

Copyright, 1912, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

How Fashionable Society Ought to Entertain.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Hostesses Should Develop Their Own Talent, Should Serve Only a Little Simple Food and Send Their Guests Home Uplifted, Says America's Poetess of Passion, Decrying the Season's Aristocratic Extravagances



Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Who Here Advises Society Upon Sane Entertaining.



Mrs. Wilcox (2d Figure to the Right) and Her Friends Entertaining Her Friends.



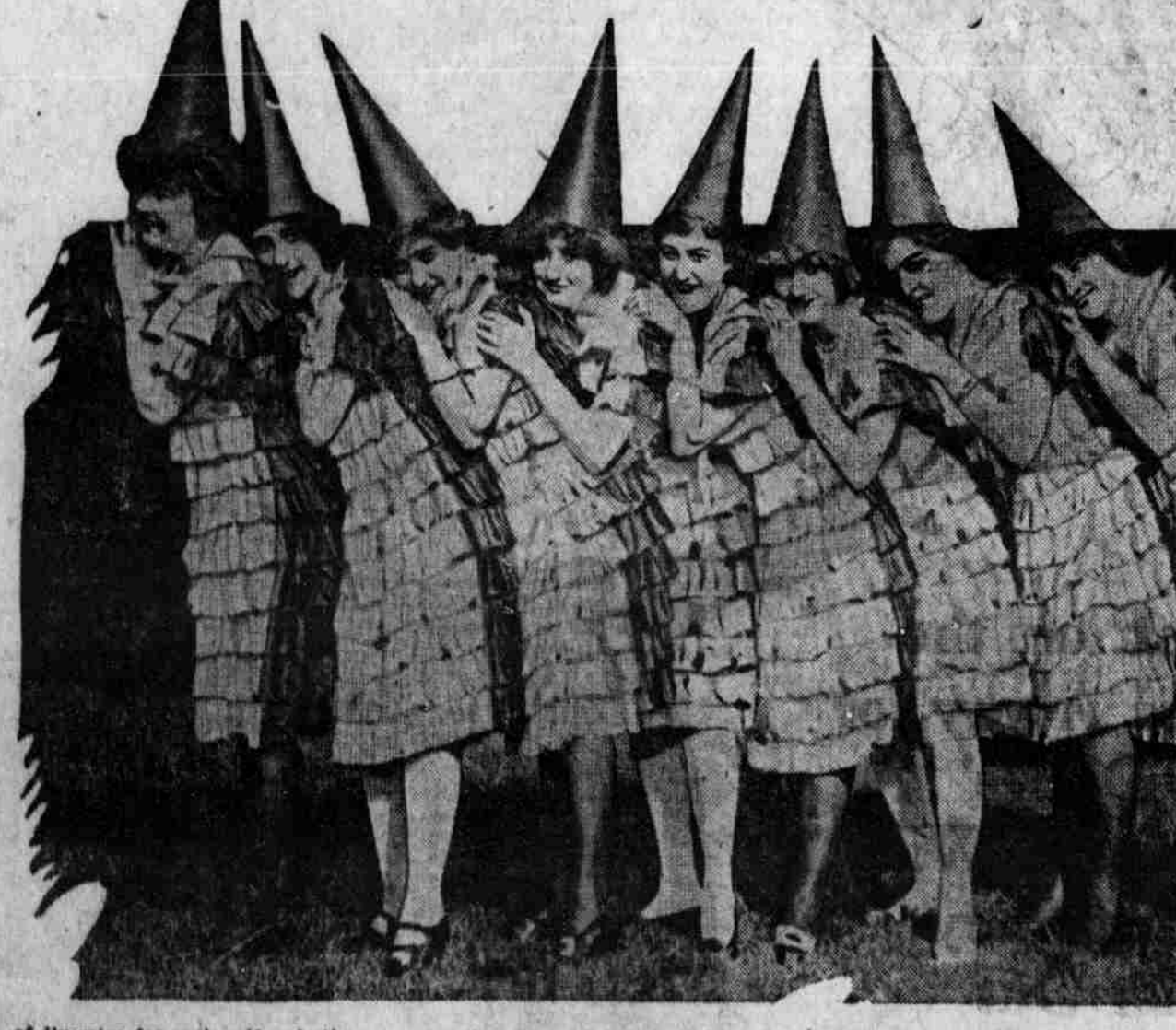
WIDE general interest being shown in the extravagance of recent fashionable entertainments at Newport, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the famous poet, has put her mind on the subject, and her conclusions appear on this page.

At this fete she followed the principles which she advocates for entertainment. It is the celebrated author's theory that instead of hiring diversion for their guests, the host or hostess and their friends should provide it with their own developed talents.

Every child should be taught to dance and should be made to understand the value of the accomplishment, value as a social grace, as a healthful exercise, and as a means of diversion for one's self and others.

continually and incessantly it is a foe to the best social interests of any community. I think every true home of the best order should be like a searchlight on a ship, and its rays should go forth first in one direction, then in another. One ray should discover musical talent to cultivate and develop; an

A Pretty Octette Trained by Mrs. Wilcox in Just the Way Any Fashionable Society Leader May Do.



By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

M idea of entertaining our friends is to welcome them most informally; to please their eyes, ears and minds while they are with us, and to send them away and refreshed in body and uplifted in mind and spirit.

It is the line of the cuisine, that can be done at a dinner party given for the purpose. But in afternoon or late evening functions food should be but a mere incident, and refreshments of the simplest nature.

promotion of true hospitality, and less for individual development. Reasonably indulged, it is a most fascinating pastime, and helps quicken the mind, improve the memory and develop the judgment. But played

other should find its card devotees; another its dancing circle; another its reading and reciting coterie; and there should be time and interest enough to make possible means of recreation and pleasure.

To reproduce scenes from history in picturesque costumes; to mix fun and frolic with beauty and art; to be frivolous and serious in turn; to be instructive and amusing, but always wholesome and always clean;

that is my ideal of entertaining in the home. I love the idea of outdoor functions, of combining beauty of attire and performance with the beauty of nature. That was why I chose the graceful and stately minuet, with its picturesque costumes, to be danced on the lawn as a means of entertainment for my friends.

Household Suggestions

Many people dislike stinging rainbows because of the unpleasant stickiness. This can be quite prevented by rubbing butter on your fingers and on the knife before beginning.

Onions that are overstrong in flavor may be rendered less so by slicing, then putting in a colander and pouring boiling water over them. After this plunge into ice water and let remain for half an hour. This will leave them sweet and crisp.

To make an ordinary candle serve as an all-night lamp pack finely powdered salt around the wick as far up as the blackened part. In this way a mild, steady light may be obtained all night from even a small piece of candle.

Celery and lettuce may be kept fresh by standing the roots in cold water and throwing over them a damp cloth or dry manila paper. They should, before using, be washed thoroughly, soaked in ice water and dried on a towel.

A siphon of soda is an excellent fire extinguisher, as the carbonic acid gas in the soda water helps to stifle the flames. The siphon can be tilted and the fluid will carry to a considerable height, such as the top of a blazing curtain.

The Mink!
Gus—If you don't give it to me at once I'll kiss you.
Midge—And if I do give it to you will you let me alone?
Gus—Certainly.
Midge—Well, you can't have it.

A Slight Difference.
Friend—I suppose your wife still thinks you are a treasure?
Nephew—No—a treasury.

More Man—Pah!
"What you want, I suppose, is to give just like the man do."
"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Smash-up-Barber. "If we couldn't do better than that there would be no use of talking."

The Very Thing.
Wife—The doctor has advised me to go to the South Coast for a month's rest. The question now is—where to go?
Husband—Go another doctor.

Flat irons should not be allowed to become red hot, for they will not retain the heat properly afterward.

Slightly soiled ribbons, if well powdered with French chalk or magnesia and held over the heat from a stove for a few minutes, will quickly shed any grease or soil. They should be carefully pressed after the powder and soil have been brushed off.

Smoke from a lamp or gas often soils a ceiling in one particular spot, while the rest remains beautifully white. It is useful to know that soiled ceilings caused by lamp and gas will be rendered less conspicuous if rubbed over with dry whiting.

To make baked potatoes dry and mealy, just when potatoes are tender put a fork at least twice into each potato to let the steam escape.

Salt and vinegar makes an excellent mixture for cleaning water bottles and wine decanters. Put a dessertspoonful of rough salt into a decanter, moisten it with vinegar and then shake the decanter till the stains are removed.

To clean a meat chopper put a piece of bread through it after you have been chopping raisins, meat or anything that is hard to wash out of a chopper and you will have no difficulty in washing it afterward.

A Cash Equivalent.
Anxious Wife—Mr. Jackson has called again for that money you owe. I wish you'd see him about it or something dreadful will happen. He says he won't wait any longer, as time is money!
Calm Husband—So it is, my love. I'd forgotten. Tell him I'll pay him in a time!

Father and Son.
Mrs. Newman—Look at the way baby's working his mouth. Now he's trying to put his foot in it.
Mr. Newman—If I'm hereditary, that's what I did when I proposed to you.

He Was Not Green!
Walter (suggestedly)—Would you like a plate of green turtle soup, sir?
Farmer Giles—No, if yer ain't got no ripe turtle soup I don't want none at all.

Try mixing pancakes in a pitcher of the ballboy shape, one that an eggbeater fits in nicely. It is much easier to pour directly from this pitcher on to the griddle instead of ladling the batter out of a bowl.

A stimulating bath is made by boiling for half an hour a pound of fresh resinous pine needles and pine cones broken into bits. Strain the infusion and add it to a hot bath.

When cutting new bread, heat your knife by dipping it into a jug of hot water. In this way you can cut the finest bread and butter from a new loaf quite easily.

When coloring is required for stews or hashes, let the onions used have the outer skin left on, and no burnt sugar or other coloring matter will be required.

Rag rugs made of cotton wash well. These are inexpensive and are often just the thing for the kitchen, as well as other parts of the house.

To clean pewter wash the articles with hot water and fine silver sand, then dry and polish them with a leather.

Started Early.
Small Girl—Why doesn't baby talk yet?
Father—He can't talk yet, dear. Young babies never do.
Small Girl—Oh, yes, they do. Job did. Nurse read to me out of the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born.

Her Light Went Out.
Mary had a little lamp.
'Twas full of kerosene;
One day the lamp it did explode,
Since then she's not been sane.

A Long Way Off.
Brown—Does he follow the medical profession?
Green—Yes—in a sense—he's an undertaker.

For Protection.
Small Nephew—Uncle, why do you always take a dog with you when you go shooting; are you afraid of the rabbit?

He Ran No Risk.

THE tramp sat serene and dirty on the backdoor step eating the breakfast for which he had whined, and the servant stood looking at him curiously.

Presently the knight of the road observed the attention she was paying him.

"Wotter yer lookin' at me for?" he asked in idle curiosity. "Think I'm a long-lost cousin?"

"No," replied the maid coolly; "but I must say you remind me of a man I used to know."

"Sweetheart?" asked the tramp coolly.

"None of your business!" was the maid's retort. "But something happened to him which I never happen to you!"

"What's that? Died a millionaire, did he?"

The maid's reply was crushing: "No; he was accidentally drowned while bathing!"

Not Class Enough.

AMONG the beauties of a certain nobleman's great country estate is a magnificent series of steps in the grounds, all covered with velvet turf and bordered with clipped yew trees.

On one of the days when the park and grounds were opened to the public a local clergyman, with a party of friends, approached this green stairway and began to walk up.

But on these days a gardener is specially relegated to keep the public off, and now he ran forward.

"Here, you bain't to go up there!" he cried angrily.

The clergyman was very indignant, and demanded to know what the steps were for, if they might not be walked on.

The old man's reply was short and sweet.

"They bain't for the likes o' you to walk on," he said. "They be for the gentry!"

For Political Arguments.

Father, said an inquiring youth, "when a hen sits on an egg for three weeks and it don't hatch, is the egg spoiled?"

"As an article of diet, my son, it is henceforth a failure; but for political purposes it has its use."

Getting 'Round It.

She (complainingly)—Before we were married you used to bring me flowers almost every day, but now you never think of buying me even a bunch of violets.

He (gallantly)—The pretty flower girls don't attract my attention so much as they used to.

She—Oh, you darling! Never mind, I don't really care for flowers anyway.

A Matter of Taste.

HE was the sort of young man who takes a girl out and talks a lot of pretty things, but never dreams of buying anything, not even a penny bar of cocoanut toffee.

They had been walking out together for quite a time, and she was getting a bit tired of it. One evening they came to a pause outside a gayly decorated confectioner's shop.

"Look, darling," he whispered gushingly. "I can see your beautiful, sweet face quite clearly in that window!"

But she was determined on making a change.

"That's all right, George, about my sweet face," she said coldly; "I'm tired of hearing about it! I wish you'd remember my sweet tooth occasionally instead."

She Didn't Know Mother.

BOYS will be boys, except when they are little wretches, and Tommy was no exception.

He had broken one of the school rules, and the teacher told him to tell his mother about it, and also about the punishment he had received. This was fussy of teacher. She thought mother might thrash him again.

The next morning she asked:

"Well, Tommy, did you tell your mother about your bad behavior yesterday, and how I punished you?"

"Yes, miss," replied Tommy quickly.

"Well, what did your mother say?" was teacher's next question.

"Said she'd like to wring your neck, miss," replied Tommy calmly.

The Barber Took Sides.

THE barber's shop was well patronized when in walked a shabby stranger.

"Good morning, sir," called the barber doubtfully.

"My good morning," replied the stranger. "My good man, will you have one side of my face for a penny?"

The barber winked at his waiting customer.

"Certainly," he replied. "Take a seat, please."

Presently it was the shabby stranger's turn to occupy the seat of honor.

"Now, which side shall I shave?" asked the barber, as he waved the lathering brush in the air.

"The outside!" replied the shabby stranger meekly.

"Leased Said!"

Friend (gazing at new house): "So this is your last house?"

Builder (saddy): "Yes, last, but not leased."

Up-to-the-Minute Jokes

A Londoner was once dining with a Yorkshireman in a restaurant. The latter, true to his natural habit, kept turning round to see if his hat and coat were all right.

"Look here, old chap," said the Londoner at last, "do you think any one is going to steal our hats and coats?"

"Well," said the Yorkshireman, "I'll take good care they don't have mine, but yours went ten minutes ago."

Lady—And when did you first become acquainted with your husband?
Street Seller—The very first time as I disagreed with 'im after we was married, lady.

Barber—Try a bottle of this preparation, sir. Splendid thing for baldness.
Customer—Perhaps it is, but I've got all the baldness I want, thank you.

"This watch will last a lifetime," remarked the jeweller, as he handed the watch to a customer.

"Nonsense," retorted the other. "Can't I see for myself that its hours are numbered?"

Mamma (dining out)—It isn't polite, Bobby, to smack your lips when eating. You never do that at home.

Bobby—Cause we never have anything worth smacking over.

"When my wife and I were first married we used to call each other 'Birdie.' Do you still do it?"

"No, I call her a parrot and a magpie, and she usually refers to me as a jay."

Jango—Yes, sir, I have had some strange experiences and witnessed some moving scenes—very moving, indeed.

Jackson—Oh, you are a detective?

Jango—No; I am a scene shifter at the theatre.

"Yesterday," said Jabson, "I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ear the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson. "Who was the woman?"

"My wife."

Sunday School Teacher—And when the prodigal son came home, what happened, Tommy?

Tommy—His father ran to meet him and hurt himself.

Sunday School Teacher—Why, where did you get that?

Tommy—It said his father ran and fell on his neck. I bet it would hurt you to fall on your neck!

A couple of jail birds were eating a meal together, when one of them looked at his watch to see the time.

"Why, goodness me, you've got a watch!" exclaimed the other. "How much did it cost you?"

"Six months," was the reply.

Fair Maid—I wonder what causes the flight of time?
Brilliant Young Man—It is probably urged on by the spur of the moment.

She—A clock is different from a man. He—in what respect?
She—When it strikes it keeps on working.

"A sailor's life is a hard one," said the steamer's captain. "It is not so hard as it used to be before the coming of steam," he said, "but it is still fearful hard for all that. In fact, I heard of but one man who had a decent excuse for going to sea."

"And who was he, captain?" asked the passenger.

"Noah," the captain answered. "For if the old fellow had remained on shore he would have been drowned."

"T—'s Dorsett, now. Would you call him a patient man?"

"All depends."

"On what?"

"Whether he's fishin' or waitin' for his supper."

For three solid hours the captain had been lecturing his men on the duties of a soldier, and he thought it was time to see how much they had understood of his discourse. Casting his eyes round the room, he fixed on Private Murphy as his first victim.

"Private Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

Private Murphy scratched his head for a moment, and then a smile of enlightenment crossed his face.

"Sure, Captain," he said pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

She—Let me see the thinnest thing you have in a blouse.
He—She's gone out to lunch, madam.

Teacher—How many sexes are there? Little Boy—Three.
Teacher—Three? What are they? Little Boy—The male sex, the female sex, and the insects.

The Barber—Your hair is coming out on top, sir.
The Crank—Good! I knew it was in me. Now, for goodness sake, don't talk to it, or it'll come back again.