

From the Women's Point of View

By Mary O'Connor Newell

WISH I never had to sleep or play. It is such a beautiful world to work in," says Goldenlocks, bending over her sketch pad, trying to make the silver and gray charm of the yacht harbor in the early morning live eternally. "Is a beautiful world to work in! But the people in it are too much for some of us at this hour.

All who have thought on this subject will not agree with me, I know. Old Sam Johnson would not. For the life of him he could not see what people found outside of London to admire. Ella, too, looked to mingle with his kind, and was never happier than with the "bunch" at the coffee house.

But even they might think differently in a world at war and every coffee house a cauldron of seething opinions.

"Most of the patients I have at the present moment," said a prominent physician to me the other day, "are suffering from despondency. There are going to be more of them, instead of fewer, unless we all take a deliberate stand against being uselessly unhappy. There has not been one glint of real cheer in the world atmosphere for months. I might almost say for three years. The public mind is suffering from it and the more delicately organized natures are breaking. But they must not, and they need not.

"What we should do is to view the present situation somewhat as we would a cyclone—a thing that we individually have not caused and have no control over. We should do our work and what we can to help, and the rest of the time we should live in mental cyclone cellars.

"What is your mental cyclone cellar, doctor?" I asked.

"Nature! I get out with nature and always find God there!"

God is always to be found there, isn't he, and solve for the wounds of cities and civilization.

God is in the wide view over a snow-capped landscape, with little houses folded in like sheep, and a gray ruddling all close to mother earth, in the green sea of tree tops, held from some mountain cairn, with a glittering noonday sky above, the small of pine in the air, and now and then the rich blue and green flash of a bluejay's wing.

Living in the grass, letting fall some "debonair and gentle tale of love and laughter," I have felt the infinite goodness of God in a cobalt blue sky, with the bronze boughs of a maple tree splashed across it, and a flight of red-winged blackbirds accentuating the effect, as in the vision of a Chinese artist on a vase.

Or at evening, in the warm grass of the prairie, with the odor of ambrosia just opening for the night, mingling with the sage brush, sitting on a hawk cutting away steeply to the creek where the amethyst crystals and the moss agates lie hid in the sand, I have seen him revealed in a westerling sky of glory unsurpassable.

Even in the sleepy night in the country, with its birdlike chirrup of young frogs in the pond, its hum of night insects, rattling of the katydids and the crying of night birds, it is easy to say one's prayers.

Comfort there is in the sea, too, with the line of wet sand advancing and receding with every wave, and the breakers, like a dancer, revealing feebly white skirts, and the undulating distances of steely blues and grays.

The little black pods of sea weed plants we build into rows of knights of chivalry, pecking the sand into mimic theatres.

Or we watch the abalone shell gath-ers come crunching down the beach with the wagons and returning in rhythmic procession all day long.

Or perhaps the walls of Venice reveal themselves through a misty sea. Or, curled up in the lee of a pier on English sands, to enjoy the sun and evade the ever-searching breezes, we look out upon the nearest semblance we have to infinity, the wide reaches of the sea.

The woods, the sea, the mountains, the cultivated countryside, speak clarion-voiced of God.

Even the blue mases of lupine from a passing train, the red of the poppy, the yellow of the goldenrod and the rich red of the sumach and the elder tell of beauty and how God does walk this earth.

Over the roofs of cities, indeed, we may read God in the floating cloud shapes of heaven or a glint of sea or lake—out beyond the hives of men, out beyond the cruel striving, God is.

He is in the bridelike white of clematis, veiling a blasted tree. In the yellow flood of Bankia roses, loving into beauty the sides of an old barn. In the mysterious birth of the wisteria, today a nothing and tomorrow a faint purpling of air. In the beauty of the new bloom of pink hawthorn, God is manifest.

The little rosy spray of flowering almond in the sooty yard of the switch-man by the tracks proclaims Him. So, too, the brown and gray of pussy willows in an office vase in early spring. Even the reddening of the bushes that line the streetcar side of the park, prophesying summer, speaks of Him. The outward thrust of a branch of green against a city facade of brick says that God is and He is wonderful.

"On mountain heights there lies repose," the poet cries and the prophet before him. "I will lift mine eyes to the hills whence cometh my help."

So will I, too, lift the eyes of my spirit in these hard days to the snow-capped mountains of childhood, mantled in green velvet at the sides in the diffused light of early evening, and at its feet a city carved of sandstone, more beautiful in its pink and white than ever oriental rajah dreamed into reality.

"Oh, for a little island, inhabited only by kindly black men," sighed Edith Snowden, wife of Philip Snowden, the labor leader, to me in London, last summer. "My soul is sick of white men and civilization."

Let us make up our minds to live more with nature in these times that do, indeed, try men's souls and women's, too. Doing our part, to be sure, in the work that is to be done, and doing it cheerfully. But we shall be able to do it more cheerfully and with a greater sense of dedication if we follow Shelley's advice and daily, at the same hour,

Leave this sign upon our door
For each accustomed visitor:
I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields.

Hope, in pity, mock not woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go;
Long have I lived in peace and joy,
At length I find one moment's good
After long pain; with all your love
This you never told me of.

Mental Babies

No class of human beings are more generally attacked and yet more generally tolerated than gossipers, those people who are habitually spreading scandal behind secretive palms.

That this type of mind is really infantile is the contention of Dr. William A. White of Washington, D. C., who describes it in a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

The contention is that certain individuals growing up carry into their adult years habits far more infantile than nail biting; that they are swayed by juvenile feelings still and manifest it not only in weak mouths, but in such despicable qualities of mind as scandal mongering.

The child seeks pleasure regardless of weather or not it is good for him. As he grows older he shakes off his harmful pleasures and becomes strong, selecting pleasures that are not degenerative.

Some, individuals, however, do not emerge into this mature and self-controlled state and always harbor more or less of the infantile pleasures. Dr. White calls the falling for gossip the "ear libido."

Chemise Frocks for Afternoon Wear



Very Balkanish is the frock at the left, with a foundation robe of black silk striped with white, over which is a topping little drapery, not unlike a fudge apron, composed of foulard in glinting changeable shades of gold and purple. In the center we see a young lady attired in string colored tussor and trench, colored linen. The beribboned dignity at the right is fatigued with her own loveliness, her beautiful anatomy being incased in a wrapping of lemon colored organdy. Note the manner in which the sleeve is attached to the bodice.

By Mme. Qui Vive

WHEN your spirits go draggy, droopy, trailing in the dust, and the general prospects are that the whole works is going to blow up and be done for, pause in your funerals and realize what a lucky little bird you are.

Sartorially speaking, we live in the day of freedom. It is not so very long ago that the wasp waist was the torture, torment, pride and aching joy of almost every woman. Who is there who can look at a portrait of Lily Langtry at her beautifullest without drawing a deep, sympathetic sigh?

"Last Sunday at St. James' prayers

I dress is all my whalebone airs."

This confession was written in 1795 when a lady of fashion was not content to pack her poor ribs into metal encasements but she must actually sleep in them. From her neck to her petticoat band she was an anguishing portion of canned misery.

Because of the chemise frock there has been an upheaval among all the fabrics in the universe to find those that are most drapable and yielding. Taffetas has been given a black eye, but we don't care, considering how casually it collected spots and soil.

Langtry, Jersey, liberty satins, Poiret twill, soft gabardines, mous-

liner of peachy crepes and crinkly textures are having a fine run. Everything in the way of cut, fabric, color and decoration that makes for softness and grace are of the mode. And the chemise frock, being loosely executed and more or less shapeless, hides all the unpleasantness of human frames. Curves are hidden and angles are blotted out. It is very pleasant.

The most distinctively new note in street attire is the cunning little short jacket, inspired by the design of the jacket of the sailor boy. It belongs to the youthful class of habiliments, and its straight, smart lines are a relief after the flying, flaring godets of the past several seasons. A chemise

frock of granite-colored jersey has a coat of this order made as part and parcel of its equipment, and the whole thing is as jaunty as a bluejay, and about as impertinent. The coat of jersey has supplementary collar and pocket flappies of jersey in bright, curran red. Fear not bright colors, dear madame, vivid tones are the raging rage in Paris, after nearly three years of somber colors. Over there the war is an old story; the French people are adjusting themselves to it, and in the adjustment they find that a ray bit of color now and then is a comfort to the soul. So it is, madame.

What to Do and How to Do It

DO YOU always do the proper thing at the proper time? If you do you are a phenomenon.

The sport girl is all right, and the athletic college woman and the woman who is now in all truth a business man. It is a sign of progress and growth to see these types of women, but at the same time why not keep all the fineness and courtesies of the women of the days of our grandmothers?

Manners mean much. The rules of etiquette are not hard and fast. What would be correct here might be scandalous in the Fiji Islands, and vice versa.

Etiquette is simply the customary behavior in matters social which the people of one country have adopted and accepted through best usage as showing to others the greatest amount of respect.

One of the forms of etiquette in which many have grown careless is the form of introduction. This is as simple as can be. If you are introducing Miss Jones and Mr. Smith, say, "Miss Jones, may I present Mr. Smith?" or say, "Miss Jones, Mr. Smith," indicating by your voice the difference which you would show Miss Jones were you asking her if you might present Mr. Smith.

If you are introducing two women to each other or two men say with equal emphasis, "Miss Jones, Miss Smith," or "Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith."

If you are introducing a younger woman and an older one say, "Mrs. Jones, Miss Smith," with deference to Mrs. Jones, or even say, "Mrs. Jones, may I present Miss Smith." Nearly every courtesy and mark of respect which a man would show a woman is shown by a younger woman to an older one.

Always introduce children, and do so with as much concern as if you were introducing grown-ups. This means introducing children to children or children to grown-ups.

If you have several guests and are sitting in a circle of talking and another guest enters the room rise and go forward to meet her or him. Extend your hand cordially. Draw the latest arrival into the circle with a little commotion as possible. Commotion always is embarrassing. If an

introduction is necessary say to the guests, "This is Miss Jones" or "Mr. Smith."

The guests should rise when the latest arrival is being brought into the circle and remain standing until after the introduction, unless many guests come in in quick succession, when rising would get to be no more than so much babbling up and down. It is always a sign of respect to stand for an introduction, but, of course, you are to use your judgment and never overdo the standing.

But to return to the hostess' duties. After you have said, "This is Miss Smith" or "Mr. Jones," begin with the guest of honor, or your mother, or anyone to whom more than common respect should be shown; otherwise begin with the person to your right and say to Miss Smith, "This is Miss Brown, Miss Clark, Miss Sanders, Mr. Tweed," etc., pausing long enough to let Miss Smith and Miss Brown, etc., exchange nods and a smile.

Then when every one is seated in a few words give the latest arrival some idea about what you have been discussing and so bring her at once into the conversation.

Remaining seated when any woman comes up to speak to you is very discourteous. This applies to men especially, excepting in the business world, when it might mean getting up and down a hundred times a minute. It applies to women with each other, with the exception of an older woman. She never need to rise for a younger woman, but she should for anyone her age. Women never need to rise for men, unless the men are their teachers or the president or principal of their school or the heads of their business houses or some celebrity.

In passing through a door or getting into a carriage a younger woman always lets an older woman go first, unless there would be an awkward situation created. With children, however, the grown-ups let the children go first; this so that they can be watched. Of course, a woman goes first when she is with a man. This applies to a woman when going down the theatre or church aisle. She precedes her escort, taking her seat after a dancer or woman sits at the right of her escort.

Lillian Russell's Beauty Secrets

By Lillian Russell.

(Copyright, 1917, by Lillian Russell.)

DO YOU fear that it is degrading

to go into the garden and hoe the sweet peas, the beans, lettuce, radishes and all the delicious vegetables that you enjoy so much when they are served to you upon your table?

If you do have any qualms regarding the question put them out of your mind with your other useless scruples, for it is not only a noble purpose but a most beautifying exercise for women.

When a woman complains of some ill effects from her garden work she may, upon self-examination, remember that she went to work strenuously at the work on the first day or two. Like exercise of any kind, one must start with little and gradually increase the work until it is possible to work almost the entire day without discomfort.

The bending exercise of weeding stretches the muscles, and when raking or hoeing one gets plenty of walking, which limbers up the leg and hip muscles as thoroughly as any gymnasium work would do.

There are certain cautions which, if observed, will prevent any bad effects whatever from garden work. In order to keep the body well poised while working low-heeled, laced-up boots should be worn, giving support to the ankles and permitting the feet to have freedom of movement. A tight shoe or high-heeled boot will stop the circulation in the foot and cause untold discomfort.

The corset should be very loosely laced to permit the muscles of the abdomen and back free play. Gloves should always be worn to keep the hands from becoming rough or burned.

They may be made of cotton or rubber, as desired. The old-fashioned sunbonnet made of a dark blue gingham is the best protection from sun and wind known. Our pioneer mothers figured out the problem of proper apparel for outdoor gardening and we cannot improve upon their good judgment. The sunbonnet shades the face from the sun at all angles and the dark-colored gingham prevents the sun's glare from blinding the eyes. Swiss muscades or dimity of any light shade would do the reverse.

Do not make any attempt to look pretty while doing your garden work. Treat it as you would gymnasium exercises and dress for it properly. Let the benefits be reaped after your work is done and you have dressed for the afternoon.

We see schoolgirls turn out in groups to work the war gardens. Every available plot is being plowed, planted and worked by young hands that have not been accustomed to such labor. We see them, dressed in overalls, earnestly digging, hoeing and raking. They are filled with the patriotism that inspires them to do their bit to help in the raising of crops which will enable our country to feed the sufferers abroad. They may not realize that by this means they are broadening their own natures and minds, but they are developing into real women.

An Aid to Selection

From the Washington Star
"Does your wife follow out those daily menus in the magazine?"
"Yes, and the plan is a great convenience. It enables me to know what days to telephone that business will prevent me from being home to dinner."

Nuxated Iron Makes Strong, Vigorous, Iron Men and Beautiful Healthy Rosy Cheeked Women

Dr. Howard James, late of the Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital, says:

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much of what you eat, your body merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. A patient of mine remarked to me (after having been on a six week course of Nuxated Iron): 'Say, Doctor, that there stuff is like magic.'"

"If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work now far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel

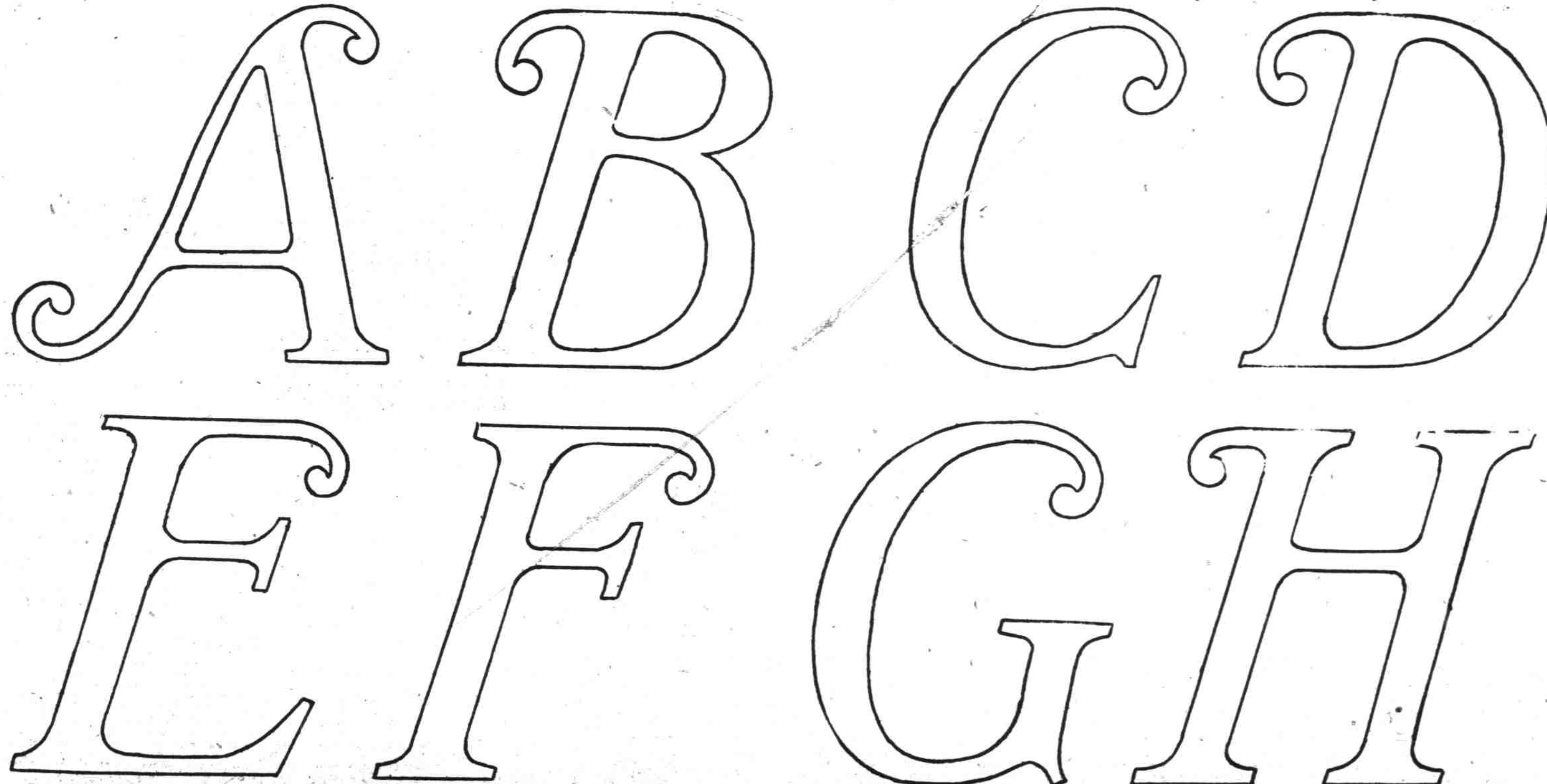


"Geel! That there stuff (Nuxated Iron) acts like magic. It certainly puts the ginger of youth into a man."

It is such a valuable remedy that it should be kept in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country.

Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. James, is for sale by Owl Drug Co., and all good druggists on an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or your money refunded.

LETTERS SUITABLE FOR TABLECLOTHS, BED SPREADS, SHEETS, ETC.



One-third of a large sized alphabet is printed today. Letters of this size can be used for tablecloths, bedspreads and sheets. After padding them heavily they should be worn carefully in satin stitch, and a most effective letter is obtained. The other two parts of the alphabet will be published the next two weeks.