some happy marriages do not follow it will be strange, says the founder, though the club is not a matrimonial scheme, but just a plan to banish loneliness and make the widow's or the divorcee's life worth living.
 Mrs. Mary J. Hulon is the founder of the Widowed club. She is wealthy and lives in a big house at No. 215 Forty-first street on the edge of the exclusive residence district of Chicago known as Kenwood. She has had two matrimonial experiences. Her first husband's name was Russell. She refers to him as the "dear departed." Her second, she says, was a failure. "I was playing away in my South Side home," said Mrs. Hulon, in explaining how

A Wedding Called Off.
 MISS MARGARET HAZLEHURST, a famous Philadelphia beauty and a member of one of the oldest families in that city, recalled the invitation that was sent out a week ago for her wedding to Frederick Edward Gilbert of New York City, which was to take place October 15. When Mr. Gilbert was seen at his apartments, he admitted that the wedding had been called off, and said that Miss Hazlehurst was seriously ill at Atlantic City.
 Miss Hazlehurst, who is staying at the Bellevue-Stratford, in Philadelphia, announced that she had made up her mind over night not to marry Mr. Gilbert, but one other than that she would give no cause. She is 19 years old, and made her debut in Philadelphia a year ago. She said that Gilbert had visited her five times within the last three days and pleaded that she reconsider her determination to call off the wedding, but she was obstinate, and said nothing could make her change her mind.
 "I recalled all the invitations she sent out a week ago for her wedding," said the presents that have been received will be returned tomorrow. All I have to say is that I simply made up my mind, over night, mind you, not to marry Mr. Gilbert, and that is all there is to it."

Mrs. Logan's Grandson.
 Guests assembled for the marriage of Lieutenant Logan Tucker, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. May K. Broome, in Washington, recently, waited fully twenty-five minutes past the scheduled hour before the two principals in the service appeared. From time to time during this interval the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. John A. Logan, turned expectantly to the door, hoping to see her grandson appear. Finally the little gathering of friends, pretty highly keyed up, were getting a bit on their nerves, when Mrs. Logan restored the balance by calling across the aisle to a guest: "Well, I'm glad Logan Tucker is getting to a wedding instead of a fight. If he is as late getting into battle as he is in getting to the altar, he'd stand little chance of winning; that's all I've got to say."
Long Chasm for a Bride.
 Facing across the continent from San Francisco, Herbert A. Seller intercepted his bride-to-be, Miss Cassie Brill of Seattle, just as she was preparing to sail from New York for Europe with her aunt, and though she will go abroad just the same, it will be as Mrs. Seller, their wedding having taken place at the Hotel Madison.
 Miss Brill, whom Mr. Seller has been engaged to marry for some time, informed him recently that she intended to go abroad

for a year, their marriage having been postponed on account of a death in Miss Brill's family. Mr. Seller urged her to marry him at once. She declined, and, with her aunt, Mrs. Fuhrman of Seattle, came to New York.
 Meantime Mr. Seller, convinced that delays are dangerous, had also taken a train for New York and reached there three days after his bride-to-be. This time he was successful in pressing his suit and in the presence of fifty friends from New York and the wedding couple were married in the parlor of the Majestic.
 Mr. Seller said that he had made several trips from San Francisco to Seattle in a vain attempt to convince Miss Brill that now was the time to get married. "Altogether," he added, "I chased her nearly 9,000 miles and I think I deserved to win."
Wedded in Midstream.
 An elopement and marriage on horseback in the middle of the Red river, near Denton, Tex., directly followed by a gunshot from ambush, which wounded the bridegroom, was the experience of Joseph Anse, a Texas ranger, and Miss Annie Hunt, a Choctaw Indian girl. The bullet shattered Anse's left arm.
 Anse had courted the Indian maiden for six months. Clandestine meetings followed the objection of her father to Anse. He did not want her to marry outside of her own race.
 Anse and the girl fled on horseback in the moonlight. A minister, waiting at the junction of the Red and Kiamita rivers, performed the ceremony in midstream. The party wheeled their horses to continue on their way, when a rifle shot from the bushes burst near the minister's feet and pierced Anse's arm. The rifle was fired from the woods on the river bank.
 Quick as a flash the ranger whipped his revolver from his holster and fired into the woods near the spot where the flash was seen. Fearful lest the would-be assassin might be one of his tribesmen, he was tagged at her husband's sleeve until he consented to see from the spot on the gallop.
 The bridal party galloped into the nearest village, where Anse received surgical attention.
A Family of Elopers.
 Samuel W. Carpenter, a submarine diver of Allegheny, Pa., had three pretty daughters and a budding young son one year ago. Since then Cupid had been busy, and his three daughters and son have made journeys at different times to Ohio Grotto Greens to be married.
 First to go was Miss Lottie, a beauty

of the brunette type. Mabel was the next, following her sister's footsteps in a few weeks. They were the oldest of the daughters, and it was believed that Cupid had finished his work. Three months ago Miss Myrtle journeyed to Youngstown and came back with a husband.
 It was announced last week that Raymond S. Carpenter, the oldest boy in the family, had eloped to Youngstown with Elizabeth Meyers, and they were married. The elder Mrs. Carpenter is not worried over the strange series of elopements of her children, and laughs when she talks about it. "My children are all living happy, and I only hope their happiness will continue," she said.
Wedding Will Unite Great Fortunes.
 Miss Gladys Mills, one of the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Oden Mills, is to wed Henry Phipps of New York.
 The marriage of Miss Mills and Mr. Phipps will unite two of the largest American fortunes. Miss Gladys Mills, who, with her twin sister, Miss Beatrice, was introduced to society five years ago, is the granddaughter of D. O. Mills, one of the wealthiest men of the United States. She is the niece of Mrs. Reid, wife of the United States ambassador to London.
 Henry Carnegie Phipps is one of the four children of Henry Phipps, called the third richest Pittsburgher. He was named for Andrew Carnegie.
 It has always been understood that D. O. Mills was anxious that his granddaughters should choose American husbands.
Daughter Weds, Then Father.
 Shortly after J. J. Cook and Miss Theresa Driscoll left the office of the marriage license clerk at Alton, Ill., one day last week, the father of the bride, Daniel J. Driscoll, entered and applied for a license to marry Mrs. Mary Kennedy.
 Father and daughter started on their errand of matrimony ignorant of each other's intention. Both couples were married at different times at St. Patrick's church, and later the secret was made known to each party.
 A big wedding supper followed at the Driscoll home. Driscoll paid all the expenses, declaring it was the best joke of his life.
Romantic Sympathy.
 A strange romance in which conscience and pity seem to have ruled the heart of a man to the point of marriage with a woman he had accidentally crippled in childhood was developed in a divorce trial in Indianapolis. From rising to the height

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