

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN THE FOLKS

A Touch of Daintiness.

THERE is a dainty way and a careless way of doing everything, and most of us are apt to fall into the careless way because we think it takes time which we cannot spare, or that it is a little more expensive to be dainty.

Take the simple instance of tying up a bundle, says a writer in the Housekeeper. Most women do it abominably, some few fairly well, and yet it requires but a moment's care to do it well; a careful pressing down of the ends to go under, and with appropriate paper and string, surely it is an easy thing to accomplish.

Have the material ready. Don't trust to luck that there is paper the right kind and size crushed in among the paper bags and strings that come about bundles from the store. Have a roll of white paper ready where you can get it easily. Then have a ball of twine ready—not a loose bundle of knotted strings of all lengths, but go to the extravagance of buying a ball of string, or twine.

Does the country housewife, whose yard is full of green shrubbery, ever think of picking a few sprays to lay here and there on the table at meal time? The effect, especially if one can obtain ferns, is very lovely and especially grateful on a hot day. Striped grass, which grows in nearly every old garden, is really a very pretty decoration.

One day, and oh! it was so hot, I was persuaded to stop to a noon-day meal. There was no bustle in getting ready, no odor of steaming dishes, but when I entered the dining room, which was shaded by partially closing the outside blinds, the table looked so pretty and refreshing.

There was a large glass dish of blue berries, a plate heaped with muffins, which had been baked while the day was yet cool, a large pitcher of ice-cold milk and some sponge cake, while in and out among the dishes lay delicate green ferns. It was an unexpected touch and gave an air of daintiness to the whole thing that I shall never forget.

Advice that Falls on Deaf Ears.

SOME advice recently offered to young persons by a clergyman not to marry till they had reached years of sufficient maturity to make them wise judges of partners for life will probably not meet with widespread approval among those for whom it was intended. While it is generally believed that bachelor girls, as they are called, are more numerous now than they ever were before, nevertheless the average girl looks forward to a husband and a home. This is well; for if it is not good for man to be alone, it certainly is no better for woman.

But the typical mother yearns to see her daughter make a "good match." A good match, as everyone knows, demands as its prime essential a man with a substantial income. From the combination of these the young woman is to expect a life of comfort and even luxury. She is to have many pretty gowns to wear, and she is not to do any work. She is to have jewels and trinkets wherewith to adorn herself, and money to spend. Otherwise the match is not good.

What more natural, then, than that the maiden should come to regard marriage as the great purpose of her life? That being the case, does any wise man dream that she will sit still and wait for the years to pass in order that she may acquire sufficient maturity to be judicious? If the man be reasonably good looking, wear fine clothes and spend money liberally, he must not be allowed to escape.

To marry at 20 or under is the ambition of nearly every girl of the period. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." To wait might mean to lose a dozen good chances.

As for the young men, what is there left for them but to take the goods the gods provide? If they do not, some one else will. And when the rosy sirens set themselves earnestly to the task of securing husbands, he is a resolute brother indeed who escapes. Marrying young and learning later that they could have done better will probably continue to be the fate of many youths and maidens. Probably, even in the present circumstances, the percentage of successful marriages is quite as great as it would be if people waited to find out their own minds. The court records seem to show that men are never too old to be fools in regard to women.—New York Sun.

Woman That Dared.

FEARS of certain eminent observers that American youth were becoming effeminate through association with women teachers in the public schools apparently need not alarm us greatly if we but pause long enough to consider what the women are doing. That they themselves display a firmness of fiber, a resourcefulness and aggressiveness that would sufficiently equip any man to save him from the charge of effeminacy is abundantly shown. Scarce a day passes without some notable evidence of the truth of this. The chronicles of yesterday's happenings alone have two shining examples of woman's ability to lay aside her softer attributes and become stern enough to satisfy even President Roosevelt.

Our own Brooklyn furnished one of these

examples of woman's ability to assume a masterful role. Mrs. Mary Herrmann was visited in her small corner grocery by two men whose manner was suspicious. Suspicion deepened to certainty when she saw one of the two behind the counter in the immediate neighborhood of the cash till. Mrs. Herrmann grasped the situation and the sugar scoop simultaneously, and had at him with such effect that by the time she found breath to scream and thus to secure assistance her man was in condition to hand over to the police. Which not only reflects credit upon the woman, but adds a new weapon of offense to the already long available list.

The other case of feminine vigor and resourcefulness in the face of danger comes from far-off Kentucky, where Mrs. Lucia Morris beat a panther away from her child. Once she had him on the run it was a simple matter to get down her husband's rifle and put an end to that particular panther's pernicious activities.

But the beating off in the first crowded moment or two of the panther's appearance was done with the oldest of feminine weapons, the household broom, thus demonstrating beyond any doubt the more or less humorous traditions concerning the effectiveness of that implement have a firm basis in sober fact.—New York Telegram.

Chat About Women.

Mrs. Henry Whitman of Boston, in whose death was lost an artist and a rare woman, left public bequests of more than \$300,000.

Mrs. Henry G. Davis, wife of the democratic vice presidential nominee, was born in Frederick, Md., and is a typical southern woman in appearance and bearing.

Miss Alice A. Boughton, who has been for some time quietly studying the difficult art of photography, which in its present stage of development demands as much artistic sense as painting, has won her place. She has exhibited her work in many large cities and has taken a medal at international exhibitions in Brussels and Turin. In the summer she seeks new effects in nature, in winter she is occupied in portraiture in the studio on Madison avenue, New York.

Some of the clergymen in Ocean Grove, N. J., took exceptions to Mme. Schumann-Heink's gown when she sang there a few nights ago; it was too décolleté to pass muster in that town of ultra propriety. The noted singer confessed that she laid out a low neck gown for the affair and that the manager told her she would have to put an awning on the neck or carry a sunshade, but she put some mousseline de sole in the cut-out place until she looked more like a debutante than a prima donna and then gave her concert. But the reverend gentlemen, accustomed to high necks and long sleeves, marked the singer down in their black books and will probably stipulate as to costume the next time she appears there.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, aged author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," who received the degree of LL. D. recently, listened philosophically the other day to the complaints of a woman whose son's education at Harvard was costing a great deal of money. "Many sons' education cost a great deal of money," said Mrs. Howe. "And yet it is the most expensive education usually that is the least valuable. I had this fact brought home to me a short time ago. I was visiting a certain family and one morning at breakfast the father said as he handed his son, a sophomore, a \$10 bill: 'Your studies are costing me a great deal.' 'I know it, father,' the son answered, 'and I don't study very hard either.'"

Millions upon millions of women know the value of the hemmer attachment to the sewing machine, yet it is not probable that one of them ever knew the name of the genius who devised the simple thing. It was Isaac Barnum, a Brooklynite, who died last week, 80 years old. He was a few years ago, worth more than \$1,000,000, yet he died in poverty, the fate of many inventors. Much of his money was squandered on boom towns in the west, particularly in Council Bluffs, Ia., and Sanborn, N. D., and also in catering to personal eccentricities. From an income of \$1,300 a week on royalties his income dwindled to nothing. He had a fad for being photographed, among other things, having made more than 700 sittings.

Favors for Summer Dances

THE younger the girl the more apt she is to count her measure of popularity by the number of dance favors which she receives. As one result, the cotillion hostess tries to collect things as new and charming as possible to give originality to her dance.

One of the new favor fads is birth flower pins, with due regard to the superstition for wearing the birth flower as a little fetish to bring good luck. These pins are made in gold enamel with little sprays or small bands of the flowers.

January exhibits a wild rose, and to February is given the carnation. The girl who gets a March flower will wear a violet pin, and she who was born in April sticks an Easter lily in her collar. The maiden of May wears lilies of the valley, and the June girl a rose. There is something distinctly appropriate in having a daisy as the flower for July, and the pond lily for August, while the September girl is crowned with poppies. To the October girl falls the golden cosmos flower, the November maiden is born under the influence of the chrysanthemum, while holly goes with the girl who flutters into this world amid the December snows.

A hostess who wanted to follow this fad and could not afford to purchase the pins decided upon a novel home-made device that produced a charming effect upon the favor table.

She bought a lot of small, flat, circular pincushions and covered each in the color of the birth flower. She stuck a short piece of wire into the bottom of each cushion and wrapped it with a bit of cloth, and then with ribbon the color of the flower. A few small artificial violets were sewed around the lower part of the cushion, leaving the top uncovered, and a bow tied under them. Another bow of the violet ribbon stem and a little bunch of violets with a cushion nestled among them.

These little favors form pretty decorations upon the dressing table, are both useful and ornamental and can be produced in ribbons for all blooms.

Birthstones set in hatpins, rings and stickpins are also popular, but not so new, while for a farewell dance before breaking up for the summer girls like to give each other something for the writing table as a reminder that letters are welcome visitors.

A girl who can paint made a lot of small square boxes out of stiff water-color paper and tinted them. The corners were merely tied together with little ribbon bows, and the top was a cut-

out bit of the paper just big enough to cover the small box. One top was a clover leaf painted in natural colors and the box was tied with green baby ribbons. Another box was in pink, with a wild rose top, and so on through the dainty list of boxes for stamps.

At one farewell dance the favors were planned to form decorations for the rooms of travelers who would like some such dainty ornamentation in strange quarters to remind them of the loving thoughts of friends at home. There were small, stained and cut-out leather mats, decorated in flowers, upon which to stand flower pots; little candle and lamp shades in Japanese panels upon a frame that folded up flat for packing in a trunk; pretty sewing and laundry bags of thin flowered silk and Japanese crepe, decorated with ribbons and so thin that they would not take up any room in the trunk; and little nests of bags for tucking away the small things that a traveler finds so useful.

Each nest consisted of four silk bags, each the size of a child's hand, curved rounding at the bottom and in a sharp point at the top. The outer part of the bags was of green brocaded silk and the lining of white satin, and as a little brass rod ran through the gathering band of each and terminated at each end with ribbon bows in white and green, the double bag points with their white linings looked like a dainty row of leaves standing up along a twig.

Favors of another dance consisted of clusters of corsage bouquets made of silk and chiffon flowers for the girls, and for the men there were little jewel cases for their scarf pins. One hostess, with consideration for the veil fad of this summer, had a veil roll for each guest who could wear a veil. The roll was simply a mailing tube covered with cotton and sachet powder, then with satin or silk drawn together at the ends of the tube, and tied in bows of ribbon.

These, in many delicate colors, both in plain and flowered silks, formed a bright pile in pretty contrast to the odd little box favors for the men. The latter were small, round boxes covered with a striped pink collar just big enough for the neck of a good-sized doll, and quite high, made in minstrel fashion, with turned down points in front and a ribbon tie for a cravat. Into this circle fitted a round top decorated with small painted flowers and having a collar button tied with a tiny bow for a knob in the middle.

