

MAID OR MISTRESS TO BLAME?

Discussion of Both Sides of the Domestic Servant Question.

HOUSEKEEPING THE BEST JOB IN OMAHA

What Special Qualities Indicate—An Old Bachelor's Opinion—Beware of Fads—Fashion, Fancy and Fine Arts for the Ladies.

The never ending, always irritating, seemingly unsolvable question of how to obtain and retain a good servant is one in which all women are interested, all women who keep house at least. It is such a nuisance that it has come to be a matter of debate with many ladies if it is not better to quit trying to have a house and fall back on the boarding house house.

In the interesting and instructive statistics presented by Helen Campbell in her notable articles on "Women Wage Earners," now being published in the leading magazine, it is known by replies of girls from nearly every state in the union that it is not because of the social ostracism or anything of the sort that girls prefer to work harder for less pay in any other kind of employment than housework, but because of the longer hours and lessened liberty of domestic service. After all this is America. The hours are in most cases about fourteen and the liberties not ext. Of course if people keep late hours and a servant must also be on hand to the end of the late hours to attend to the duties which must be done and which only she can do. This is to some extent unavoidable and all right if a contract is made to that effect when the servant is employed. The trouble is women do not make such contracts, but they expect an extra hour's work out of a servant they are just so much ahead. There is a constant strife between mistress and maid and the mistress forgets her position of owner and the servant must be on hand to the end of the late hours to attend to the duties which must be done and which only she can do. This is to some extent unavoidable and all right if a contract is made to that effect when the servant is employed. The trouble is women do not make such contracts, but they expect an extra hour's work out of a servant they are just so much ahead. There is a constant strife between mistress and maid and the mistress forgets her position of owner and the servant must be on hand to the end of the late hours to attend to the duties which must be done and which only she can do.

It is a man who wears a bright blue tie—that light, brilliant blue, you know—always seems to me to have something feminine in his manner. "No," answered the editor, with convincing emphasis. "A man who wears a bright blue tie—that light, brilliant blue, you know—always seems to me to have something feminine in his manner. "No," answered the editor, with convincing emphasis.

"He's more likely to have just come up from Podunk or Haystackville, and to be viewing the elephant. He's a shining mark for the buncie man every time," put in the real estate dealer.

"I think there's something in the colors a woman wears," really do, said the editor. "No," I never can have any confidence in a woman who is devoted to maids. "Miss Mary Le Vere, the actress, was telling me the other day, she had had a similar experience. "Every woman I ever knew who was addicted to maids," she said, "was a woman not to be trusted."

"I am very fond of the color," said the aunt from Philadelphia.

"Honest! Her gown was mauve. No one had noticed it before.

"Oh, but you know elderly ladies always wear that color—I didn't mean them," stammered the woman in green.

"I didn't suppose that age was mentioned, or was one of the necessary qualifications," retorted the aunt, in a leady vinegar tone that made everybody shiver except the Vassar girl, who smiled expansively behind her napkin to the real estate man, and seemed to be the only one who thoroughly enjoyed her salad.

If you have a taste for emulating the rainbow in gorgeousness, so far as may be, the gloves have done all in their power; this season to aid you. Gloves of every shade and color, from the palest apple, dangle before your eyes. Gloves of pink and gloves of purple lie in their cases, wooing the lover of color to buy them. Gloves of lemon color and gloves of orange are not lacking.

There are gloves with thick embroidery as the old-fashioned christening robe used to be. There are gloves that glitter with steel and gloves that gleam with bronze. There are gloves with silk of divers hues worked up the neck, and those are all good and as good an effect could be gained by carefully choosing a shade of gray or mode or tan that harmonized with the gown. Anything that makes the hand even though it be a beautiful one—remarkable, is to be shunned.

Put into your glove box some black suede gloves, which have a happy faculty of being appropriate with almost any costume. Put in some soft gray gloves and some modes color. Add a pair of heavily stitched reddish-brown gloves with a white stripe, and you are ready for any emergency. A pair of white washable kid ones for wear with your gingham dresses and a pair of driving gauntlets, and you will always be well and correctly gloved.

A sweet-faced maiden, who still has hopes, sat beside a bright little fellow in an elevated car the other afternoon making friendly overtures to his pleased parents by complimenting the boy on his accomplishments. She had asked him a good many questions about everything she could think of as they speeded toward Harlem. To these the little chap had replied with frank seriousness peculiar to children.

"So you are going to the park this afternoon? Do you love the park?" "Oh, yes," he replied, then added after a pause, "but papa don't like it."

"No? And why don't he like it?" "Papa says it bores him, and he don't like it."

People in the vicinity smiled at the father's expense, and the maiden lady appeared to be greatly amused. The child said this and followed it up: "Papa didn't want to come, but mamma said—"

What mamma said was cut short by a vigorous shake from that individual, who had all along regarded the strange lady with disapproval and now frowned. The passengers looked disappointed. The maiden lady looked a trifle nervous.

"How old are you?" she finally inquired with her sweetest smile. "I'm 5—how old are you?"

Mamma smiled this time and the gentlemen opposite elevated their newspapers to conceal their eyes. The maiden lady gazed out of the window thoughtfully. Maybe she was trying to figure it up, but she didn't answer the child's question.

Beware of fads. They are always dangerous, but they are worse, like all diseases, in summer. Listen to the story of Anna's disappointed hopes, as revealed by one of Anna's friends over a social glass of pineapple soda. She—the friend—was a very much tanned young person, and she had announced gaily that she was in town for a day only. Her companion was pale and was evidently in town for the season, but they both found Anna's amusing.

"You see," said the tanned girl, "Anna took up with modeling. She made little plaster or putty or some kind of statues of the cats, and the cats weren't able to express their resentment, so she persisted. She did her

red necktie will write his name on the Washington monument or even carve it on Grant's tomb, if he can get a chance," said the lieutenant.

"Oh, he wouldn't stop at a little thing like that. He'd murder his grandmother on small provocation," added the real estate man.

"No, I don't think you've made a careful study of him. He's not bloodthirsty. He's only weak-minded and vain."

"I've seen men who were neither weak-minded nor murderous wear red neckties at the seashore and on yachting excursions and they looked just as sturdy" put in the Vassar girl.

"Oh, well, all sorts of pranks are excused in the summer man just as they are in the summer girl. I've seen those men wear orange, colored blazers, too. But I wasn't referring to that, but to their existence. I meant, men about town and at their work," said the lieutenant.

"I always think a man has a certain inborn love of daintiness and cleanliness who wears a summer dress pretty light cotton ties with little sprigs and bars. I believe he has a sprig of self-respect, too," said the woman in pink crepon.

"And I can't help thinking the man who always wears a four-in-hand is either very stingy or a very self-denying."

"Don't you know they are very becoming to some men, especially those who are fair and florid? The knowing men, like the knowing woman, wear what they look best in," observed the religious editor.

"Well, I never supposed men studied their points that way," said the woman in white, with an innocent stare.

"They do, and every time," answered the editor, with convincing emphasis.

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mother, and you know mothers never mind, though I should think Mrs. Brown would have objected to being made one head, better than she is. She's really pretty and slender. Well, then Anna thought she would try Mr. Martial. Everything had progressed beautifully between them until then. But when he saw himself with a cast in his eye as a result of a fall from a sort of Mephistophelean leer, he was a little startled. He asked her in pained tones if he really looked like that, and Anna had got so puffed up by that time that she told him stiffly that she had reproduced his face as it really seemed to her. So he went away with his \$3,000, and now Anna is modeling the consumptive clergyman who's there for his health."

So far this summer the New York girl has faithfully followed the fashions of her brother. She wears the vest and four-in-hand with easy grace, and it should be recorded to her everlasting credit that she is learning to tie the latter with some skill.

Her brother's evened matters by wearing her broad-brimmed sailor hat and by appearing in the most brilliantly colored shirts.

The gentlemanly girl will be glad to know that the craze for masculine attire will continue to fall. "The young lady in the ulster is not yet a reality, but the garment has been made and a certain New York girl is considering it. It is a copy of one worn by her English cousin. Like the new dress, it is made of the one and the same material, if he can afford it. The hat is supposed to be a fashionable walking hat, but you couldn't tell it from a man's derby if you tried. Shooting jackets and gaiters have also made their appearance. Fashion alone knows what they are. Strictly masculine, even to their innumerable pockets.

If a thing is good, say so! Whether it be an entertainment, a glass of beer, a new gown or a new book. If you like it give praise where it can be heard—or heard of—by the person or persons who are responsible for it.

Of course there are persons who can't direct praise. It makes them conceited, and at times overbearing, but they are of the empty-headed minority, who ought not to be considered.

I went into a little country shop not long since on a very hot day, lured by the sign, "Ice Cream."

I didn't expect much. Something moist and cold would have satisfied me.

A thin, worn, haggard-looking woman, carrying a young baby, came for my order.

There was no choice. It was strawberry or nothing.

She brought me the cream with one hand and clutched the child with the other.

The cream was surprisingly good—home-made, with the real strawberries thickly strewn through it.

When I paid her I said: "That's the best ice cream I've eaten this summer, and I'm from New York, too."

You ought to have seen her face light up. She absolutely looked ten years younger.

There was a little quaver in her voice as she related:

"I'm glad you like it. I used to make good ice cream when I was a girl, but I don't get much time now."

And she sang to the baby as I left the shop.

Mr. —, a newly made millionaire, has distinct social aspirations, and does not particularly care to own up to what he thinks is his somewhat plebeian lineage. Notwithstanding this little weakness, however, he was ever an affectionate and dutiful son, a devoted husband and a kind father.

Paris is advocating flesh-colored suede gloves for evening wear in place of the pure white so long worn.

A correspondent writing from Paris is enthusiastic over a young girl's bed draped with white lace over rose-colored ribbons.

The raw silk couch covers now offered very cheap in the shops make gay and useful portieres, and wear extremely well.

A sleeve which is stamped with the approval of Felix is made of frills of three-inch lace from the shoulder to the wrist.

It is a tenet of the dressing of a Parisian woman to wear, first of all, a becoming gown, and, second, to make that a stylish one.

It is now quite the fashion to make up the pretty semi-diphannous muslins and French lawns over light foundations of broad white ribbon.

A new lamp shade, presumably intended for a bride, is of white silk, garlanded with orange blossoms arranged in prodigal profusion.

Pretty clusters of horsechestnut blossoms appear upon cerise colored round hats of nutmeg braid, trimmed with russet brown velvet ribbon.

A pretty necklace for a young girl consists of daisies, the petals in silver, the hearts in gold, forming a flexible circle to fasten about the throat.

Worth, it is said, adorns tailor made gowns, calling them "stable clothes," and turning his artistic eye in another direction when he views the work of Hamock chair-makers. They long filled an acknowledged summer wad, but in their newest shape, with movable canopy attached, they are more desirable than ever.

This season has brought a large importation of Japanese and Chinese cotton and lace rags, and they can now be bought at at least one-third below their value.

Spanish yellow velvet ribbon is a fashionable trimming for cream tinted nuns' veillings, crepons, clarettes and similar short wool fabrics for young ladies' wear.

which was made the more conspicuous because it was the only ineivility that was not in Chicago. All together, the difficulty is dismal and exasperating failure, and especially so when one realizes the possibilities of the plan had it been carried out by practical, reliable persons."

The causes of "moral infidelity" are like the stars in number, but seldom have they been so curiously in character as those enumerated by a witness in a divorce court.

Witson considers he was the injured party, as the positioner was continually objecting to the shape of his feet. (Laughter.)

He further said that when he had his hair cut it was never done to please the public. (Laughter.)

She also used to say his upper lip did not suit her.

She was continually blaming him for leaving out his hair in speaking.

He was not so well up in theological subjects as his wife.

Her brother had sometimes a divergence of opinion when they were talking about the sermon they had heard.

One is not surprised after this to hear that one of the allegations against the poetess is that he had struck the poetess with the Methodist Magazine.—Westminster Gazette.

Dignity of demeanor marks the lady everywhere and though a very witty speech may have to be strangled at its birth, it is better than to indulge in a style of conversation that hurts those who are made the subject of it and also offends those who may not be personally interested in it.

After a while the flippancy young persons are avoided by those who know the quality of what she calls her wit and the friendship of those who cultivate will be given to the girl who in every way show a deference to those older than herself and who in her own company does not try to force the expense of others. Life is too short to stand any such nonsense, and though she may think herself something above the average in mentality the great majority of people will not wish to continue her acquaintance.

A traveler newly returned met in the oddest way an old woman on the windswept moor of Caithness, who, though long since on a visit to the heroines of Balaklava. Her name is Elizabeth Coull. She is the wife of John Coull, a sergeant of the Ninety-third Highlanders. Kinglake tells her story in his history of the Crimean war.

The carriage was drawn up and she was drawn up to repel an attack of Russian cavalry. It was supported by a regiment of Turkish artillery, which, as they saw the Russians approaching, became panic stricken and fled. As they fled she was shot through the neck and died.

Some of the most effective cotton gowns owe much to the use of white braid.

Tieot and orris make the best combing for bureau and chiffonier sachets.

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A lovely summer ribbon is of waved gauze, in cream tint, plain and half illuminated by electric blue, Nile green and purplish pink satin stripes. It is eight inches wide.

White duck hammock pillows embroidered in some tasteful athletic design as tennis, golf, and golf clubs crossed, or a hunting cap and whip, in colored fad are much in vogue.

The dress parades of the season are like small tents, and although in most cases made of tulle lace or net, their large size and ugly handles suggest the utilities rather than the ornaments of dress.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard (John Strango Winter) has founded an anti-crepon league counting 11,000 members. And now the question before the league is: "What are we here for?" For the crepon has never come.

The prettiest waists now made by the modistes, and turned out of such factories as keep up with the changing styles, have long shoulder seams and sleeves that fall away from the shoulder line of the armholes.

guipure lace are the most popular decorations.

Dressy boleros for day wear have crepon on the hips or around the waist line, attached to a circular or coat shaped piece curved to fit very snugly, this about six inches deep and softly lined with silk.

Filled curtains, a filled spread and a round bolster finished with big roses matching the hue of the bed to a delightful object, when added to one of the popular white and gold sets, means a very dream of girlish beauty and freshness.

A collarlette that is coming forward in cotton gowns and will be repeated in shawl later on, is a three-quarter circle, topped by a button around the shoulders and folded to points in front. It is effective in the stiff linen and in heavy cotton gowns.

Besides the linen ducks, piques and similar fashionable materials, the many crepon fabrics used for tailor costumes of one of the elegant styles of tone and texture this season, and if artistically cut, which is essential, they are the perfection of summer wear.

The parasol which is best suited to gingham and white outing suits is of Indian pongee in the original cream color, with a narrow band of ivory. The rains may descend and the floods come, but they are as little affected by them as are cotton umbrellas.

With the new basket-plaited Eulalia crepon a high Spanish comb is made possible. The hair is parted and the hair pins, the top of the comb is set with fresh brilliants and the comb is often set in sideways in the coquettish manner that is very becoming to some women.

A costume that did not present a crepon morning dress. They come in white with tiny pink rosettes, little clusters of blue forget-me-nots, slender vine effects in green, scattered yellow cowslips and "everything that pretty been." They are made with a simple, ruffled skirt and a simple waist edged with narrow lace fall sleeves and a wide crushed belt of white silk, and are charming.

The newest bonnets are marked in novel of freshness, but not as new in novelty. They still appear in periwinkle, capote, fish white and light tones, and are made of tulle, crepon, or exquisitely wrought Indian tissues with lace garnitures and iridescent bead grims and crowns to match. These bonnets represent foreign "dress" styles, ruffled skirts, ruffled waists edged with narrow lace fall sleeves and a wide crushed belt of white silk, and are charming.

A recent wedding the somewhat unusual array of nine ushers and nine bridesmaids assisted. Five of the bridesmaids were pale green and the four others a delicate shade of pink. All had their hair styled in the same fashion. They came down the aisle from the church to meet the bride, walking first two, then alone, repeating the order until ushers and maids were all in line.

Sprigged lawns make the daintiest possible morning dress. They come in white with tiny pink rosettes, little clusters of blue forget-me-nots, slender vine effects in green, scattered yellow cowslips and "everything that pretty been." They are made with a simple, ruffled skirt and a simple waist edged with narrow lace fall sleeves and a wide crushed belt of white silk, and are charming.

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