

# Interests of Women and the Home.

## WOMEN BECOMING STEADILY STRONGER

Dr. Savage Declares That They Will Continue to Do So.

### SYSTEMATIC PHYSICAL EXERCISE

The Development of the Feminine Form Under the Physical Training of Today—Girls and Boys and Their Athletics When Tested by the Same Athletic Tasks—Dr. Shradly's View of the American Woman's Needs.

From the Sun.

"Is woman degenerating physically or is she growing stronger?" is a question often heard. Dr. Savage, the head of the Physical Development Institute, gives the answer that woman is growing stronger, and that the next generation will give full evidence of the fact. "Life is the essential part of a woman's life as well as of a man's," he says. "Women are taking up many forms of exercise and are playing games that long were erroneously thought to belong exclusively to men. Ten years ago, or even later, it was regarded as most unadvisable for a woman to go in for any physical development. Today she moves with a freer walk more freely, as if she had some life and vim in her. A generation will show a vast difference in the development of the sex. Recently I saw an exhibition given by a crowd of girls in Boston, and I was delighted by the strength and freedom of motion demonstrated. What those girls did hundreds and hundreds of girls and women are doing, and it is a hopeful sign. Take the matter of games. Women play golf and lawn tennis with as much enthusiasm and benefit as do men. They wheel, though I don't think much of bicycling for women, and everywhere they are playing basket ball. They certainly could not do all this unless they were strong and healthy. "The girls and women who come here want to do everything that the men do. They can't yet, however, for they have lost too much time. My experience is that the difference that has been made in the physical training of men and women in the last few years is enormous. Boys and girls should be brought up alike as to active life. We find that the healthiest girls are those who have followed their brothers.

"A great improvement in dress has come much to better woman's physical condition. The wasp waist is a thing of the past, looked on with contempt rather than admiration. Soon people will come to admire the healthy form of Venus de Milo. The cards of examination in the leading female colleges and schools show that woman's form is approaching that type. To my mind there is no doubt that women as a class are growing stronger individually."

### ONE WOMAN'S OPINION.

Miss Genevieve Stebbins, one of the principals of the New York School of Expression, has given the history of her life to the study of the physical culture of woman. Her pet scheme has been to combine the various systems of gymnastics from the Swedish movements of "Ling" to the aesthetic exercises of Delsarte, and to secure the highest possible results in health, strength, and grace. When asked whether she thought woman was growing stronger or weaker physically, Miss Stebbins replied: "I've had pupils from every state in the Union. They go out and secure pupils for themselves, and I keep in constant touch with them, so I feel prepared to make a sweeping answer to this question. I'm not speaking now of my pupils alone, nor even confining myself to the United States. I'm speaking of the women of every one of the United States when I say that the middle class and the higher classes are growing stronger, but there is a class between these two that is growing weaker and more nervous. Physical development is a fact with the rich and fashionable; the middle class have found it a necessity, and both are stronger for it. The class between, the women who live in boarding houses and family hotels have nothing to do but sit around and envy the rich and strive to be fashionable, are degenerating. "We teach society work and normal work for teachers and platform readers, and in this way have opportunity to watch the development of two classes. For five years I've taught an immense class of society women from forty-five to sixty years of age, and the first thing that I teach them to do is to lie flat on the floor and learn how to breathe. All the young pupils are taught how to breathe, walk, talk, and sleep, and when they know how to do those four things they know how to do a great deal. Now the fact that the feet and waists of the women of these two classes are much larger shows that they are taking more exercise and getting more breathing. Emotional breathing is done in the upper chest, but ordinary breathing comes from below the bust line; therefore a woman must be properly clothed to breathe properly. As I went through the art galleries of Europe I wondered what the statues did to get into such positions. I made up my mind after imitating them and taking the statue poses that their magnificent poses all came from the trunk of the body and that they could not possibly be assumed without proper breathing. So, ever since, I've gone on increasing my chest work, for after all, the chest is the real storehouse of vitality. We think as we breathe and breathe as we think. Women are breathing better and they are thinking better. Therefore, they are growing stronger, not only physically, but mentally. Every woman who increases her lung capacity, making the lungs hungry for air, will reach better habits of thinking. Fear, anxiety, and nervousness have very little breath. Courage, hope, ambition, heroism, philanthropy, and altruism are full-breathed. In thinking there is hardly any breathing. Every exercise that a woman takes should be breathed even if it is no more than lifting the leg. She would be astonished at the wonderful amount of development that follows the softest motion if it is first breathed. As I said before, women of the higher class and the middle class are giving heed to their physical well being, and the ideas given them by teachers who have the subject at heart are founded on physiology and psychology. Life is being

made real to them; they are looking at everything from its real aspect. "The trouble with the class between is that life is artificial with them. There can be no physical or mental growth under such a condition. The contented women are those who belong to the aristocracy of thought, and look at things as they are and are not envious. Such a woman is the real American woman; the future of our race lies in her. Where does she come from? From the ranks of the very rich? No. Nor does she come from the middle class. She comes from that great middle class, and every day finds her growing stronger in every way."

### ANOTHER WITNESS.

"Indeed, I do believe that women are growing physically stronger every year," said Mrs. Lawrence, who is at the head of the physical culture department in the Horace Mann school at the Teachers' college. "Physical culture is compulsory in this institution. No one is excused except the infirm. No one is not physically able to take the training, or those who come very long distances. Every girl is subjected to a very severe physical examination every year; that examination extends even to her ancestry. I do individual girls imagine every year, and they are able to stand much harder physical and mental work. A woman physician connected with the college assists me in examining them, and she says also that the improvement from year to year is wonderful. A number of my pupils have been with me three to five years, and I give them lessons three times as hard as the beginners of their own age can take. This is the only gymnasium in the city where boys and girls can be seen working together, and it gives us a good chance to judge of their relative physical powers. We find that the girls do more accurate work, but the boys are quicker and stronger. This is true even of the very young children in the primary department. These little boys and girls do all their work together, and one would think that there would be no difference in relative strength, but the boys are stronger. This is because no matter how small a boy is he is allowed to play outdoors. These very little girls are hampered with dress. "Physical culture is supposed to be taught in the public schools, and it is taught in nearly all fashionable boarding schools. True, in some of the latter the teachers permit the pupils to take their exercises in long skirts and corsets, but most of them give the lessons in the evening and require the girls to wear 'rmy' suits. Here no boy or girl is allowed on the floor of the gymnasium, other than gymnastic dresses. Women are dressing much more hygienically than they did, anyhow, and this, with increased outdoor and gymnastic exercise, is gradually giving them strong physiques. My ambition is that this college shall not only be a diploma school, but a diploma unless she comes up to the physical requirements. Let the sick teachers go somewhere else for their diploma, I say."

### DR. SHRADLY TALKS.

"There is no reason why woman shouldn't be as healthy as man," said Dr. George E. Shradly, "but she is not. The majority of sick people are among women. They have earned for themselves the reputation of being weaker. Woman is far more responsive and consequently more excitable than man, and loss of vitality always follows undue excitement. This very responsiveness in her nature, which makes her so dear to man, invites fatigue instead of satisfactory exhilaration. "Take the society woman, for an example. She goes to excess in everything. Pleasure becomes the hardest kind of work to her. She goes all day and far into the night, and the next morning she is apt to waste hours in bed when she ought to be up getting the most of her strength. She goes to bed at midnight, and compromises by taking a meal at midnight, upsetting the rhythm of nature. The best sleep is obtained before midnight, between the hours of 10 and 12, and food is at the bottom of all regeneration. So what right has she to expect anything but physical degeneration. "On the other hand, the shop girl is anxious to make a record, to be promoted, and she overstrains. The intellectual woman, who enjoys the pleasures that come to such a home, and does not touch the harmony of her physical and mental being out of gear. The mediocre woman is on a pedestal physically and mentally with the mediocre man. He makes the home as she gets the pleasure out of it for the family. He is the worker; she is the general sympathizer. The greatest need in the nature of man is the complement of support of a true woman, and that of woman is the help of a strong man. Women are intuitive; men reason. Women develop him by opposition. John L. Sullivan told me, when he held the championship of the world, that the first success of a prize fighter depended upon his ability to take blows, not to give them. Every man is a prize fighter in the sense that his success depends upon his ability to take his punishment in this world, and many who have succeeded would have failed if they had not taken their punishment with their wonderful sympathetic responsiveness and natural intuition, to turn to. This takes as much strength from woman as the punishment does from the man. That's an old figure about the ivy and the oak, but it's a good one. A big wind storm comes, and the strong oak trembles and would fall were it not for the delicate ivy twined around it, steadying it until the storm has spent itself. "It requires a woman of steady nerve to keep healthy in the enticing environments of today, and women generally are becoming more rational. They are beginning to see that it is worth while to be healthy. They see that if they can enjoy themselves better, if they are well; that they have more appetite for work and pleasure if they are physically sound. If a woman wants any

art, let her mix the colors of her home picture. That's what the women of America need—to look after their homes, take the pleasures and exercises that come into a rational life—and a race of strong women, in the truest sense of the word, will follow."

### GOOD BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

- From the Philadelphia Times. Boston Collection of Stories. Elizabeth Harrison—In Story Land. Mrs. Moleworth—Four Winds' Farm. The Cat and the Clock. Emily Poston—in the Child's World. Mrs. Burnett—The Proud Little Grain of Wheat. Mary Mapes Dodge—The Silver Skates. E. Hale—Bodley Family Telling Stories. Wiltse—Morning Talks. Andersen's and Grimm's Fairy Tales. Arabian Nights—Robinson Crusoe. Stories from Fairyland—The Children's Library. Church—Fables—Alice in Wonderland—Black Beauty. Kingsley's Water Babies and Greek Heroes. Klingens—Jungle Books—Man and Beast in India. Hawthorne—Wonder Book, Tanglewood Tales, Grandfather's Chair, etc. Andrews—The Little Sisters, Each and All, Ten Boys on the Road from Long Ago to Now. Bahlin—Old Greek Stories, The Story of St. George, The Story of the Boy Who Cried Wolf, etc. White—Plutarch for Boys and Girls. Eugene Field—A Little Book of Profane Tales—A Second Book of Tales. Church—Stories from Homer, Herodotus, Virgil and Livy. Lamb—Tales from Shakespeare. Huskins—King of the Golden River. The Story of the Nations (in verse) (Persia, India, China, etc.). Yonge—Young Folks' Histories, The Little Duke, Dove in the Eagle's Nest, etc. Daudet—Letters from My Mill. Collin—Boys of '76, Story of Liberty, etc. Donald Mitchell—About Old Story Tellers. Dickens—Child's History of England. Fiction—Alice, Mrs. Evering, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Scott, Dickens, Cooper, etc. Bullfinch—Age of Fable, Tales of Chivalry, etc. Hamilton Mable—Norse Stories. M. E. Litchfield—The Nine Worlds, Kearsy—Stories of Asgard. Linds—The Boy King Arthur, etc. Trivins—Sketch Book, Alhambra, etc. Bolton—Famous Leaders Among Men, Famous American Statesmen, Poor Boys Who Became Famous, etc. Knox—The Boy Travelers. Hale—Family Flight Series, Big-Tag Journeys. Litchfield's—Essays, Signs and Seasons, etc. Florence Bass—Nature Stories for Young Readers (Plant and Animal Life). Arabella Buckley—Fairy Land of Science. Charles Abbott—Rambles of a Naturalist, Travels in the Tropics, etc. Johnson—The Boy King Arthur, etc. Olive Thorne Miller—Little Brothers of the Air. Morris Thompson—Stories of Nature and Life in the Woods. Julia McNair Wright—Seaside and Wayside. Thoreau—The Excursion, etc. Poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Bryant, Holmes, Lucy Larcom, Cells Thaxter, Mary Heltz, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Tennyson, Jean Inez, Margaret Preston, Margaret Sanford, etc. Estes and Lauriat (Pub.)—The Little Ones' Annual. Grandma's Rhymes and Chimes. Stevenson—A Child's Garden of Verse. Frank Dempster Sherman—Little Folk Lyrics. The Children's Garland, The Children's Treasury. Whittier—Child Life. Miller's Poems for Children. Eugene Field—Love Songs of Childhood, etc.

### Washing Flannels.

Regarding the washing of flannels, the first care is that they do not shrink. They should be washed on a bright day and dried as quickly as possible. Shake all dust and lint out first. Prepare two tubs of water to decolorize and clean, comfortably, putting enough dissolved soap in one to make a strong suds. To every three gallons of water allow one tablespoonful of soda or two tablespoonfuls of household ammonia, which, although equally cleansing, is more apt to leave a yellow tinge. Put the flannels in the suds, and wash by soaping up and down instead of rubbing. Squeeze from this and rinse in second tub, whose water must be of the same temperature. If you have a little bluing this may be added to a third tub of water, also of the same temperature. Put through wringer and dry in open air. Before getting dry, fold and roll to treat delicate colors, as soon as possible with a moderately hot iron, depending more upon a good deal of pressure. For colored flannels wash with fresh, hot suds. Never use yellow soap on flannels on account of the resin. Colored calicoes should be washed in warm water, not hot. The ideal way to treat delicate colors, dark satins or mourning goods is not to use soap at all, but a starch mixture, which cleanses and stiffens at the same time.

### The Turn-over Collar.

The turn-over inch of linen collar has been fashionable on "tailor-made" and blouses, and the idea is now carried out in velvet and cloth. The collars are less elaborate even on dressy costume than they were, but there is still a great scope for original effects.

### An Odd Story.

Oh, bright was the day when they called away On the matrimonial sea! They were happy as they could be, And from the distant isles in a far-off bay, The wind blew strong and free. Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made, While these were the stores, 'tis said: Cream puffs and angel-food, honey and pie, Kisses and marmalade. The spars were silver, the decks were pearl, The anchor a wedding-ring of gold, 'Twas a beautiful craft, 'tis told, And life was fair for the slim young girl. And the husband brave and bold, Sweet sprays of orange-bloom hung on high, And the sails of lace were made,