

## YOUNG GIRLS OF TO-DAY

Rules of Guidance Far Less Stringent than They Were a Generation Ago.

### OUR ETIQUETTE IS CHANGING

Dining with Young Men, Shopping and Attending Bachelors' Entertainments Unchaperoned.

With possible dissent from a few conservatives it seems to be understood that young American women moving in good society have now more freedom in their association with the other sex than did their mothers, and one of these mothers in commenting on the set of rules drawn up by educators for the young women of Japan governing their relations with the male sex remarked that they were not unlike the rules governing the conduct under similar circumstances of any well brought up American girl, says a writer in the New York Sun.

"It may have been that way once," said her friend. "Present-day rules are far less prohibitory. Take for instance that cautioning against communicating directly with a man and advising 'Don't open yourselves to letters which you have received from a stranger.' I remember quite well when in any well-regulated New York family a young daughter was expected to show a letter received from a young man to her mother or chaperon at once, and it was quite correct for mothers to open their young daughters' letters.

Wouldn't Open Daughter's Letters. "Were I to open my daughter's letters she would be simply furious. I admit, and I should consider it a great bore to be obliged to read all the notes she gets from young men," said the woman who had first spoken. "At Newport last summer occasionally I would find my daughter absent on a motor or a yachting party with intimate friends or off to play tennis or look at a ball game without saying as much as 'by your leave,' and in every case it was all right. Naturally there were young men in the party or young men joined the party, but invariably married women chaperons were included, so I saw no particular reason why I should have been consulted.

"An introduction to a young man at an entertainment in a private house is considered a guaranty that he is a proper person to know. Calling there some morning thereafter on a young woman and asking her to go to the tennis courts or golf links for a game, the young woman, if she pleases, consents, without consulting a chaperon.

"There has been a noticeable relaxing in recent years. It is said, of the once stringent rule against two young persons of opposite sex driving together without a chaperon—a rule which at one time applied even to engaged couples. The actions of a popular young daughter of a certain exceedingly gay and popular matron of Newport and other resorts had something to do with it. The girl, in her debutante year and months before her engagement to one of the wealthiest young men in the country was announced really shocked some of her mother's friends by flying past in the young man's dogcart or runabout, the two laughing like children and evidently enjoying themselves hugely.

Bachelor's Entertainments. "A generation ago there was no need for rules relating to visiting bachelor quarters, for the reason that few bachelors then entertained in quarters equipped with tea table and other studio appointments, whereas now bachelors' entertainments are considered among the pleasantest in the summer program. It goes without saying that these affairs are always chaperoned, even if the chaperons are more apt to be very young than very old matrons. In this respect some of us mothers see room for improvement."

### WHITECHAPEL'S SUNDAY NIGHT.

London's Half-Half See Dogs and Men Fight in Sizzling Atmosphere.

"Where shall we go?" I queried, as we turned out of the gates. "Whitechapel," responded the poet, laconically. "But we have been to Wonderland," I remonstrated. "I know, but I have found a new place," said he; "wait and see." So after due time spent in "tubing" and jolting over uneven streets in a motor bus we finally landed in the Whitechapel road, and dived into one of the narrow, dark streets leading off it, says a writer in the London Daily Mail. On a Sunday morning the hiring fairs, virtually slave markets, are in full swing, and the neighborhood is crowded with every type of humanity that cosmopolitan London can show, from the gold-

earringed Jewesses to Lascars and Chinese, but at dusk it is almost deserted. We finally turned down a blind alley, so narrow that only the merest strip of evening sky showed between the high blank walls. On the right-hand side at the end of a dingy doorway we entered a flagged courtyard surrounded on the sides by high drab-colored buildings. The poet knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall Jew, with red hair, who barred it after us, and pointed without a word to the uncarpeted and dirty stairs. At the top a green curtain, much faded, screened the view, and it was not raised until we had propitiated with a florin an old hag who waited for us.

She ushered us into a long room lighted at the sides with oil lamps, while from the roof hung a diamond-shaped frame on which were stuck glittering candles. All round, rising in tiers nearly to the roof, ran rough wooden benches, on which lolled and in some cases lay, the most extraordinary assortment of humanity; great hulking Jews, red-faced barges, dapper-looking men in cloth caps, with the appearance of pickpockets—all the types which one meets in an expedition through Whitechapel were represented in fact.

The sport had already begun; an enormous brindle bulldog was tearing the life out of a white one to an accompaniment of shrieks and oaths. We settled ourselves where we were least noticeable, while refreshments were brought round in the shape of jellied oels, weird and loathsome concoctions in tin canisters, baked potatoes and fried oddments of penetrating odor. A dirty-faced man stepped into the arena. "Jim Hollows and Blacky Smith, for two quid," he announced, and barely made his exit before two hideously battered men, naked to the waist, were depriving one another of all semblance of humanity with fists the size of battering rams, and without the slightest regard either for Marquis of Queensbury rules or ordinary fair play.

### SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Doesn't that new "sweep" style of coiffure which women are adopting look like a mess of sea weed cast up on the beach?

Another way of being in bad is when your wife announces that she's sick and tired of housekeeping just about two days after you've made the final payment on the installment furniture.

Some women's idea of being "really loved" by a husband is to have him grab her photograph and plant an ecstatic kiss on it every time he passes by the mantelpiece on which the picture rests.

Some runaway wives are so used to having their spineless husbands come sailing after them that they won't even have to consult the time tables to figure out the trains on which they'll arrive.

By the time a "good fellow" girl begins to notice that her men friends lift their hats to her in a perfumery sort of way, as if they'd just as lief forget to lift 'em as not, she's beginning to be pained.

Some women's idea of cheering their husbands up after they've endured a hard wallow is to squeak: "Well, I told you you'd regret it if you didn't take my advice! Now, didn't I? Answer me, didn't I?"

Why is it that the woman who, after spats, always is packing up to "leave" her husband "forever," infallibly begins the packing by wrapping the 98-cent kitchen clock in a Turkish towel and tossing it into her trunk?

Did you ever sit behind a woman at the theater who waited until the curtain was actually rising before she removed her hat, and who, after removing it, shot you a would-be withering look, so much as to say: "Well, I've staked you to a measly twenty minutes of stewing, haven't I?"

### Difference in Time.

When it is noon at any given place it is similarly noon at all other points having the same longitudinal meridian, and the sun is in its zenith where meridian and equator intersect.

For business convenience every fifteen degrees of longitude evenly divided from Greenwich has the same time, being the distance that the earth travels in one hour. In the United States we have eastern, central, mountain and Pacific time. Thus when it is noon at New York it is 11 a. m. at Chicago, central time; 10 a. m. at Denver, mountain time, and 9 a. m. at San Francisco, Pacific time.—New York American.

### One Foot in the Grave.

"You see that strapping, robust man? When I saw him last night he had one foot in the grave." "Extraordinary! Who is he?" "He is playing the gravedigger in 'Hamlet' at the local theater."

## SHEAR NONSENSE

"How often does your car kill a man?" "Only once, guv'nor!" replied the chauffeur.—Tit-Bits.

Poet—Did she think my sonnet was good? Friend—She must have. She didn't believe you wrote it.—Kansas City Journal.

"I want one of the new spotted face veils, please." "Yes, madam. Specked, spattered or splotted?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I ordered a love of a hat sent up to the house and asked hubby to buy it for me." "Did he?" "No; my love was returned."

First Chappy—That—aw—Miss Summers is a dead girl, doncher know. Second Chappy—You must have been engaged to her, too!—Boston Record.

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pat—Could you give a man a job, yer honor? Barber—Well, you can repair this pole for me? Pat—Be jabers, I can, sor, if you'll tell me where to buy the striped paint.—Punch.

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I sure am." "But I can't see anything attractive about her." "Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank all right."—Cleveland Leader.

The Night Nurse—Has that medicine come that the doctor promised to send. The Day Nurse—Not yet. The Night Nurse—Then I guess the patient will live through the night.—Chicago Tribune.

"After all, there's only one thing absolutely certain in this world." "Indeed. What?" "That fashion will never increase the size of women's shoes, as it does their hats and sleeves."—Boston Transcript.

St. Peter (to applicant)—What was your business when on earth? Applicant—Editor of a newspaper. St. Peter—Big circulation, of course? Applicant—No, small; smallest in the country. St. Peter—Pick out your harp.—Epoch.

The small son and heir had been sent into the garden to fetch a stick with which he was to be punished. After some delay he returned, saying, with a sigh: "Couldn't find a stick, mover; but here's a little stone you might frow at me."

"I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." "No, indeed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially. "Featherly ain't quick enough."—Bazar.

"Here, I say! Be a bit more careful with that razor; that's the second time you've cut me." "Well, well, so it is; but there! I always deduct a ha'penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won fourpence off me."—The Tatler.

Returned Explorer—Yes, the cold was so intense at the pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs. Miss Youngthing—Indeed! Why was that? Returned Explorer—You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off.—Boston Transcript.

Bridget—Will you have your dinner now, sorr, or wait for the missus? Head of the House—Where is your mistress, Bridget? Bridget—There's an auction beyant the corner, sorr, an' she said she'd stop there for a minute. Head of the House—Have dinner now, Bridget.—New York Sun.

Traveler—What do you think of the tariff? Old Farmer—What they doin' to it? Traveler—Why, haven't you read the papers? Old Farmer—Well, I used to, but 'bout a year ago I stopt 'em off. They got to be too frivolous for me. Since then I've been took up reading a book.—New York Sun.

Willy—You see, it was this way. They were all three so dead in love with her, and all so eligible, that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who could guess the nearest to her age. Arthur—And did she? Willy—I don't know. I know that she married the one who guessed the lowest.—Life.

"It makes you look small," said the saleslady to the elephantine woman who was trying on a hat. Sold! "It makes you look plump," she said to the cold, attenuated damsel. Sold! "It makes you look young," she said to the fair-fat-and-forty female. Sold! "It makes you look older," she said to the slate-and-sums miss. Sold! "It makes you look short," she said to the lamp-post lady. Sold! "It brings out your color," she said to the feminine ghost. Sold! And of course all the hats were exactly alike.—The Sketch.

## THE HOUSEHOLD

### Vegetable Salad.

Wash three medium-sized potatoes and steam until tender. Peel and cut into one-fourth inch cubes. Add one cup of celery, chopped fine; one tablespoonful each of salt, celery salt and grated onion and the whites of three hard-boiled eggs chopped fine. Mash the three hard-boiled yolks, add three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and two of olive oil; beat until smooth. Pour this over the salad. Garnish with either lettuce or parsley.

### Huckleberry Pie.

Wash the berries and sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar. Fill a deep pasty-lined pie plate with the sweetened fruit and fit on an upper crust. Before baking, cut a strip of clean muslin into a two-inch band, and pin it securely around the pie at the place where the upper and lower crusts join. This will prevent the escape of the juice. Bake the pie, and, when done, remove the strip of muslin.

### Banana Fritters.

Take a pint of sifted flour, sift into it two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and rub through it a dessertspoonful of butter, add a saltspoonful of salt, two eggs chopped light, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and three-quarters of a cupful of rich milk; beat all to a light batter; strip bananas, cut four lengthwise, dip in the batter and fry. Half the recipe will be sufficient for a breakfast of five persons.

### Beef Broth with Barley.

Procure a portion of the shin of beef and have the bone split by the butcher. Put it over, on a slow fire, well covered with cold water. After cooking gently for one hour add salt and pepper with a bouquet of herbs tied in a bit of cloth, by which it may be lifted before serving. Throw in a couple of tablespoonfuls of barley and boil for about one more hour, skim carefully and serve.

### Pot Roast Made Appetizing.

The cross ribs, by the addition of one-half a bay leaf, six cloves, a little parsley and celery added while cooking, will give a delicious flavor and convert a cheap pot roast into a luxurious tidbit. If onions are not objected to, add a few slices. When the meat is tender these flavoring ingredients should be strained out of the juices before the sauce is made.

### Prune Puff.

Remove the stones from a half pound of stewed prunes and chop the prunes fine. Add to them a half-pound of English walnut meats, also chopped fine. Beat the whites of five eggs very light, add powdered sugar to taste, and whip into them the nuts and prunes. Bake immediately in a pudding dish in a hot oven. Serve with cream.

### Coffee Tarts.

Have ready two cupfuls of good strong coffee, sweeten to taste, then mix in a little flour and about half a cupful of cream, together with the yolks of three well-beaten eggs; boil this for thirty minutes and keep stirring continually, then pour into patty pans lined with good puff paste and bake.

### Potato Cakes.

Season two cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes with butter, salt and pepper; when cold, whip two beaten eggs, a cupful of milk, and last of all, a half cupful of flour that has been twice sifted through a teaspoonful of baking powder; mix well, and bake as you would griddle cakes.

### Frozen Rice Pudding.

To one quart milk add two tablespoonfuls rice and three tablespoonfuls sugar, and boil until it is reduced to a thick cream; cool and freeze; when partly frozen add one pint cream and a wine glassful sherry or white wine; continue freezing until solid.

### Jerusalem Artichokes.

Wash clean, peel and cut them into a round or oval form; put them into a large saucpan of cold salted water. Boil until they become tender. When done drain them and serve with a white sauce or melted butter.

### Egg Sandwiches.

Take two slices of bread, toast nicely on both sides and spread with butter; then fry one or two eggs and put between the bread.

### Household Suggestions.

Boll vinegar in the fish skillet or pan to destroy the fish odor.

Comforts and quilts should be dried in a good stiff breeze, so that they may be as light and fluffy as when new.

A spoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it previous to washing

## IN THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION



In 1907, the year of the financial depression, the tide of immigration from Southern and Southeastern Europe had attained such strength and volume that almost every editorial writer in the country felt called upon, more or less often, to dilate upon what this influx of strange peoples would mean not only to themselves but to the republic. From Italy and Austria-Hungary the protest was especially loud, for stern figures showed that during the year Austria-Hungary had lost by immigration to the United States 338,452 of its people, while Italy was reduced by more than a quarter of a million.

This remarkable movement from the home soil could not pass unnoted, for every phase of human relation was affected by it. The landowner felt it most of all, for the men who left were his laborers. Their passing reduced his supply of available labor, increased the wages of those who were left and altered their servile attitude to one approaching independence, so he naturally enough cried out against emigration, declaring that America was robbing the European nations of their strongest, leaving the aged, the women and the children.

Frightened by the protest, Austria-Hungary passed drastic emigration laws under which it will henceforth be harder for the populace to escape its surveillance and services. But even before these laws had a chance to dam the westward tide the industrial depression prevailing in this country in the winter of 1907-8 had turned it eastward. With the advent of "hard times," with the closing of mills and mines and the lessening of railroad construction, many of the recently arrived immigrants who had been performing the coarser, cruder tasks required by the industrial development of the country returned to their native lands.

Among those who have watched the ebb and flow of this immigrant tide, and who many times has made himself a part of it so he might better understand its meaning, is Dr. Edward A. Steiner, professor of applied Christianity in Grinnell College, Iowa, and author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant," "The Mediator" and "Tolstoy, the Man and His Message."

Dr. Steiner is in no sense of the word a statistician, though in his book are a few tables showing the increase and decrease of immigration from European countries. He is too intensely interested in his fellow man, too keenly alive to his humanity, to reduce him to arithmetical terms. Every one of the millions who have come to this country is to him an individual. He says of himself in this book: "I recognize no barriers of race, class or religion between myself and any other human being that needs me. I happen to know something about human beings; I know intimately many races and more nationalities, and I have discovered that when one breaks through the strange speech which so often separates; when one closes one's eyes to what climate has burned upon a man's skin, or what social or economic conditions have formed or deformed—one will find in every human being a kinsman."

Dr. Steiner is not the first wise man to declare that nothing human is foreign to him, but his ability to sympathetically interpret the ideas of those who are isolated by racial, religious and social limitations makes his studies of the various immigrants whom he has met and known especially interesting. It also makes his conclusions worthy of respectful consideration even by those not in entire accord with him.

What does the returning immigrant take back besides celluloid collars, brass-bound trunks, gold filling in his teeth and American shoes on his feet? All of these Dr. Steiner notes, but he sees them not as evidences of mere material prosperity. They are symbols to him of life on a higher plane. A missionary who had tolled in Africa among a peculiarly primitive people said that he could implant no spiritual aspiration in the hearts of the savages because they had no desire for any material thing. It was not until

he had taught them to value and desire a wash and that he could find anything in their minds on which to hang his teachings. The divine discontent of the poets may have its origin in the desire for shoes, for meat, for bread, for better clothing, for more clothing. Possessed by these desires men are led to exert themselves, to go forth to new lands, to work, to learn new ways, new manners, to enlarge their lives and to broaden beyond measurement that of the generations who follow them. So the returned immigrant takes back to his native land more than the money he has earned. He takes back the desire to work, greater respect for himself and for his wife, a quickened moral sense and some knowledge as to the need of fresh air in his sleeping rooms.

Dr. Steiner is confident that if America does her part the immigrants from southern Europe will not be a serious menace. Some of the arguments advanced against their desirability he answers. Their mobility as compared with the immigrants from northern Europe, their movement back to their old home during the period of economic distress, he interprets as an advantage to this country. Certainly distress would have been wider spread had the unemployed thousands remained here. Their sending savings back to Italy, where the government safeguard their money in postal savings banks, he regards as justifiable inasmuch as this government offers no similar institution.

It is the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, the true American spirit in its finest manifestation, in which Dr. Steiner believes. He has faith that this spirit can take the crowding alien host and breathe into it the life of a nobler manhood and womanhood; that the immigrant will become in the next generation, if not in this whatsoever America wills that he may be come.

### Bringing the Lesson Home.

Isabel had been making heroic efforts to get on with the boy who had recently moved in next door—and who wanted the lion's share of everything. "If we're going to play together, Billy Bond," she finally announced, firmly, being at the end of endurance, "you've just got to be more generous. Mother says we've all got to be generous to each other."

"What's generous?" demanded Billy Bond, skeptically.

"Why, it's giving some of what you've got to the other one," and Isabel began eloquently to expound the doctrine. "If I've got two nice, jointed dolls, 'n' you haven't a single one, I'd give you one of mine if you wanted it, an' that would be generous."

"Huh!" commented Billy Bond.

"Or if I had two beautiful Shetland ponies"—Isabel began to draw on the imagination—"and you didn't have any, I'd give you one. And if you had two lovely automobiles, you'd give one to me, and—"

"And if you had two fox terrier pups"—the instructed began now to show real interest—"and I didn't have any, dog at all, you'd give me the one with the yellow spot on—"

"No, I wouldn't," interrupted the instructor, with an emphasis borrowed from the impact of fact. "'cause I've got 'em, an' you'd be just mean enough, Billy Bond, to ask!"

### Not Literary.

The late Frederick Burton was the world's foremost authority on the American Indian, said a Yale ethnologist. "Burton was almost alone in his field. There are, you know, so few students of Indian lore. He said to me once, with a vexed laugh, that he found it quite as impossible to discuss the Indian with people as a Boston critic found it to discuss poetry with the girl he took down to dinner. The girl was very pretty. Leaning her dimpled elbows on the table, she said to the critic: 'And what is your lecture to be about, professor?'"

"I shall lecture on Keats," he replied.

"Oh, professor," she gushed, "what are Keats?"

### Not Materialistic.

"I went to the spiritualistic seance to find out if I had a ghost of a chance of getting the sealskin coat I want."

"Dear me! Would you be satisfied with nothing more material for a coat than a spirit wrap?"—Baltimore American.

Revenge is not nearly as sweet as people think it is.