

# A Lesson in Flirtation

MRS. BOVRIL was at home—not to all the world, but to the select few who happened to interest her in that particular year of grace. There were no old friends among them. Mrs. Bovril had few old friends, and she did not encourage them. She used to say they were like old servants, and became impudent as time went on. Besides, she liked a change, and the men—well, it only took an intelligent man three weeks to find her out.

There were usually about four women in the room, and they were carefully chosen for their ugliness and patient dispositions. Every one said she hired them to irritate the men and increase their longing to escape to her side. It was certainly an understood thing at Mrs. Bovril's that only one man was to sit by her at a time. She gave each one his turn, if he deserved it, and expected him to serve his seven years cheerfully in another corner of the room. That they were content to do this is a proof of the wonderful fascination she exercised over her admirers.

To-day, however, the young men rubbed their eyes and stared. What was Mrs. Bovril thinking of? There was a young and beautiful woman languidly sipping tea on Mrs. Bovril's particular sofa; she must have got in by accident, or force, or guile. Their hostess would never have been so foolish as to ask a possible rival.

They were mistaken, however. She had been the subject of a special invitation. The fact was Mrs. Pounceforte Deane was there to learn. She had not long been married, and had lived



"YOU REALLY MUST HAVE SOME ADMIRERS."

In the country all her life. Mrs. Bovril had taken pity on her ignorance, and had asked her round to show her how things ought to be done.

"My dear," she had said some days previously, "you really must have some admirers."

"I have my husband," Mrs. Deane had replied with provoking innocence.

"Your husband? Yes, of course. So have I. But if your husband is the only man who is going to admire you, you will soon lose your attractiveness in his eyes. Men like their wives to be run after. It gives them the pride of possession. They like to think that they have got what other men are longing for?"

"And what other men may take from them. Is it not rather dangerous, Mrs. Bovril?"

"How seriously you take everything, child. There is no harm."

"Not in playing with fire?"

"Fire? Fiddlesticks! Come round on Tuesday. I have a few people in you will like them, I expect. They are rather different to the ordinary people, and I don't want all of them for myself."

Mrs. Deane had laughed. But she was a girl, and liked something new, so she came round.

Mrs. Bovril was kind, gave her the second best man and the best seat, and told all the others how charming she was.

"Fresh from the country, you know, Algy," she murmured, "where all the beautiful cows are, and buttercups and things. Isn't she lovely?"

Algy was fool enough to say "Yes," so he was packed off before his time was up, and he made things so unpleasant all round the other side of the room that the people dropped off one by one, and soon Mrs. Bovril and Mrs. Deane were left alone.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Bovril, when Algy, who had staid to see all the others driven out, had gone, "how have you been getting on?"

"I don't think my husband will have any cause to be jealous," Mrs. Deane replied, leaning back in a more comfortable position than she had hitherto allowed herself.

"Dear me, how unfortunate you are. You don't know how to treat them, you silly child. You should have watched me. A lot can be done in that way. I suppose you talked about books, and the theaters, and bicycles, and all those sort of things," and Mrs. Bovril smiled contemptuously.

"What else should I talk about—to strangers?" replied the pupil rather wearily, for, to say the truth, Mrs. Bovril's second best young man had not been interested in anything.

Mrs. Bovril laughed. "You absurd creature. Do you think that sort of conversation interests them? They are only interested in you—and themselves. You must be more personal. Discuss the character of men and women. A lot can be done with that. You soon drift round to your own natures and dispositions, and on that topic you can become intimate in fifteen minutes. Then you should hint at domestic sor-

rows. There is nothing a young man likes so much in a married woman as domestic sorrows."

"But I haven't any," Mrs. Deane said, pulling a rose to pieces and dropping the leaves into a teacup.

"Of course not. But it is so easy to suggest some. I believe Algy Dawson thinks that Mr. Bovril beats me."

"Did you tell him so?" cried Mrs. Deane in disgust.

"No, you goose, but I always look extremely sad, and then brighten up when he comes and sits by me. It makes him think he is the one bright spot in my dark and desolate life. Of course he likes to think that." And Mrs. Bovril laughed till she spilt some tea over her new frock.

"How insincere you people of the city are," said Mrs. Deane, with a demure look on her face. Then a mischievous light flashed into her eyes and she cried, "What fun!"

"Yes, dear. You see what you have missed in the country; but, as I say, you can learn a lot from me."

"Do teach me, Mrs. Bovril," the girl said eagerly. "I think—I think I should be a good pupil."

"A great deal rests with yourself, of course," replied Mrs. Bovril. Mrs. Deane turned her head a little, just a little, towards the mirror, and smiled.

"Just a few hints, though," she pleaded. "They would be acceptable. You have had such experience."

"I can only repeat what I have said. Be personal. Personalities are the only proper topics of conversation between a man and a woman. You cannot be too personal. It is better even to be rude than to talk about bicycles."

"Please go on," cried Mrs. Deane, clasping her knees with her hands and leaning forward.

"Well, you can talk about other men—if you like. Not in terms of abuse—that is inartistic—but as if they didn't matter. It institutes pleasant mental comparisons in the man's mind. It is only verbal comparisons that are odious."

Mrs. Deane jumped up. "I must go, Mrs. Bovril. I could listen to you all day. O, you are clever. But isn't it all just—just a little wrong?"

Mrs. Bovril rose too and kissed her. "Silly child, do you think any of us are deceived?"

"Might not those who did not know—?" Mrs. Deane said demurely. "Young, inexperienced people; might they not be deceived, and—and—?"

"They soon learn, dear," Mrs. Bovril sighed, and looked away. Mrs. Deane wondered how she had learned, and if the lesson had been a pleasant one.

"Good-by, Mrs. Bovril, and thank you so much. I have half a mind to try—some day." And she laughed round the corner of the door and was gone.

A month afterwards Mrs. Pounceforte Deane found Mrs. Bovril alone in her drawing room—her "schoolroom," Mrs. Deane always called it.

After a few greetings Mrs. Bovril came to the point.

"Has it been a success, dear?" she cried. Mrs. Deane nodded, and gave a smile suspiciously like one of triumph.

"Sit down, dear, and tell me all about it." Mrs. Bovril smiled encouragingly and began to pour out some tea. "Well, first of all, who is he?"

Mrs. Deane blushed. "O, I don't think I ought to tell you that. He—he is married, and it might—"

"Well, well, it doesn't matter," she replied, sharply. "All men are the same. You are young yet, and will soon get over that feeling. I don't understand it myself, and—you and I are also married—for that matter."

Mrs. Deane looked relieved. "I was afraid you would be vexed," she said, "would think I had perhaps gone too far. I am so glad you don't see any harm in it."

"Is he sufficiently fascinating?" Mrs. Bovril asked. "That is the thing. That, in fact, is the only excuse."

"He is one of the most charming men I have ever met," replied Mrs. Deane with fervor. Then she looked on the floor and spoke more slowly. "So strong, so self-reliant, and, poor man, so unhappy."

"In his wife, I suppose. Of course! don't you remember what I told you? There was a slight sneer on Mrs. Bovril's face.

"Yes, I remember," she replied. "I have profited by it. After what you told me no man could deceive me. But he—I am sure he is speaking the truth! There!" and she drew herself up defiantly.

"Of course, dear, of course," Mrs. Bovril said soothingly, and laughed behind her handkerchief.

"His wife neglects him—flirts with other men," Mrs. Deane went on indignantly. "I know she does."

"Of course, dear. They all do. Didn't I tell you so?"

"But it is different in this case."

"Why? I don't suppose she means anything, any more than you or I do."

"He thinks she does," Mrs. Deane blurted out, "so it's just as bad—for him."

Mrs. Bovril laughed softly. "For him? Whose fault is that? But I won't destroy your illusions. You are young, and I suppose you want some excuse."

"Not for my conduct. I am merely—merely doing what you have taught me. It is all in fun."

"But for him. You want an excuse for his conduct. Is he so much in earn-

est?" Mrs. Bovril began to be sorry for the man and a bit ashamed of her own share in the matter. She recovered, however. "You sweet, innocent thing," she continued, "you will soon learn that nothing is ever done in earnest."

Mrs. Deane rose and smiled. "Perhaps," she said sweetly, "perhaps I may some day attain to your position, Mrs. Bovril. As yet I am too young. I am sorry for the harm I have done."

"You ridiculous child, you have done no harm. Must you be going? Good-by, dear. He will get over it. I am rather proud of my pupil's success. Is he really so much in earnest. Poor fellow—pooh! It will do him good!"

Mrs. Deane moved towards the door. "I think," she said quietly, "that Mr. Bovril is one of the best hearted, most—"

Mrs. Bovril rose and knocked down a plate. "Mrs. Pounceforte Deane!" she said with some dignity.

"O, Mrs. Bovril, I am so sorry."

There was a twinkle in her eye all the same. "I thought you said there was no harm. I didn't think you would mind. Your pupils must practice, you know. It was only in fun—ah, I see it all now."

"What do you see," Mrs. Bovril said sharply.

"That one can look at it from quite another point of view."

As a matter of fact, Bovril said that he had never even met Mrs. Pounceforte Deane, and I am not quite sure that the poor man was not speaking the truth. He ought, however, to be thankful to her. Mrs. Bovril does not give lessons in flirtation now.—Chicago Tribune.

## 'JUMPED' BY A MOOSE.

Easy Enough for the Animal, but Hard for the City Man.

What it did was easy enough for the moose, but a little bit hard for the city man. The moose, perhaps driven down by the storm, seemed bound to get into the cedar thickets, like the white tailed deer, and it led us a merry chase, worming in and out among the snow-covered trees. Needless to say, we were soon thoroughly wetted with the snow, which fell from the trees on our necks and shoulders, but, of course, one does not mind a little thing like that, says a writer in Forest and Stream. The interest of the chase kept us warm. We could see that we were getting closer and closer to our game. Presently we could see that we were getting very close. At last we saw where we had gotten within 100 yards of it. There was the story. A deep pit, as though a great horse had lain there.

"Jumped," said Adam.

"Sure," said I.

Then we sat down and thought it over for a while. We went on some more, and presently we came across two more moose tracks, a big one and a little one, probably a cow and a calf, as Adam thought. We were then three miles from the camp, and it was not too late in the day, so we thought we would follow on and see what this bunch would do to us. They did pretty much the same as the young bull had done. We followed these tracks through all kinds of country, saw where the animals had fed in among the willows and alders, and on the roundwood, and finally puzzled out their trail until we knew that we were getting very close. This time we were near indeed to seeing our moose. We were perhaps not fifty yards away when we came to a couple more big holes in the snow, and some more regular holes beyond. Jumped again! There was the story, plain enough. This time we might almost have heard the bushes rattle as we went out. As we stood there we heard a hoarse, harsh, curious kind of coughing bark. Adam laughed.

"That old lady is just wondering what in the world it was that scared her," said he. "She is frightened, but is not exactly sure what it is that frightened her. Just listen to her."

Once, twice and again that same coughing bark came back to us. Then all was still, and we were again all alone in the white wilderness. We concluded that we would go home after that.

## Cut Both Ways.

"I want my hair cut, and no talk," said a 16-stone man, with an I-own-the-earth air, as he walked into a Swindon barber's shop and sat down.

"The—" commenced the man in the apron.

"No talk, I tell you!" shouted the heavy man. "Just a plain hair cut. I've read all the papers, and don't want any news. Start right away, r-c-w."

The man in the apron obeyed.

When he had finished, the man who knew everything rose from his chair and surveyed himself in the glass.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's really true, then. You barbers can't do your work properly unless you talk."

"I don't know," said the man in the apron quietly. "You must ask the barber. He'll be in presently. I'm the glazier from next door."—London Answers.

## Getting Even with the Mussels.

A man condemned to death recently in France was asked, according to custom, which he would prefer for his last meal. He chose mussels, which, though his favorite dish, he said, caused him a terrible indigestion.

"This time, however," he added, grimly, "they will not have the chance."

## In a Vital Organ.

Mrs. Rubba—How's Mrs. Chatter this morning, doctor?

Doctor—Suffering terribly.

Mrs. Rubba—What, with only a slight throat affection?

Doctor—Yes, but she can't speak.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

# WOMEN

## Why Women Snub Other Women.

It sometimes shocks a sensitive man to hear women tell how coolly and rudely they have snubbed other women. A man dislikes to hurt the feelings of another man, even though he has just cause for hurting them. When he is obliged to resent an injury or deliver a rebuke he does so usually with some reluctance. But the ordinary woman appears to take an amount of pleasure in snubbing.

Women have a gentle way of cutting other women whose acquaintance they desire no longer. Men will continue for years to nod to a man whom they do not like and who can be of no service to them; but women carry no superfluous or detrimental acquaintances. When they no longer have either regard or use for a woman they fail to see her at the next meeting. After one or two such experiences the other woman understands.

Snubbing generally is a cruel and silly practice. There are persons whose conduct may make it necessary to drop them from one's acquaintances, but a great deal of snubbing is done out of sheer wantonness. The true lady, of course, never snubs another unless she has good reason. Most of the snubbing is done by snobs who deem themselves better than other people, and who, as they extend their acquaintance among fashionable people, drop their old friends as detrimental to their social progress.

Women do most of the snubbing because the majority of them, not having to earn their own living, do not appreciate the advantage of having a large acquaintance friendly disposed. A man knows that the most insignificant person may some day have it in his power to do him a favor or a hurt. He knows that it is very bad policy to turn even the humblest friend into a foe. But the women that have not made their own living have not learned this lesson.

Women generally are not so friendly to one another as men are to men. When two men, hitherto strangers, are introduced to each other, they shake hands and fall at once, if circumstances be favorable, into pleasant intercourse. Each is willing to please and to be pleased. Each meets the other halfway. But when two women meet each other for the first time both are likely to be slow in making overtures. They are distant and formal in manner. Each eyes the other sharply, takes her in from hat to boots, notes the details of her appearance, listens critically to her conversation, and decides by some instinctive, inexplicable process that she likes her or does not like her. Men approach each other in an amicable, women in a hostile, state of mind. A man expects to find a friend. A woman expects to find a foe. The difference springs from the difference between a man's life in the world and a woman's life in the parlor.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## ABOUT THE BABY



A certain amount of crying is absolutely necessary; this is the only way a baby can exercise his lungs; under no circumstances should he be given "soothing syrup" to quiet him. A young mother will soon learn to distinguish the cry of pain; it is strong, sharp, but not continuous, often accompanied by contractions of the features and drawing up of the legs.

Before and after the baby is fed his mouth should be wiped out gently with a piece of soft linen or absorbent cotton dipped in boric acid solution. Too great care cannot be taken of rubber nipples and bottles. Use graduated, cylindrical bottles and plain, black rubber nipples; never use bottles having long tube attachments. As soon as the baby has taken all he will from a bottle throw away any remaining food and at once rinse the bottle and leave it full of cold water in which is a pinch of borax.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Avoid First Quarrels.

First quarrels are full of fascination for young lovers. The pleasing qualities found in the process of reconciliation are very enticing, but the pleasure is not enduring. Spats and petty differences are all right so long as they are of the trivial sort, but they lose their luster when they become material. The consequences run all the way from momentary heartaches to the environs of the divorce court. The disease is a popular one, and contagion ominous, but the cure is simple in the extreme—turn a falsehood, for in the first difference the germ of discomfort lies smoldering, awaiting only a gesture, or a word, to fan it to the dignity of a conflagration.—The Impressionist.

## To Light a Dark Hall.

A woman who has long found the narrow hall of her house dark, and difficult to treat in any way that made the entrance to the residence attractive, has transformed it, to its great improve-

ment, by letting in a mirror from the door to the ceiling on one side. This is opposite the parlor door, and the light from that department, falling on the mirror, is reflected back into the hall, to its much better lighting, while the apparent size of the little place is greatly increased. The mirror is, of course, unframed, and is fitted in between cornice and baseboard, and finished at the sides with a flat molding that seems a part of the woodwork. The value of this treatment is not realized until it is tried. Often a blank stretch of wall that seems a hopeless shutting in of space may offer the transforming opportunity. Care must be taken not to overdo the treatment in such a way as to create the effect of a hotel corridor or public hall; but judiciously used under the care of a good architect the plan is to be commended.—Exchange.



To make a pretty and comfortable petticoat cut the skirt about a quarter of a yard shorter than walking length. Make it the same length all around. Sew this on the machine. Sew on the hem a plaited silk ruffle, cut on the straight of the material, about six inches deep. On the edge of the plaited ruffles sew a narrow bias ruffle about two inches deep. Do not set the ruffles on the skirt proper, as the skirt is easier to walk in, wears better and rustles more if the ruffles are set on the bottom. Small plaits are prettier than large ones.

The ability to appear perfectly well dressed depends far more upon the fact and taste of the individual than upon the length of her purse. I have again and again seen women with more clothes than Flora MacFlimsy ever possessed who in nine cases out of ten were anything but perfectly well dressed. It is far more the knowledge of what is appropriate and suitable for various occasions that makes a woman appear well dressed than the following perfunctorily of any Spartan rules of fashion. To dress well means the adapting of the needs of one's life to one's clothes. Please notice I use the word "needs" and not "wants," as feminine wants are notoriously elastic. A sense of delicate discrimination is necessary to women in this matter of appearing well dressed, and I care nothing for those women who turn up their noses at the triviality of the mind of the woman who loves to appear so. It is to my way of thinking a pleasant and a proper state of mind to be in.—Mrs. Ralston in Ladies' Home Journal.

**Collar and Cuff Polish.**  
An excellent "silver" polish that will give a brilliant surface to collars, cuffs and shirt bosoms is made of one ounce each of isinglass and borax, one teaspoonful of white glue and two teaspoonfuls of white of egg. Cook well in two quarts of fine starch. Starch the articles in this and dry them. Before ironing them apply some of this mixture to the bosom and cuffs with a cloth until well dampened. Iron at once with a hot glossing iron.

**Health and Beauty.**  
To whiten the finger nails and remove all stains cut a lemon in half and rub the finger tips well with it at night. Wash off in warm water the next morning.

For red hands use a little chloride of lime—dropping a few grains into the water used for washing the hands. Be careful to remove all rings and bracelets first, for chloride of lime will tarnish them.

One of the most important things to study is the comfort of the feet. Wear well-fitting shoes, neither tight nor loose, and, no matter what people tell you, do not have flat heels. Let them be of moderate height, though not narrow.

Aromatic spirits of ammonia is a household article indispensable in families where there are persons with weak hearts or with tendencies to faint, because it facilitates the heart's action more speedily than brandy or whisky, and with less danger to some patients. In cases of heart failure or fainting a teaspoonful in a half-glass of water can be given.

Six drops of olive oil used every third night to massage the lower face and throat will long keep off the first throat and chin wrinkles that all women dread. Use the tips of the fingers, and stroke the oil in gently, yet firmly. Leave it on over night, washing it off in the morning with hot water and without soap. If it is found that every third night keeps the skin a bit too oily, the interval may be a little lengthened

# GOOD Short Stories

It is said that when Joseph Chamberlain and Gen. De Wet were introduced in London, the colonial secretary addressed the Boer general as "Mr. De Wet." "General," corrected De Wet. Mr. Chamberlain repeated the "Mr.," whereupon De Wet remarked, sternly: "General or nothing!" And the colonial secretary had to follow the example of Lord Kitchener, and recognize the military status of De Wet before the ubiquitous one would shake hands.

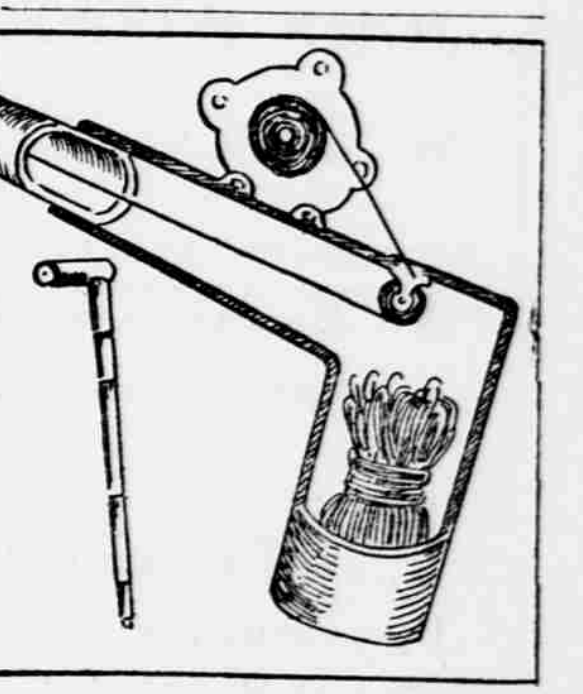
A New Jersey clergyman in a small town recently electrified his congregation by introducing into his sermon a dramatic account of Rudyard Kipling's death-bed scene. One of his parishioners hurried up to remonstrate with him at the close of the service. "Kipling isn't dead?" echoed the preacher, tranquilly; "well, that's odd. I surely read about the thing somewhere. Well, never mind. It must have been some one else who died, but the point remains the same."

The "Hon. Doc" Brown of Morgansfield, Ky., who represents his district in the State Legislature, is one of Kentucky's unique characters. To illustrate a point in a recent speech, he gave the following account of his courtship: "Take my advice and never give a woman anything she can't eat, and never make love to her out of an ink bottle. Why, when I courted my wife, I just grabbed hold of her and said: 'Sally, you are the sweetest thing on earth, and your beauty baffles the skill of man and subdues his ferocious nature,' and I got her."

Ughetti's work, "With Physicians and Clients," contains an anecdote about Heine which is new to us. Returning from a journey to the south of France, Heine met a friend, a German violinist, in Lyons, who gave him a large sausage that had been made in Lyons, with the request to deliver it to a mutual acquaintance, a homeopathic physician in Paris. Heine promised to attend to the commission, and entrusted the delicacy to the care of his wife, who was traveling with him. But as the post-chaise was very slow, and he soon became very hungry, on the advice of his wife, both tasted of the sausage, which dwindled with every mile. Arriving at Paris, Heine did not dare to send the remainder to the physician, and yet he wished to keep his promise. So he cut off the thinnest possible slice with his razor, wrapped it in a sheet of vellum paper, and enclosed it in an envelope, with the following note: "Dear Doctor—From your scientific investigations, we learn that the millionth part of a certain substance brings about the greatest results. I beg, therefore, your kind acceptance of the accompanying millionth part of a Lyons sausage, which our friend gave me to deliver to you. If homeopathy is a truth, then this little piece will have the same effect on you as the whole sausage. Your Heinrich Heine."

## COMBINED CANE AND FISH-POLE.

Many a man, and boy, too, who enjoys the sport of fishing, dislikes to carry along the street the fishpole which indicates to all that he either has been or is going fishing. Especially is this the case when the fisherman returns empty-handed late in the day, when explanations are in order as to the cause of the ill luck. But if a man saunters down the street swinging his cane and looking innocent and sober fish or no fish, he will be asked no



DESIGNED TO DECEIVE THE FISHERMAN'S FRIENDS.

questions about his ability to entice the fish into his basket. And yet that same cane may be a fishpole in disguise, as will be seen by a look at the accompanying drawing. The cane is simply a fishpole made up of several hollow telescoping sections, and has a mounting for the reel on one side and a hook at the handle to contain the lines, hooks and float. The reel is positioned so as to bring the line around a pulley located in the hollow handle, from whence it extends through the hollow tubing to the tip of the outer section. When the pole is contracted the hook is removed from the end of the line and replaced by a metallic tip of the proper shape to fit in the perforation and close the opening, being held in place by drawing up the line and fastening it near the pulley in the handle in which the reel is also stored. The inventor is John A. Ekelund, of Minneapolis, Minn.

## Jews Pray Over Water.

Twenty thousand Jews visited the Brooklyn bridge recently, where, Tesament in hand, they prayed over the water that their sins be forgiven.