

TRADE MARKS OF THE SMART GIRL

A FEW POINTS ON THE LITTLE THINGS THAT GIVE A YOUNG WOMAN DISTINCTION

TO THE city or country girl who wishes to acquire the trade marks of the smart girl the best advice to offer is this:

"Study yourself and watch every well-bred woman you meet."

The really smart girl is chic, but never loud in her dressing. She is well-groomed, but always natural. She keeps in touch with the prevailing modes, but is never a slave to fashion. And by little tricks of carriage and bearing, distinctive mannerisms which are never eccentric, and the careful selection of accessories for her costume she shows her class.

She is the girl who studies herself first and the fashion plates afterward. She selects frocks that suit her, but never forces herself into gowns that are unbecoming solely because some thoughtless modiste assures her that such and such styles are "good" for this season. Rather when a gown is under discussion she and the modiste go into executive session as an art committee of two.

Is her income limited? Then she turns her back upon lightweight furberlows and buys a tailored street suit. In the wearing of which she can snap her fingers at fierce sunlight and rain. It may be made of the snowflake weave so popular this winter, but it will hang differently from the bargain counter type of ready-to-wear clothing. She knows it will keep its shape through fair weather or foul. Its seams will not sag, and when she walks forth it is with the happy realization that every one must recognize that the gown was made for her and no one else. It has individuality. It is a part of herself.

Having selected her hat with equal care, she turns her attention to the veil. She knows that so small a thing may betray her ignorance of the latest decrees of fashion. Its drapery is equally important. So in this, the beginning of the year '03, she buys two veils, one of fine, very lightweight net, generally in a diamond-shaped weave, and the other in chiffon. These quarters of a yard are needed for the first or nose veil, and a yard and a quarter of the chiffon will allow for ample drapery.

The nose veil may be in black or white, though the former is less trying to the complexion. This veil is adjusted on the hair before the hat is put on, and it must come no lower than the tip of the nose. It is gathered in smooth folds over the pompadour in order to keep it in perfect condition, no matter how impertinent the winter may be.

The second veil is adjusted after the hat is put on, and is so arranged as to give the effect of having hair tucked up in the front. The ends are delicately hemmed and smartly draped. They barely escape the shoulder. The exaggerated long ends have entirely disappeared, and if the hat is small a yard length of veiling will be ample. Exaggeration tends not to picturequeness, but to absurdity.

For the street the mannish gloves take precedence. They show stout clasps and moderately heavy stitching in self-tones. Speaking of hands, the really smart girl can always tell you the proper fashion of greeting friends. The day of the high hand-shake is past, and a more graceful greeting is in vogue. The hand is extended from the waist line, not too far, but as one authority expresses it, "with a mere suggestion of restraint." When the hands meet there is gentle movement to the right side of the person who extends the greeting, then back turned up to the original position, the hands unclasp and the ceremony is over.

In fact, this seems to be a season of reactions in little things. It is not difficult to hark back to the days when the would-



She wears at least two veils and the nose veil is essential.



She extends her hand from the waist line. The high position is no longer in vogue.



She holds the tight-fitting skirt.



She is particularly careful in handling her umbrella, and does not use it as a club.

be athletic girl carried her umbrella as if it were a club, grasping it tightly at a point about the middle of its length. She thought she looked very much like her English cousin starting out to face a London fog. Now she has decided to be just her own charming American self, so she grasps her umbrella lightly near the top of the handle, directly under the knob. She does not swing it, but carries

it with a suggestion of firmness and safety to her neighbors. Under no circumstances does she shove it under her arm as she presses through crowds or climbs stairs. The smart girl considers it her neighbor's eyesight. In no other way can a young woman, when on the street, show her good taste and good breeding than in the handling of her skirts.

The present fashion of wearing street skirts which escape the ground partially solves the problem for her, but in crossing muddy streets, entering and leaving cars, and in other emergencies, it still becomes necessary to lift the skirt a trifle. With the smooth-fitting backs, this is an art to be studied with care. The average woman makes a clutch at her skirt midway between the side line

and the back seam. She misses the latter entirely and marches on blissfully unconscious that the back of the skirt drags as badly as if she had never made the effort. The girl who knows reaches down the back seam, draws the skirt around in graceful, circular folds, raising the back widths of the skirt at least four or five inches from the ground, and is certain

that she is protecting her gown without making herself conspicuous. And she emulates her sisters of the comic opera stage by gathering up her skirts with a clutch so violent and pronounced that every line of her figure is displayed. Your Parisian cousin picks up her skirt on either side with her elbows out at a sharp angle and her ankles showing coquettishly, but it takes the French cousin

to do it with just the right air. Your English cousin, if caught in a sudden storm, calmly pulls four safety pins from her hand-bag, makes an impromptu tuck in her skirt and plods on, seemingly unconscious of her ludicrous appearance. But the American girl, who knows just the right angle at which to lift the back of her frock, presents the most pleasing picture.

THE STORY OF AN ORIGINAL ELOPEMENT

"A NASTY night, Haskell." I stepped down from my seat in the cab of No. 27, and, with some muttered reply to the greeting of the roundhouse foreman, passed out into the yard, thoroughly tired, hungry and irritable after my 120-mile run in the cab of the limited express.

It was one of those wild nights we sometimes, but not often, get during the month of November. A night of the blackest darkness, filled with driving rain and frozen sleet; a night of yachtsmen, doubtful roads, delays and loss of time, to be followed by a five-minute interview with the division superintendent, a man of few words and much less consideration.

I had just brought in the limited express some 20 minutes late, owing to the icy condition of the rails, and I knew what to expect.

I hurried along through the wind and rain, eager to get to my boarding-house, where a warm supper and dry clothes awaited me.

I had just reached the house when I heard the sounds of hurried steps coming down the street after me. I turned and glanced carelessly over my shoulder and saw, by the flickering light on the opposite corner, that it was Nick, my fireman.

"Well, what's the trouble now?" I asked, although I had a pretty good idea of what was coming.

"The 'old man's' down at the yard, and he's cussing like a trooper because you went off before he got a chance to see you."

"We lost 20 minutes on that grade; I suppose that is what it means," I answered. "Well, never mind; I'll be right down as soon as I eat my supper and get into some dry clothes. I'm drenched."

"No, it ain't that," replied Nick, quickly. "The 'deuce' is to pay somewhere. We've got to pull out again and catch the 9:05 into Hampton, and she's gone nearly 15 minutes now. I've got to out and fixed up. She'll be blowing by the time we get back. Come on."

and let her go. When you overtake her give this note to Conductor Davis, and if he gives you anything to bring back, take it no matter what it is. I'll wait here for you. How quick can you start?"

I thought that there was something rather unusual about all this, but it was not for me to question orders.

"In about two minutes," I said promptly. "Just as soon as I can take in a little water. The tank is almost empty."

"Never mind the water," cried the old man, impatiently. "I want you to get ready to run this engine, Mr. Henderson. If you want me to overtake the 9:05 it will take speed, and speed takes steam, and I cannot make steam without water. If you can, just step up and take my place and do it."

He made no reply, but turned away with something that sounded very much like an oath, and I felt that my hasty reply had cost me my position. Mr. Henderson was a man that took no words from any man on the road, big or little.

With some regret I backed No. 27 up beside the tank, and just as I stopped under the pipe I saw some one step quickly out of the shadow of the tank and approach the side of the engine. Thinking it to be some belated passenger, I gave the other grasping the reversing lever. Nick, fully alive to the situation, sounded the whistle and rang the bell loudly as we approached and passed through a place of any kind and at every crossing.

I did not dare even to look at the girl perched upon my leather cushioned seat beside me, for all our lives—her life depended upon my vigilance.

Sometimes I spoke to her, only a word, and she would grasp the side of the cab as she leaned forward to reply close to my ear; and sometimes her hand would reach out and involuntarily she would grasp me timidly by the arm as we flew over some rough stretch of the track, but a word from me now and then seemed to reassure her.

At length, in making the long curve this side of R— I suddenly caught the gleam of the red light on the rear of the passenger train. So abruptly had we come upon it that if I had not been fully on the lookout there certainly would have been one less coach upon that road, and very likely several lives lost. But I was expecting it and was prepared.

Nick grasped at the whistle and began to cough loudly. It was heard and recognized, for there was no other whistle quite like it on that division. Then, no doubt wondering what could have sent No. 27 down after them, they began to slacken up, came to a dead stop, and waited for us to come up cautiously.

"My daughter, Grace Henderson, has left—", "My daughter, Grace Henderson, has left—", "My daughter, Grace Henderson, has left—"

I had said, I began to mutter a hasty apology.

"Don't," she whispered. "If you mean what you say, prove it to me now, by letting me go with you. I dare not stay here."

"What else could I do under the circumstances?" I asked myself.

When Nick came clambering back over the coal into the cab, I caught a glimpse of the look of wonder and astonishment in his face as he saw Grace, who was perched demurely upon my seat. I gave him a quick nod, then slowly opened the throttle. We started out on our wild night ride—for what I did not know.

"Out over the switches, where the signal lights gleamed feebly and showed a clear line ahead, across the bridge and into the country we plunged, gaining speed at each turn of our six-foot driving wheels, until it seemed as if we were almost flying through the ink-darkness."

Accustomed as I was to high speed on the road, I was almost nervous myself as we tore along, and I began to shut off the steam a little. As the speed began to slacken a trifle in response to my touch, I slowly opened the throttle another notch and, like a race horse under spur, the engine leaped forward.

Past houses, through the fields, over bridges and through towns and hamlets we flew. All the time I stood close to Grace, one hand upon the throttle, the other grasping the reversing lever. Nick, fully alive to the situation, sounded the whistle and rang the bell loudly as we approached and passed through a place of any kind and at every crossing.

On your train. If so, send her back by the bearer, JACOB HENDERSON, "Division Superintendent."

I think that I must have given a more forcible exclamation than had Davis when I read the note, for now it was half plain to me.

"There's something queer about this," I said slowly, as I passed back the note. "Is she aboard your train now?"

"Is she aboard my train now?" he repeated in surprise. "No, she is not, and if she was, I'd not make her go back to that old skindink, unless she wanted to. She is not a girl to leave home without some good reason. I know that. I'd take her along to where she wanted to go, and keep my mouth shut. That's just about what I'd do."

"All right then, Charlie," I said slowly, for I had been thinking very fast. "I'll just put her aboard your train now and I'll send her along. She's up here in my cab."

Davis looked at me a moment in surprise, then puckered up his lips into a prolonged whistle. I then told him, in a few words as possible, how she happened to be there, and, without a word, he opened Henderson's note again and wrote on the back:

"Between Hampton and Brooks Junction, 'Jacob Henderson, Eng.—No. 27 has overtaken me, and your note delivered. Your daughter is not aboard my train, nor has she been up to the present time."

"Conductor No. 27," "There, Ned," he exclaimed, as he handed the note back to me. "Takes that back to the 'old man.' It does not say that she will not be aboard my train after the present time. Now we must hustle."

I explained the situation briefly to Grace, and, not without a little regret on my part, the transfer was quickly made. I bade her good-bye, and, after a little handshake, climbed up into my cab and started to run back to the Junction.

When I reached the yard, I found that she was not aboard my train, nor had she been up to the present time.

"There, Ned," he exclaimed, as he handed the note back to me. "Takes that back to the 'old man.' It does not say that she will not be aboard my train after the present time. Now we must hustle."

I explained the situation briefly to Grace, and, not without a little regret on my part, the transfer was quickly made. I bade her good-bye, and, after a little handshake, climbed up into my cab and started to run back to the Junction.

I feigned ignorance, and passed him the note in reply. Nick was offing the eccentric, and heard nothing. He would not have known any more about it than I did. Nick was one of the kind that knew when it was best to know nothing.

Some prodigious oaths escaped Henderson's lips as he read the lines from Davis, but as they were not directed at me, I had nothing to say. I had done my work according to his orders. Then he walked off without another word and left us there alone.

That was not the last of it, however. The next morning I was called into Henderson's private office and put through a series of questionings that would have done credit to a criminal lawyer; but when I left his august presence Jacob Henderson was no wiser regarding the matter than when I came in.

He also had Dick up before him, and asked him a few questions, but the honest fellow knew no more about it than I pretended to know, so on the whole Henderson got but very little information from either of us.

A few days later I met Davis on the street, and as she had not lived quite

long enough to be her own mistress—she was a few weeks short—she couldn't do any better than to run away.

"The danger is over now, and she can choose for herself. Better go up and see her, Ned. She's stopping with a friend. Here's her address."

It may be quite needless for me to state that I took Charlie's advice and found time to go and call upon Grace very soon after. There was something in her brown eyes when I left her that encouraged me to call again and often.

While Jacob Henderson was still turning the adjacent country upside down in search of her, I quietly married her.

The "old man" was angry and profane when at last he heard of it and the part I had played, but he passed over Grace's personal fortune without a protest.

That was my last run on an engine, although, strange to say, neither Nick nor Charlie Davis were discharged for the part they took in my little elopement. They never heard anything further regarding the matter, but I was immediately notified that "my services were no longer required."

So now Grace has all the affection that I once felt for my engine, and all the other love besides, but it is not half what she deserves. W. H. ROYCE.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

CAKES FROM VARIOUS STATES

JUST as every state has its banner, so have its housewives some particular recipe for cake on which they bank their reputations and rival their sisters across the border. The South is famous for its loaf cakes, and the New England cooks for their toothsome fillings. Some characteristic recipes follow:

Robert E. Lee Cake.
A layer cake popular in Richmond homes; it is one of the best made by the Virginia cook. Take nine eggs, the weight of seven eggs in sugar and the weight of four eggs in pulverized sugar. Add this to a beaten cream, and the whites of the egg, beaten very light. Stir in the flour gently and season with fresh lemon. Bake in jelly cake tins. When cold spread each layer with the following filling:

Strain the grated rind and juice of two oranges and one lemon through a fine sieve into a pound of pulverized sugar. Add this to a beaten cream, and the whites of an egg beaten very light. This recipe will make two cakes of three layers.

Southern Reliable Cake.
This is wholesome and particularly nice for children as a plain, every-day dessert, especially when served with tasty sauce. Allow six eggs, one-half pound of butter, one pound and one ounce of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pint of milk and two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs well beaten, then the milk, flour and the powder sifted into a little of the flour. Season with lemon or vanilla. Bake in layers, in loaf, or in cups. This recipe is contributed by Florida.

Virginia Silver Cake.
A delectable silver cake, which often forms a delightful contrast to chocolate. Take three-fourths of a pound of butter, one pound of white sugar, three-fourths of a pound of flour, one-fourth of a pound of cornstarch, the whites of six eggs, and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Cream the butter and then sift the flour, cornstarch and cream of tartar gradually into the butter, and last of all, the beaten whites. Flavor with almond. This cake requires much watching, and should be baked in a slow oven.

Chocolate Cake.
In Vermont chocolate cake and maple sugar cake are served invariably with ice cream at the country social gatherings. To make a chocolate cake of generous size, allow 1 1/2 cups of granulated sugar, three eggs, one small cupful of sour cream, 1/4 pounds of unsweetened chocolate, one tablespoonful of

vanilla, one teaspoonful of baking soda and a pinch of salt. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs and beat both until light. To the yolks add the sugar, the flour and the chocolate, melted in half the cream, the remainder of the cream, and, finally, the beaten whites of the eggs, the flavoring and the soda dissolved in a little boiling water. The salt should have previously been sifted with the flour. Pour the mixture into jelly cake pans and bake in a moderate oven.

When baked spread the following icing between the layers and over the top: Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth. Boil one cupful of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of boiling water together until it spins a thread. Pour the syrup slowly into the egg and continue beating until it becomes cold and thick. Flavor lightly with lemon juice.

Maple Sugar Cake.
This is a recipe not generally known, but it has been tried with great success. For the layers rub together one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar until they form a cream. Add the yolks of four eggs beaten lightly, three cupfuls of sifted flour, one-half cupful of milk, whites of the eggs whipped to a froth, and, lastly, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in jelly cake pans. For the filling boil one cupful of maple syrup until it threads. Pour slowly upon the white of one egg, which has been beaten stiff, beating steadily all the while. Continue beating until the mixture is cold and thick, then spread between the layers and on the top. If desired still richer, stir one-half cupful of buttermilk, which have been chopped fine, into the filling just before spreading on the cake.

Pound Cake.
For some reason, pound cake that is made rich and well baked seems to apply particularly to Maryland folk. Rub one pound of butter and one pound of powdered sugar to a smooth cream. Beat the yolks and whites of 12 eggs separately until they are very light. Add the whites of one egg, which has been beaten well blended, stir in the whites. Sift the flour and add it little by little until all has been added and the cake is well blended. Grate the rind of one lemon and add it to the juice. Strain through a fine sieve and stir into the cake. Beat vigorously until perfectly smooth and white, for at least a half hour. Then pour into the buttered pans, lined with buttered paper, and bake thoroughly in a moderate oven, usually from one hour to one and a half. Test with a clean broom splint thrust into the center.

Minnehaha Cake.
For this delicious and savory morsel from New England, use two cups of

brown sugar, two cups of flour, one-half cup of water and five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the grated peel of two oranges. Mix sugar and two yolks together; then add the water and whites of eggs, well beaten, and the flour, in which has been sifted the baking powder. Add flavoring according to taste, and bake in square or round layers. For the filling allow one pound of sugar, boiled until it fits from the spoon in strings. Upon this pour the whites of four eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Beat hard, and then add one-fourth of a pound of chopped citron, one-fourth of a pound of chopped figs and one-half of a pound of seeded and chopped raisins. Mix all together and fill the loaves. Gradually spread between the layers and on the top and side of the cake. If put in a stone crock it will keep fresh for some time.

Household Hints.
Windows That Won't Run.
If windows are hard to push up and down, try blacking them with a brush where they touch the frame of the window, and rubbing a little soft soap into the cords. This will generally remedy it, and makes them run like new.

When Washing Crusts.
If you want crusts or water bottles to dry quickly after washing, stand them wrong side up under a tap when clean and let the water run on them for a little while. In a few minutes you will find that they are quite dry inside.

To Clean Old Oak.
Old oak that has been neglected should be washed in warm beer; then when dry wash it again all over with a soft brush with the following mixture: One quart of beer, in which you have boiled a piece of beeswax the size of a walnut and a tablespoonful of sugar. Leave this to dry; then polish with a soft cloth.

Wet Umbrellas.
Wet umbrellas should be turned up side down, try blacking them with a brush where they touch the frame of the window, and rubbing a little soft soap into the cords. This will generally remedy it, and makes them run like new.

Worth Knowing.
If a Kidderminster carpet begins to wear, get a piece of material as near the same color as possible. Cut a piece quite a quarter of a yard all round larger than the hole. Make some moderately thick flour paste, brush it over the new material, lay iron till the paste has thoroughly dried.