

Woman's Work :- Fashions :- Health Hints :- Household Topics

Advance Heralds of Spring---The Season's First Straw Hats

Reproduced by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.



Especially designated for morning wear is this hat of black satin with under-brim of straw. Three varicolored cockades of plated ribbon on the brim and a flat bow are its trimming. To the right is a sports hat of Nattier blue straw. The figures of the cretonne on brim and crown are outlined with narrow blue braid. Rosette of straw and braid.



Simplicity of line is the feature of this traveling hat of green straw with its flat trimming of black satin ribbon and cretonne motifs and high and upturned at the back. To the left a close fitting motor turban trimmed with flounces of blue grosgrain ribbon is completed with a motif of blue linen buttonholed and stitched with blue worsted.

Editorial for Women

Stealing a Husband

By DOROTHY DIX

In a scandal in high life that is now before the public, the aggrieved wife charges in her suit against the other woman that the said other woman alienated her husband's affections from her "by the use of blandishments and flatteries."

Precisely so. That's practically always the way it is done. The recipe for being a siren is as simple as the rule for making cake. A woman has only to take a spoonful of the sugar of flattery, a few spoons of the butter of soft words, a little of the milk of human comradeship, a couple of egg shells full of sympathy, throw in a little flavor of pleasantness, and stir all well together, and bake in the warm oven of affection, and she's got a confection that will make any man come and eat out of her hand.

Instead of asking for our sympathy, a wife should be ashamed to admit that some other woman has alienated her husband's affections from her by the use of blandishments and flatteries. What was she doing that she didn't beat the other woman to it? Why didn't she use them herself? She had the best chance, the inside track, and it's her own fault if she didn't make use of her opportunities.

Good women always profess to believe that had women have some magic formula by which they lure men away from their own firesides. They only conjure that any woman, good or bad, knows how to work on a man is simply to be pleasant, and sympathetic, and admiring, and rub his fur the right way, as is the common custom of wives.

There is nothing mysterious or occult about the charm of the charmer. It is a simple illustration of the law of supply and demand. A man wants some cheerful female companionship. If his wife is a chronic groucher, who is always complaining and whining at home, he goes away from home and hunts up some woman who laughs and is jolly.

The man craves flattery. His wife is the leader of the avvil chorus and never misses a chance to give him a knock that leaves his vanity bruised and bleeding. He finds some woman who jollies him to the limit, and he makes a fool of himself over her in consequence thereof.

Perhaps the man is heart hungry for sympathy and understanding. If his wife can't abide anything that he likes, and yawns in his face when he tries to talk to her about his business or profession, why, sooner or later, he meets up with a woman who does comprehend his aspirations, and who fans the flame of his ambition, and there's another case of affairs.

As a matter of fact, every woman who has got a husband won him with blandishments and flatteries, and it is a tragic and a pitiful thing that they haven't enough sense to keep him fed up on the same sweet meats; but that they sit supinely down and let some other woman steal their man away from them, and go fishing for their husbands with the fly to which every man from Adam down invariably rises.

In-Shoots

When hen fruit reaches holiday prices the soft-boiled egg seems a hard proposition.

All things generally reach the fellow who allows himself to become a human punching bag.

It must be admitted that domestic science has been responsible for a lot of dishes that look much better than they taste.

The humble man driving a span of mules is more to be admired than the well dressed trainer of a troupe of performing dogs.

If George Washington had chopped a cord of wood instead of that cherry sapling, he would never have brightened the pages of juvenile literature.

How Two Women Talked It Over: Little Experience Illustrates Great Point

By ADA PATTERSON.

They sat across the aisle from each other in the waiting room of a Jersey City railroad station. It was one of the darkest of the dreary days of a week of dismal weather before Christmas.

Neither of them wanted to be there nor did any of the others. The floor was damp from the passage of many rubber clad feet. The walls were dingy. The depot attendants were morose. The waiting passengers were depressed.

Suddenly the brown eyed woman gathered up her skirts and her courage. She crossed the aisle and timidly took a seat beside the gray-eyed woman with the worried frown between her straight, black eyebrows.

"I'm going to do something very rude," she said in an ingratiating little voice. "But you have such beautiful vigorous hair. Mine is beginning to turn grey. I hoped—perhaps she went on desperately, you would tell me how you take care of yours. Your hair looks so happy."

"My hair does, perhaps." There was a world of tired emphasis on the word "hair."

The gray eyes looked into the brown ones, and the frown between their straight black brows slowly faded.

"It might help me to know whether you wash your hair often or seldom, and what you use in the shampoo," pleaded she of the brown orbs.

They plunged into comparisons. She of the gray eyes was of positive nature.

She was confident that her thick, dark curls were due, after her inheritance of them, to three habits: shampooing them with herbs, to eschew soap, which she regarded as an enemy of hair; to keeping the skin of the scalp loose and cool by light daily massages; to letting the hair hang, loose and free, to the sun and air, as often as possible.

The other, a negative, listened as eagerly as a child to a fairy story.

"Of course, I have a good store of vitality. The more vitality the better the hair as a rule," her instructor said.

"Yes, I noticed the gray hairs first when I had a severe nervous breakdown. And I've had a slight one lately, brought on by Christmas shopping."

"Ah." It was a cooling sound such as one uses with a child whom she wants to comfort. The gray eyes that had been bright and cold as a bar of steel, while the frown remained between them, were soft now as a forest lake with the sunlight of a summer afternoon upon them.

The women, by that swift freemasonry of nature that each need the other, became friends. It chanced that they were talking the same train. Their cheerful, helpful chatter floated back to me across the intervening car seats.

They talked of Christmas shopping, each giving the other hints as to how to simplify it. They exchanged ideas about keeping their children healthy and how to educate them as to make them equal to their strong wrestling partner, the world. They gazed, sympathetically,

the mother-in-law theme. To their enduring credit, be it said, they said nothing about their husbands. They were wise women who knew that all wives are dissatisfied, more or less, with their husbands. They were loyal women who thought the faults of their partners should be covered so long as the partners themselves permitted them to be covered. If their husband's shortcomings had brought the frown between the gray eyes and the slight sadness into the brown ones, their owners did not translate them into speech. Discussing womankind's problems, they shunned the principal one of the married woman, how to get on with your mate.

The woman with the brown eyes got off at her station among the cedar-dotted, snow-cloaked New Jersey hills, she took her companion's hand, and giving it a warm, though timid pressure.

"You have comforted me on a hard journey," she said.

"You have made mine lighter and brighter," said the gray-eyed traveller, "for you have lent me strength." Her smile of parting was braver than that of her greeting. The one who had feared to intrude cast a smiling backward glance through the car window.

A slight incident of railway travel. Yet there had been that which makes the life tour easier, an interchange of helpful ideas. There had been the benefit of "talking things over." They had comforted each other by the way on the longer journey.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Be On Your Dignity.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a stenographer, 18, and considered pretty. My employer invites me to go to lunch with him every day. I always refuse. Last Friday he brought me two boxes of candy, which I did not accept. As I do not like his actions, I ask your advice. I am earning \$10 per week. Do you think I should leave his employ? I have told him again and again not to ask me

to go out with him and not to bring me candy, but he always insists on doing so. BEATRICE.

I imagine you are a dignified young girl who is well able to take care of herself and who is not in the least impressed by your employer's unwelcome attentions. If you can afford to lose your position tell him firmly that you will go unless he stops annoying you. If you feel that you must stay with him be on your dignity, and I think you will manage to discourage him before long.

You Must Decide.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am M, have a

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good trade and good prospects. I am 16 years my junior, and would like to become engaged to her, but her girl friends have advised her not to marry a cousin. Am I right in asking her to marry me? I have her parents' consent, but wish to make sure if I am justified in making her my wife.

Scientists differ as to the advisability of cousins marrying. I happen to be among those people who do not approve of it from the point of view of eugenics. But I think you would be doing your sweetheart and yourself a grave injustice to be influenced by my opinion since you love each other dearly and have the consent of your elders.

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