

WOMAN'S THANKSGIVING DAY

Heaven's Charity to the Rich Should Prompt Real Thanks Expressed in Deeds.

SUGGESTIONS HOW TO REACH THE POOR

Honorable Nibbling at the Title Traps—Do It in Woman Destroy Her Loveliest—Hessant's Ideas of Woman's Place in Life.

The keeping of Thanksgiving has always been in the hands of the women of this country ever since the days when Mr. Lincoln resurrected the custom and issued the proclamation setting a day for the general offering of thanks as a nation. Of course, men have done most of the preaching and all of the proclaiming, but the real service, the praying and the cooking, have been done by the women. In the dark ages when cooking schools were not and when a girl was taught the art of cooking, if not the science, in her mother's kitchen, and was proud and happy if she could make things "as good as mother's," women took great pride in the observance of Thanksgiving day. Socks were knit and warm clothing with a few dainties sent to the soldier boy, who could not get home to eat the good things prepared there, and thanks were sent up that there was still a boy to send things to and to pray for. If the boy had been slain in battle, though the home was dark and sad, the mother was thankful that her darling died so brave a death, and for his country, too. Then she worked and prayed for some other woman's son, and still found cause for thanksgiving.

If you are rich and fashionable you will, of course, go to church next Thursday and drop a crisp greenback or a generous check on the plate to help swell the sum collected on that day for the poor, though you have seen you are thankful at the sun satisfied, that you have done what you could. Even being rich has its advantages and opportunities. You will have turkey and accompaniments and eat dinner with a sense of enjoyment and you have helped some good woman of your acquaintance get a little feast for her children on that day. Perhaps you may have a few turkeys to those you know as a lord such luxuries these are as scarce as gold, and as such is so fashionable. You may have seen the distribution of the dainties with your own hands and feel sure that in your "district" there is no one who will go to bed hungry. If you are permitted to do any or all of these things, surely you will be able to "thank God for the older fashion" of Christian charity.

If you are poor or in the great middle class as regards money and have but little to spare, you will give the boy next door, whose mother is ill, a big plate of doughnuts and tell him it is because it is Thanksgiving. He will know it is a holiday and will enjoy the good things to eat, and if your family is small and your dinner pretty good you may even invite several children to eat with you, and if they are the class who only get "plenty to eat" once in a while you will be just as happy as if you had \$1,000 at your disposal. The poorer people are the most generous after all. They divide with their friends and often give what they may need themselves. But the spirit of real charity is there and the gifts are accepted with the feeling that "some day I'll be able to do the same for you, or for some other friend who is in the same needy condition as I am today." Thus all over the city the day will be kept after a fashion, and though there may be less praying of long, loud prayers than was the custom thirty years ago, the service of good deeds will not be less, and it is after all, the deeds that count. Thanksgiving day is simply one more opportunity to do whatever kindness is nearest at hand, and no woman in Omaha will let it pass because she is not able to do some great thing. It is not a day of great things. It is a day for doing of little things with a great love.

One of the friendliest and most discriminating of foreign critics remarks that "Americans have too many acquaintances and too few friends." It takes years together at college, a summer vacation or a sea voyage to put people on a real cordial, confidential footing, writes Ruth Trevelyan in the Boston Times.

Men and women in this country enjoy each other's company quite as well as in any part of the civilized world. Society flourishes, why is the intermingling of kindred souls so rare?

Social positions here have no fixed basis as in older countries. Families are constantly in an unsettled state. To work themselves up in the world absorbs most of their energy. How can people make friends when uncertain whether they themselves belong to the frogs or the tadpoles?

Plays and novels—old or new ones—which depict the family who has risen in wealth and social position turning the cold shoulder to former friends, are misleading; they tell only one side of the story.

Does any one who reads this paper remember Washington Place? It was a block of comfortable three-story and basement brick houses on Broadway, running between the two large savings banks now stand. Here years ago lived a family of jolly, lively, good-natured people. Father, mother, sons and daughters being equally friendly and hospitable, their house was the resort of all the young people in the neighborhood.

Suddenly, by a lucky stroke on Wall street, the father acquired a fortune, an enormous one for those days. They bought a handsome residence on Clinton avenue, with far-famed billiard room and conservatory, kept well-appointed carriages and horses, and began living in style. The family were as friendly and as hospitable as ever, but their old friends, awed by the unaccustomed splendor, gradually deserted them. They no longer dropped in in an unconventional way, but waited for a formal invitation. Perhaps they felt that their clothes were not fine enough. The family fairly longed for company, for, besides exchanging a few perfunctory calls, they had no intercourse with their immediate neighbors. Never have I seen a lonelier set of people. They stood the isolation about eighteen months, then packed up disconsolately and went to Europe for a grand tour.

A difference of tastes between husband and wife, though no sign of domestic discomfort, is fatal to outside friendships.

Once I heard a young lady declare to her husband that three essentials in a husband: first, that he should be a Baptist, a democrat and a homeopathist. That she is now the wife of an allopathic physician, a republican and a Unitarian, and one of the happiest

women of my acquaintance, is no reason that she and her husband would choose the same type of friends.

Few women regard with favor the business acquaintances that their husbands bring home to dinner.

People thoroughly happy in their marriage relations do not need friends as much as those less pleasantly situated. Perhaps that is the reason so many American families are content with a large circle of mere acquaintances.

Two more American girls are to marry titles and, what is more deplorable, the more the better. Miss Florence Pullman, the eldest daughter of the railroad magnate, will marry Prince von Isenberg-Bierstein, and Miss Adele Grant will be the wife of the earl of Essex.

Neither of these lovely suitors has very much money, both have more debts than dollars, and Miss Grant is not a great heiress, which gives a refreshing tinge of originality to her engagement, says the New York Advertiser. As for the engagement of Miss Pullman to Prince Isenberg, even the emperor has pleaded for it. Doubtless the imperial patronage was sufficient compensation to the young woman, who dared to keep her high born suitor in suspense for months, with a full knowledge at the time that every heiress in Chicago was waiting to spring upon him if she did not see fit to accept him, his name and his twenty-eight rootless castles.

Miss Pullman is an interesting, clever, accomplished girl and has rare good sense. She has thought it over carefully, and the position she is leaving, that of a petted only daughter in her father's beautiful home, a leader in her social set and an exceedingly happy and independent young woman, and the life she is about to enter as the wife of a prince, who, while of good connections and a favorite of court, could not give her the same position in society in comparison to that which she occupies here. But a title is always a power, and to be a German business is even greater dignity than being the wife of a lordly English villain—or baronet.

Miss Pullman's dowry will be \$2,000,000, which will go a long way toward putting in repair the many ancestral halls of the imperial family. Most of the German friends of Isenberg are waiting with open arms to receive their enriched emerald and his bride, and he is to be raised to a higher rank in his regiment.

Among the Gara nation, a people dwelling on a range of hills between the Brahmaputra and the Soorma valleys, the women are supreme. They work the home and the nation, property descends through them, and in their hands they are dominant; but—the sequel—they are the very ugliest women on the face of the earth.

This fact Sir J. Crichton Browne deduces to prove that the possession of brains does not in women mean a corresponding ugliness. "I fear," he says, "that what woman gains intellectually by the higher education now in vogue, she will lose in beauty and grace, and often in health, too. It looks to me like straining the faculties against nature. Woman's personal charms are her greatest power; we must not have these destroyed; and she greatly excels man in perception, intuition and the moral faculty." But intuition is not intelligence, and man himself has taught us that it is a less reliable guide of conduct than trained and logical intelligence. However "perceptive" a woman may be, perception is practically useless when entering the lists against masculine knowledge, and as for the moral faculty, it is only allowed in the direction of her own conduct. When his keen light is turned upon the action of the other sex the moral faculty degenerates into "moral superstition"—it has been known to evolve into "emotional prudery."

About the ugliness of the Gara women there can be but one opinion, but it is doubtful whether any great intellectual achievement has been discovered among them. The theory advanced that brain power is incompatible with beauty in woman is refuted by the women of Burma, who excel in beauty as they excel in mental force; their helplessness and shallow-minded husbands.

Mink leads among the furs, perhaps because it led in 1836 or thereabouts, because it blends so prettily with the autumn tints. Ermine is also extremely fashionable. A beautiful ermine cape is displayed in one of the large windows. Another cape of velvet has an ermine trim. This ermine takes us back three centuries, or even farther, when it appeared on the royal purple robes of kings. The duke of Venice wore just such a cape on the staro last week as we saw when we looked into the Broadway windows on our way from the window in Little Orleans, where the pretty variety among the mink and seal. The muffs are a great feature this season. Some of them are perfect monsters, being made of long-haired fur. Others are little shaped affairs of lambs' wool, lined with ermine, and decorated with curls of velvet, and some with heads, bows of ribbon and even birds as ornaments.

The more sensible women content themselves with simply smearing some grease, with or without a touch of henna, on the face and neck, says the New York Sun. Then this is wiped off with a soft cloth so that the skin no longer looks shiny, but there is still enough grease remaining to make the powder which is now applied adhere evenly to the skin. Then the powder is in its turn artistically wiped off till the face no longer appears to have been powdered. Still, though not obviously visible, there is enough powder remaining to make a woman look like a white powder. The slight conceivable touch of red to the cheeks, a little blue over the nose, followed by one or two suggestive veins, and a more liberal allowance of black, sometimes simple lamplack, to the eyebrows and eyelids complete the picture. But, above all, this must be done so slightly, so lightly, and with such a delicacy of touch and perception, that it must not appear as if the skin had in any way been painted or improved artificially.

It may be suggested here that a literary woman would be a proper mate for a literary woman; but though like often attracts like, we must also admit it just often attracts unlike, and then we have a theory that explains nothing because it explains everything, writes Mrs. Amelia E. Barr in an article discussing the question, "Why Do Not Literary Women Marry?" in the New York Ladies' Home Journal. And, in spite of a few brilliant exceptions, experience does not prove that there is much sympathy between the female and the male scholar. The literary woman who knows anything, knows that he is of often attracts unlike, and then we have a theory that explains nothing because it explains everything, writes Mrs. Amelia E. Barr in an article discussing the question, "Why Do Not Literary Women Marry?" in the New York Ladies' Home Journal. And, in spite of a few brilliant exceptions, experience does not prove that there is much sympathy between the female and the male scholar. 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