

New Automobile Veil



PHOTO BY JOEL FEDEL.

This new "quick-catch motor veil, as it is called, may be adjusted even when the car is in motion—a feat absolutely impossible of accomplishment with the ordinary veil, which whips about when caught by the wind.

The photograph shows how one side of this large square of chiffon is shirred into a length which just fits around the throat, a loop of cord and button being attached at the ends of the shirring.

Hair is Kept From Splitting and Crashing by Singeing

Singeing or clipping the ends of the hair is extremely necessary once in a while for its best health. Precisely how often it shall be done depends upon the condition of the scalp, for hair differs greatly, some splitting almost immediately after treatment, while on the head of another person it may remain in good condition for several months.

But clipping is certainly better than nothing, and the wisest type can do it after a fashion. It is not necessary to cut off more than an inch in this way.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Dyspeptic Philosophy

Old-fashioned women used to say to young men: "Don't marry a girl who doesn't know how to blush."

A sober man may brag of his winnings, but the gambler who says much about his losses is either drunk or crazy.

Women say that when a young couple marry they should care more for each other as they grow older. That's theory; fact is different.

Every year you hear of things that went on behind your back last year that would have greatly displeased you had you known of it at the time.

You haven't one chance in a thousand of finding a gold mine; but, if you are industrious, honest and faithful, the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that you will succeed.

Doc Robinson, town drunkard, is not the meanest man in town, by a long shot. The meanest and most troublesome man in town is always sober in order to think up new ways of being disagreeable.

If you get more pay than the man who works for you, you must do more work. Employers don't pay for good looks. Another thing, employers appreciate clean work—work that no one is compelled to do over after you—Atchison Globe.

"The Call of the Wild." Hark! What a veritable nature's wiles sounds greets the ear, bringing us into the very heart of the wilderness. List to the roar of the cataract! Hark to the screech of the owl! Now 'tis the bark of the coyote, now the musical cadence of the wind sighing through the trees and the melancholy call of the catbird. Now there is a terrible explosion as the storm bursts and the thunder crashes, and a myriad of varied shrieks, calls, howls, roars, wails and nondescript noises fill the air. Now there is a lull, but only for the very briefest interval, and the strange, weird, wild strains of nature's potpourri again smite the ear.

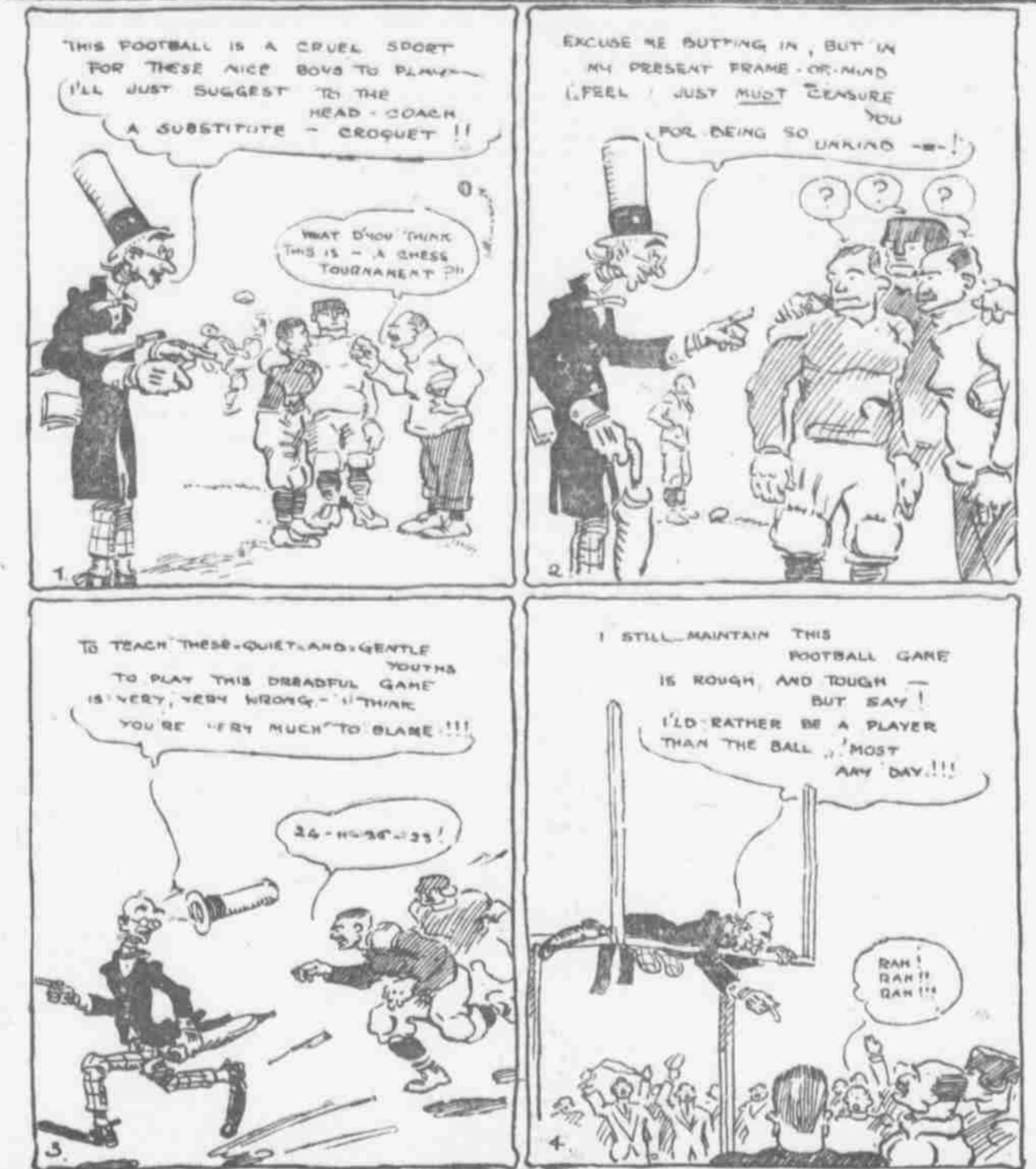
Why sigh for the music of the wilderness and the "Call of the Wild," when the auto's horn and the collapsing tire bring them to our very doors?—Judge.

He Knew. "That counter full of cheap things for girls," says the floorwalker to the manager, "doesn't seem to attract any attention, although the prices on the stuff are simply absurd."

"What kind of a placard have you over it?" asks the manager. "Just a sign reading, 'Odds and Ends at Your Own Price.'"

"Huh! Take that down and put up one reading, 'For Husbands.'"—Judge.

WHAT'S THE USE?



"Captain Maud," Only Woman Pilot, Has Signed on a Mate

"Captain Maud," the only woman ever licensed by the federal authorities to act as a pilot in New York harbor and the adjacent rivers, is today voyaging over strange seas. Forsaking the tugboat, the Major Uhlrich, which, as Miss Amelia K. Jensen, she navigated for her father during the latter's illness of two years, she has embarked upon matrimonial seas. Her "mate" on the passage is Mr. Gustave Gubitz. On the trip they are now making to Bermuda, he is pilot as well as mate, for she says her license as a navigator does not extend to the high seas.



CAPTAIN MAUD—MRS. GUSTAVE GUBLITZ

Her debut as a pilot came because of stern necessity. Five years ago her father, the late Captain Julius Jensen, was stricken ill. It was imperative that the tugboat should continue to be operated. So the daughter stepped into the breach. Her father's only daughter, she had been his constant companion on board the craft, as well as during the brief intervals when he was at home.

Winning his reluctant consent, Miss Jensen quickly added to her practical knowledge to enable her to pass with flying colors the regular examination for a harbor pilot. She was the first woman to be so equipped. During the next two years "Captain Maud," as she was known to her crew and those with whom she did a towboat business, commanded the Major Uhlrich. Men who know the difficulties of handling a tugboat in the harbor and rivers during fog and snow, by day and by night, say that "Captain Maud" was as able a commander as ever gripped the spoke of a

wheel or ordered a deckhand to cast off a hawser. Never once during the twenty-four months that the young woman occupied the wheel house of the Major Uhlrich did she have a collision or a mishap of any serious nature. So far as business getting went, she also held her own most ably against the keen competition of tugboat men who had spent their lives at the business. Contrary to accepted tradition, she never found it necessary to use anything to enforce her commands beside a winning smile, and she prided herself on the fact that an oath was altogether unnecessary on the Major Uhlrich.

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

White hands are not an impossibility for women who do their own housework, for the essential to obtaining and keeping this beauty is ceaseless care of a kind not impracticable for a woman who cleans pots and pans and dusts furniture, as the general requirement is that the skin shall be smooth. If it is the least rough all kinds of foreign particles will settle, and their removal will be difficult.

To keep hands white wearing gloves incessantly, I consider imperative, and not uncomfortable so the habit is acquired. These gloves should be large enough to permit of free use of the fingers, and when there are men in the family their cast-off gloves will answer this purpose. If such gloves are not desirable, in shape they be bought huge gloves made from cotton drilling. These cost 10 or 15 cents a pair, and are admirable for sweeping or dusting.

Rubber gloves are valuable at times, but unless a woman puts her hands into dirty water, as when scrubbing kettles or the floor, I think they are not needed. But on such occasions and when putting the hands into greasy water that is penetrating rubber gloves must be worn or fingers and nails will be ruined. Always before pulling on rubber gloves the hands must be thickly powdered with talcum to prevent their sticking to the rubber. There is no better treatment for the hands at night than applications of sweet almond oil and the hands dipped into the

powder, thus forming a mask. Immediately large kid gloves should be drawn on and worn all night. The effect of this is both softening and refining. Soap that is strong enough to wash dishes or garments properly almost inevitably has too much alkali to agree with the skin, and its effect should be counteracted by the use of oils. And as soon as dishes are done, or garments are on the line, the hands should be covered with white vaseline, cold cream or sweet almond oil.

Madame Ozaki, wife of the mayor of Tokio, Japan, who is visiting New York with her husband, is quoted as saying that she does not believe in woman suffrage, "because it is a woman's place to remain at home and take care of her family." She also says that she has "been away from her own home since May 10, making a trip around the world, and will not return home for some time."

"It will be noticed," remarks Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, "that the great majority of the anti-suffragists who are announcing from the house-tops that a woman's place is at home, are themselves away from home when they make this statement. A few generations ago the duties of the household were so numerous and the families so large that women found very little time for work or recreation outside, but that period has passed away, and the one who does not now find time

for a great deal of both away from home is the exception. Those who base their opposition to woman suffrage on this reason evidently think that every woman would engage in politics 365 days and nights during the year. As a matter of fact, if all women should go actively into politics there would only be a brief season every year when a campaign was in progress, that there would be the slightest necessity for political work."—New York Post.

It is surprising what sweet little bonnets for babies can be bought for less than \$1 now. In fact, I saw some lovely little "first" bonnets that were marked at 40c. The materials in these were bengaline, peau de soie and the softer silks, with trimmings of frilled ribbon.

A number of different designs were on exhibition; all white, of course. For the year-old babies the coziest little bonnets any mother could wish for were only \$1 cents. These were fashioned from ivory white broadcloth and were trimmed with quillings of narrow satin ribbon in such delicate tones as pale pink, blue or mauve.

Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife He Will Vote as Usual, Only More So.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR. "I suppose you will vote Tuesday," says Friend Wife, "as usual." "Just about as usual, only more so," said the Tired Business Man. "I care not for the man who sighs for the days of Booth, when one day of voting booth is enough for me. Not a fussy person, still I object to letting my nails grow long, approaching election time so I will be able to scratch the ticket." "I always feel like I was at my own funeral," crawling into my final box stall, when I slip into the election booth. I feel called upon to do up considerably on election day, so that when I reach the polls I may pose as one of the 'better element' you always read about, who either get out or fall to get out election day. With a clean shave and my Sunday clothes on I always feel I could step right into a cartoon as old Mr. B. Element.



"BLANKET."

"On approaching the place where I am to exercise my sacred duty in voting for one man I think is less objectionable than his chief opponent, together with a whole string of flats I never heard of before, I become aware of the nearness of the temple of our palladium because there is a policeman doing outside trying to look uncontentious. He has to do this in order not to see the large delegation of rough necks who accompany the prospective voter from the pole bearing the placard. 'No electioneering allowed within fifty feet of the polls.' They electioneer as near the election place as they can crowd, thus causing the policeman to look away. 'I never knew until election day how many early risers there are. Then it seems to me that I always arrive at the polling place just as a long line of total trustees has formed at the door, and there is no use trying to get a speculator to give you a front stand. After I have resisted the efforts of several burles to elbow me out of line, increasing my belief that I am the better element referred to because I am in the minority, I finally work painfully up to the front of the line. 'Imagine my surprise when I recognize in the judges of election our janitor, with a collar and necktie on, also a nickel cigar; the grocery clerk, and a prominent bartender, whose name eludes me. Our janitor, in an almost friendly, if patronizing voice, asks my name and address, as though he didn't know it almost as well as I did. They then ask me for

a sample of my handwriting and hand me something which is bigger than a Pullman blanket, but not so large as a full sized bed quilt. 'Gathering this all up in my arms, I stagger away and almost burst into a cave, where a freshborn American 'vet' is exercising his right of franchise—the only franchise that the ordinary voter ever gets a look in on. Finally, having secured a private compartment, our hero enters it and attempts the impossible feat of spreading out a blanket ballot five feet long in a crypt two feet across its shoulders. It holds his breath and reaches for the official, tied to the wall panel, which the last voter has inadvertently broken. No light permeates his tomb, but by a supreme effort, he stands sideways, if he has any sideways, and places his official X squarely at the head of the column. It is all very well to talk of voting for the man regardless of party, but when one is crowded into a boy's size voting booth with the elbows of the man in the next shelf poking through the canvas against his ribs, one is glad to get out without waiting to play favorites. 'You're just trying to discourage the idea of my voting,' said Friend Wife. 'I'm sure I would choose conscientiously.' 'What? Women choose the little squares instead of the ring? Never!' cried the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Daughters of Famous Men



MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Miss Henrietta Crossman, the famous comedienne, belongs to people of distinction on the maternal as well as the paternal side of her family. Her father, Major George H. Crossman, and her grandfather, General George H. Crossman, were prominent officers of the United States army. Her mother, Mary B. Wick, was a member of the Youngstown (Ohio) family of that name, one of the most prominent in that part of the country, and a niece of Stephen C. Foster, the composer of "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Swannans River" and other famous songs.

As becomes the descendant of soldiers, Miss Crossman was born in a tent out in the Indian country, where her father was serving his country in the far west. She was educated at the quaint old Moravian seminary in Bethlehem, Pa., and made her first appearance as a member of a stock company at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O., where she met and married her first husband, J. Sedley Brown, an actor and playwright. It was in "The Rajah," at the Madison Square theater, that Miss Crossman made her first appearance in New York. Then she traveled with various companies, supporting Robert Downing for one season. Subsequent appearances were made with the Lyceum Theater stock company and with the famous company at Daly's theater, where she appeared in Shakespeare, returning to the Lyceum theater in "The Charity Ball" and "The Idler." She also made conspicuous successes in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," "The Junior Partner" and "Gloriana."

Her most sensational success was made in "Miss Nell," by George C. Haighton, which was produced under the management of her present husband, Maurice Campbell, a journalist. This play ran for two years. A revival of "As You Like It" ran in New York for 100 nights and has been revived by Miss Crossman from time to time. Later successes were made in "The Sword of the King," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," a dramatization of "The Bath Comedy," by the Castles, produced under the Belasco management; "Nance Oldfield," "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," "The Christian Pilgrim," a dramatization of Bunyan's great allegory, and "Sham," a modern comedy by Geraldine Bonner. Miss Crossman's present play is a satirical comedy, "Anti-Matrimony," by Percy McKaye. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

It Might Be Done. One of the professors in the law school of a New England university was one day explaining the principles of contracts, endeavoring to show what must be the nature of the promise made by either party to a contract.

He had considerable trouble with one student, who, by the way, was a foot ball enthusiast. Thinking that, if he employed an example pertaining to the scolar's favorite game, he might make the thing clearer, the professor asked:

"Suppose that I contract with certain persons to make a touchdown against Harvard. Can they hold me?" "Well, sir," answered the student, "not according to the rules. But," he added, after some hesitation, "the umpire might not be looking."—Lippincott's.

A Matter of Necessity. A Washington woman who was visiting some friends in Philadelphia noticed that the little girl in the family was eating some new sort of cereal at breakfast. She evinced little enthusiasm for the stuff.

"I don't think much of it," replied the child. "Then why do you eat it?" "The little girl paused in her task of disposing of the obnoxious article and regarded her interlocutor gravely. "It's got to be eaten," said she solemnly. "The grocer gives mamma a coupon for every two packages she buys, and it's got to be eaten every morning."—Lippincott's.

The Idiot Again. The turkey was not a very large one, and Mrs. Pedagog's boarders began to be a little anxious on the subject of its going around. Finally the last bit was distributed, and the idiot, gandered at his portion, observed that he had drawn the neck and the pope's nose.

"Ah, Mrs. Pedagog," said he, with a genial smile, "you are a wonder at making both ends meet!"—Lippincott's.

QUITE POSSIBLE



"She's a writer, isn't she?" "Yes." "What does she write for?" "Just pure casuodocia, I guess."

SAFE SIDE



"Why so silent?" "I'm afraid anything I might say would remind you of a story you once heard."