

WHAT EVER WOMEN WANT TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

THE TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE

Ellen Adair Depreciates Its Ephemeral Charm

Viewed with all the glamour of approaching realization, with a large map and all the paraphernalia of shipping instructions spread out in front of one, the ocean voyage seems a veritable El Dorado of joy and bliss to come!

The first awakening comes on entering one's state-room. It does seem rather small, and one perceives that both the lower berths are occupied by a variety of packages, indicating that they have already been appropriated although the shipping agents had assured us that we would certainly have a lower one!

We notice that the paint is very white and fresh, and that, although we must perform the acrobatic feat of soaring dizzily to the upper berth minus a ladder, still, that particular berth is next the port-hole, and it will be so fresh and healthful! Oh, fond delusion! For all night long that port-hole is hermetically sealed.

The luncheon goes then sounds. It is a strange and curious fact that if there is any one person on board that one wishes to avoid, and towards whom one cultivates a decided antipathy at first sight, he, she, or it is always next one at the luncheon table!

For instance, first there comes the playful child. Oh, how I hate the playful child! She is met with on the ocean voyage! She is a veritable enfant terrible, and one that has to be conciliated, too! For if there is any little trifle that one wishes kept quite private, the prying child will soon discover it and blazon it on board!

The rise and dreadful fall of the Atlantic Ocean and other small things sent for our chattering. At first, it isn't quite so noticeable as after the first day out. But wait! Just wait till the great vessel meets the real Atlantic rollers! Between the paroxysms one prays for death. There is no feeling quite like mal-de-mer, nor one that makes one feel more suicidal.

It is extraordinary, too, how no one will admit they feel a little queer upon the bounding waves! For instance, the dear old gentleman who sits beside us at lunch and who has crossed the herring pond so often that he has lost track of the times is never sea-sick! Oh, no; not he!

"Try a little Christian Science, my dear!" he will say kindly. "No, don't give in, now, for it's all a question of the will power! I have never once felt sea-sick, and I've crossed a hundred times!"

However, later on, when we have fought our well-fought fight, and are resting on the laurels of victory, where is the dear old gentleman? No one quite knows. A stiff breeze has been blowing for the last two days, and the sea is rather choppy.

Then suddenly we notice that he is anomalous in color—rather pale, and with a quiet and chastened air. We do not hear the tale of his other voyages now; he sits soberly and with a pensive mien. Has he been seasick, we inquire sympathetically? Oh, dear me, no! He has caused he had certain private business matters that he does not wish to write down in the stuffy saloon, but he sits up on the deck, and lies pretty low in his big chair. Oh, yes, he is a hardened sailor!

It is a curious fact that, although on land the average bore will discuss his ailments, ailments ad nauseam and delight in unimportant details, yet on board ship this unpleasant habit dies a natural death. Yes, passengers are all ashamed of suffering from mal-de-mer.

The ship's concert is another very trying ordeal. Strange as it may seem, going up around the festive scene, Miss Smith is going to sing a duet with Mr. Jones, and Miss Brown is quite incensed thereupon at the concert, whereupon she revives sufficiently to say that she does hope Miss Smith won't select "O that we two were Maying here, her song, because it reminds her of the blizzards of cheap, and Mr. Jones looks so like a sheep anyhow, and Miss Smith is in no mood to sing her ridiculous gambols. This speaks Miss Smith a natural death. Yes, the ship's concert is a very trying affair.

Another curious thing about the ocean voyage is that affairs of the heart spring up on every side, and there is something about the pure ozone of the Atlantic that engenders gentle dalliance and flirtation everywhere. There is nothing but flirt-or-gossip—an unhappy alternative!

The board-ship flirtation seldom has a serious ending. The bonds of matrimony are much too solid to chain down the ephemeral passion engendered by the flying spray and darkened corners of the deck. It were better thus. For friendship formed on board has no solidity of background to them. They ought to linger in the mind as but a pleasing memory—a thing apart from humdrum ordinary life. Their freshness quite unimpaired by any dull matrimonial intention. ELLEN ADAIR.

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Was It You?

Somebody said a foolish thing without reflecting for an instant whether it was likely to cause acute pain to those who heard it. Was it you?

A certain story has been set afloat in our circle of friends about a member of that circle. It is not true, and it has been contradicted, but—give a slander a good start and it is never caught up again. Was the starter of the story you?

There is a person known to us all who shirks what is disagreeable. No one dreams of telling a sad story in the hope of sympathy, or of asking help and advice in times of distress. It could not be you.

And there is somebody who is an inveterate grumbler, who can never see anything but the gloomy side of everything. That is the kind of cloud in the sky and never a sunbeam. You are not like that, are you?

There is some one who is always hoping for El Dorado, but shirks from taking the trouble to find it. She sits with useless hands waiting for fortune to drop into her lap, and shirks her share of the world's work. That cannot be you!

Lastly, there are people who do so little for their fellow mortals that "they never would be missed." But you are not one of them!

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TWO STREET COSTUMES THAT EXPLOIT THE FASHIONABLE FUR BANDS

MODES OF THE HOUR

Street Costumes at Fashion Fete Show Military Tendency. Sleeves of Every Length.

The fashion fete, with its purpose of creating and launching American fashions, opened successfully Wednesday evening at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York. A number of New York women, prominent in social and charitable affairs, were its sponsors, and the proceeds will be distributed among the families of enlisted fighting men, both in this country and abroad, who have been left destitute by the war.

Designers of hats, gowns, furs and jewels did their best to show what could be done in the way of "home-made" fashions, and the big ballroom of the hotel was crowded with an appreciative public. A platform at the end of the room was used to resemble a miniature stage, with artistic hangings of dark blue against which the models showed to advantage, afterward promenading and posing among the audience.

There were nearly 100 of these models and many more than that number of costumes shown. The street costumes were also in evidence. Draped bodices and draped skirts with short and narrow trains were the tendency when velvet was the material employed, while tulle and chiffon were full and ruffled.

Some relief to the monotony of the exhibition was caused by masquerade or fancy-dress costumes, for the careful study of so many frocks was fatiguing and it was impossible to form any opinion as to which way the fashion wind of the future would blow.

That the materials were all of American manufacture proved that in this regard America can make a good showing. The severance with Paris is too recent to prove that inspiration was independent of that world centre of dress designing.

A number of New York society women of the younger generation sold programs for the military fund, and in charge of the ball that followed the exhibit.

Popular actresses are to auction off the frocks donated by their creators and no doubt interesting figures will result when charity, society and fashion are all combined to the one purpose of making a generous contribution to the funds of the Committee of Mercy that is trying to relieve the distressed and suffering of many of the victims of the war.

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DRAW FROM THE PASTURES OF THE SEA

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

"There are good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught." Not only this, but there are countless billions of them, costing nothing to raise or feed, pasturing free from babyhood to maturity and responding so freely to the lure of the trawling line or the winning embrace of the net that we might almost say they come to market by themselves.

This is the answer to the jump in meat prices. Europe has known it for a long time and has applied it well, to the great relief of the poorer inhabitants. In America we have just discovered it, consequently we think we have found a new and wonderful thing.

We might have discovered it before, if the prevailing American idea of fish had not been summed up in the words, "Friday and fry." When we eat fish only one day in the week and incline to only one way of cooking it, the demand for this plentiful, nutritious and delicious food is not likely to attain sufficient dimensions to keep the price anywhere within halting distance of the supply.

As a consequence, the price of fish has been almost as high as that of meat. Under such conditions it had to be, or the fish dealers would all have been forced out of business. In this instance Europe would be regarded as a treasure trove; simply because Friday was the only proper day to eat fish and one got tired of fish anyhow.

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Pinafore Frock for the Little Girl

It is hard to improve on the pinafore dress made with three box-pleats back and front and square yoke. It always looks so trim and tidy, especially as it is usually cut shorter than the ordinary style of dress. The girle may be of thick cord, or a narrow patent-leather belt may be worn. A wide, straight belt of the material, worn very low and loose, would also be fashionable. Dark serge is the most serviceable, and the little waist worn may be of silk or any pretty material. This frock can very easily be fashioned at home.

Nothing is a greater beauty than clear bright eyes. It is one which every girl in good health may possess, and it goes far to redeem the plainest of features.

Life's Lessons

There, little girl, don't cry! They have broken your doll, I know; And your tea-set blue, And your playhouse, too, Are things of the long ago; There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry! They have broken your heart, I know; And the rainbow gleams Of your youthful dreams, Are things of the long ago; There, little girl, don't cry!

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Precious Thoughts

Experience keeps a dear school, but it is the only one in which the foolish will learn. Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all. If a sacrifice has to be made, see that it is offered with cheerfulness. Whatever may be the matter, let feeling work home and starch them stiff before the world. Never sit down to nurse a grief. But in life's duties find relief. Patience is the fairy godmother, who in the end brings happiness and success. A small wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves. Earthly sorrows rightly borne do the soul for heaven. To speak wisely may not always be easy, but to refrain from speaking ill of others only means silence. Our mistakes are often our best teachers.

For the College Girl

A small piece of muslin sewed inside the skirt to collar-band and shoulder seam will protect the garment from wear of stiff collars against the collarbone. Leave the front of the piece of muslin loose, and it will not interfere with laundering. Pearl ornaments may be beautifully restored by rubbing first with olive oil and then with a soft cloth. Then apply any red nail polish. This gives a burnished appearance, and if you rub the pearls they assume a brilliant glow. You may not wish to get moldy if you put off several drops of Canada balsam and oil of lavender in the back corner of each bookshelf.

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The Wish

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