

SOME RULES SHE FRAMED

"It seems to me," spoke up the girl who had on a real Irish lace jabot, "that you have a peculiar way of entertaining company! You've sat scribbling at that desk ever since we came in!"

"We're still here, you know," reminded the girl with the neck ruche that haunted itself at the observer. "I was finishing my list of rules, with notes, for use of the girl who wishes to be a social success," explained the young woman at the desk. "When I've read them to you, you'll be glad you came. Listen!"

"Rule 1. Never twine a blue ribbon in your hair. "I did it, and I know. I had appeared with black ribbons, pink ribbons, white ribbons, twisted coquettishly through my coiffure, and nothing happened, signifying that a blue ribbon would be fatal error. I thought the evening I wore the blue ribbon at dinner, when Jack McGill gazed so long at me across the hotel dining room that at last I had made an impression."

"He had held aloof all summer. And when he asked me to go for a row, I considered that I was certainly a winner, because he is a lazy man, and never takes exercise. I was proud and haughty as we walked down the pier, and smiled sweetly on all the other girls who had ever cut me out. Then when we got out on the lake that man sat there in the gorgeous moonlight with the fragrance of the—er—daisies and buttercups, I guess it was being wafted out from shore, and wasted two good hours telling me about the first girl he had ever loved ten years ago."

"He said that blue ribbon reminded him of her. Note, please, he did not say that I reminded him—it was the ribbon. He even told me the length of her eyelashes, and once I thought he was going to weep. He said I—the blue ribbon—brought it all back so vividly."

"Rule 2. Never let your amiable desire to be pleasant betray you into any undue interest in elderly women of crotchety natures."

"Mrs. Piper happened to be sitting in that corner of the porch when I went to look at the sunset. I couldn't move the sunset, so I had to endure Mrs. Piper. Incidentally, I picked up her ball of yarn and admired the Afghan in construction and made conversation, because I felt sorry for her, she seemed so soured on life."

"The next day I heard her say to some one: 'Humph! I guess I know why that Dowler girl was shining up to me so—I'm not so dumb—I've got a nephew here! Ha! Ha!' I wouldn't have cared if the nephew had been anything but the pale, spindly, under-sized stupid that he was."

"It really hurt my feelings to have my taste so impugned."

"Rule 3. Always pick out men with sisters when you are choosing an assortment. The sister fills an important niche. If you can make her like you, she has it in her power to invite you to dinner or to spend a week-end with her—and, incidentally, with him—and she can drop admiring remarks about you before her brother, thus recalling you to his attention if his memory lags."

"It is convenient, too, to have her remark at the family breakfast table: 'Oh, here's a letter from Ethel Dowler—she says so and so!' The only danger is the possibility of angering the sister, for then the rule works the other way just as readily. She talks about you even more if she hates you—so it is a good investment to take her to the matinee occasionally and not be sparing with luncheon invitations."

"Rule 4. Never try to be nice to a discarded sweetheart."

"What do you think I got for my pains in the case of Alfred Easterly? The affair was so long ago that I had almost forgotten him when he reappeared, and all I could do was to wonder why I ever had been insane enough to fancy I liked him."

"But when I remembered how hard he had seemed to take my refusal I couldn't help but feel sorry for him, so I tried to be just as nice as possible, to show him there were no hard feelings. The more I saw of him the more aghast I was at the thought that once I might have married him. I really considered the time I devoted to him a personal sacrifice—and then what was my reward?"

"I sat back of him on the suburban train and heard him say complacently to another man about like him that he guessed Ethel Dowler wished she had not been so hasty and could get him back, but it was too late—all her trying would do no good!"

"Rule 5. Never go on the principle that the Summer men who ask for your town address and inquire if they may call on you will never think of it again."

"The very nicest one at the lake called at 11 o'clock this morning and, our maid being busy, I went to the door with my head all tied up in a towel—I was having a dry shampoo—and cold cream on one side of my face. I had thought it must be a pedler."

"Why didn't you have presence of mind enough to tell him that your sister wasn't at home?" inquired the girl with the Irish lace jabot.

"I'd like a copy of those rules," said the girl with the ruche. "I'm going to send them around for Christmas cards. I'll add to them in the meantime."

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

SHAMPOO SHIELD.

Keeps Face Dry and Permits the Wearer to Breathe Freely.

Just at present the shampoo shield designed by a New York man and shown in the illustration is quite fashionable. It is much like the brim of hats now in vogue and will doubtless be popular with the ladies. It will also find favor with any other person who has ever gasped and spluttered



during the process of a shampoo while the soapy water ran into his or her eyes and make them smart. This shield is of elliptical shape to fit the contour of the head. It is placed on the head like a hat, with the difference that there is no crown and the hair comes through the top. The shampooer can rub the head of the subject vigorously while the latter may be as much at his ease as if he were merely having his head combed. The flare of the shield brim sends the water entirely clear of the face, which is kept dry, except for a few drops that may trickle down inside of the rim of the shield. This device will eliminate the annoying features of the shampoo to persons who are short of breath.

ABOUT WOMEN.

The average wage of the working woman is \$272.04 a year.

The United States had 1,007,000 divorces in the past ten years. Two-thirds of these were granted upon the demand of the women's federated clubs of America claim 5,000 branches, organized in forty-six States, with an aggregate membership of 800,000 women.

The lack of direct political influence constitutes a powerful reason why women's wages have been kept at a minimum.—Carroll D. Wright, ex-Commissioner of Labor.

In Australia, where women vote, the child of a poor widow mother, instead of being taken from her and placed in an institution, is boarded with its mother at the expense of the State.

The number of boys in the high schools of the country in 1905-6 was 305,308; of girls, 417,384. Yet there are those who say "that the ballot for women would but increase the ignorant vote."

According to an Ohio report for 1901, 6,920 women in the three largest cities earned \$4.83 a week, worked 57 1/2 hours and paid \$2.44 for 1,000 persons depending on them for support.

Chance for Plain Girls.

"It is a great mistake to suppose that beauty cuts a big figure in the employment of stenographers," said a business man of large experience; "the 'pretty typewriter' is a stock phrase of the funny man and the comic papers of the present day, just as the 'pretty governess' was in the 40s and the 'pretty milliner' in the 60s, but as a matter of fact good looks are rather a detriment to a woman when applying for a position in an office than otherwise. No one is likely to excel in more than one profession, and since being pretty is a profession in itself the general feeling is that if a woman has succeeded in that she won't be good for much else. The chances are that her brain will be occupied with her pompadour and her highly polished nails to the exclusion of more important things. Another reason why the pretty stenographer is at a discount is that most of the large business houses employ a woman as head stenographer, and women are even more apt to look askance at a pretty face than men are. They are in the secret. They know how much—or how little—is apt to be behind it. So, all things considered, the girl with red hair and freckles stands a better chance than the beauty when it comes to seeking employment in a business office."

Children's Bedroom.

Whenever possible white enamel paint should be used for the appointments of the children's bedroom. It shows the dust and allows of washing off with a damp cloth. Screens, toilet tables, beds, furniture and racks cannot accumulate dirt if continuously washed, and the white enamel allows of perfect cleanliness in this respect.

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON, Retired, Vt.

A MESSAGE FOR TO-DAY

International Bible Lesson for Dec. 19, '09.



We have never been fond of the company of the pessimist and the croaker, but we must confess that such men have their uses, and there are a sign abroad which point to the fact that America needs the voice of a modern Paul, sounding through

the palaces of the rich, the huts of the poor, the sacred aisles of the church, the courts of law, the marts of trade, and the halls of pleasure. For although this nation never stood at such an altitude of prosperity as it does to-day, there are numberless foes to her perpetuity that need to be watched and exterminated. What are some of our perils?

Present Day Perils.

Materialism is the Moloch to which this age is offering sacrifice.

Today is becoming a social day in an unheard of measure to a past generation. We are gradually but certainly opening the doors of traffic and amusement on Sunday, our railroads being the leaders in this regard.

Drunkenness among women is increasing. The laxity of the marriage relation is a nation-wide peril.

There is a large infusion of the gambling spirit in our commercial life. There is a race to get rich at all hazards. The increase in social extravagance is noticeable everywhere.

Nine-tenths of the law-breaking in America is hatched in the saloon. The liquor counter is the block on which hundreds of our beautiful American things are annually assassinated.

Spirituality is freezing to death in the church.

The gulf between the masses and the classes is growing wider, in the church and in the State.

This is a dark picture, but it is the consensus of opinion of the wisest thinkers in our land, men who see the perils, and are lifting up warning voices everywhere.

Does it foreshadow our doom as a nation? God forbid. The fact that the peril is so widely recognized is our safety. We have grappled with and settled many great issues in this country, and what the fathers have done the sons can do. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Criticism Easy.

A person could go into a watch factory and from the standpoint of a complete watch find something to criticize in every direction. It takes time and skill and patience to make a watch. And it takes time and skill and infinite patience to make what the world will acknowledge as a representative man. Character is a thing of growth, not of bestowment.

Of course, there are people in the church who ought not to be there. But when a fisherman sweeps his net around, and then pulling it into his boat finds that he has a great haul of mackerel, he does not pitch the whole lot overboard because he has taken a few lamper-eels and snapping turtles. No. He rows ashore, after he gets through fishing, and sorts his catch afterwards. So the church in this world is set to catch men, not sort them. On the beach of eternity they will be sorted out by One who is unerring in His judgment.

Church a Factory.

Is not the criticism largely due to the fact that the objector fails to realize that no one church can be expected to reconstruct the world. In this great mission there is work for each denomination. It is like a great factory where many hands are employed. It is the business of the Methodists, warm hearted and fiery, to stir the blaze. It is the business of the Congregationalists, sturdy and logical, to hammer the rivets. It is the business of the Episcopalians, to whom the beauty of piety appeals, to make the exquisite case. It is the business of the Baptists, having strong predilections for water, to wash off the works. So that, after awhile, this whole world disordered, run down, and out of gear, will become a perfect timepiece, ticking away the centuries of millennial joy. How inconsistent is that critic who takes a single wheel or rivet or case of a watch and finds fault because it is not a perfect piece of mechanism.

It is all very well to criticize the church for its coldness and indifference, and aloofness from the lives of men, but I notice that when scarlet fever puts its hot hands into the home nest, and the roses in the child's cheeks turn into the white lilies of death, no one wants to put away the sacred dust without the consolations of the church, and the benedictions of piety. No carping then! No secular songs! No acrimonious criticism! Then we turn instinctively to the only organization which stands pointing through the open portals, with the emblems of piety in her hands and the light of eternity in her eyes.

IT MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A Thought Struck Mrs. Midge When She Returned Home.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Midge. She had been shopping and visiting, and had just arrived home when a thought struck her. She clasped her hands together in dismay, and in her agitation sat flat down on the cat. "Whatever shall I do?"

"I expect you will get over it," said Mr. Midge, testily. He was waiting for his tea. "What is it?"

"I took my diary out with me instead of that little price-book, and if I haven't been and left it somewhere! Suppose somebody should get hold of it and read it?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed her husband. "That will be fine sport. How I should like to see them reading all the rubbish you have written in it! What's the good of going back? You'll never get it."

"Oh, I remember now!" suddenly cried Mrs. Midge. "It is my old one. So it doesn't matter at all. I feel quite relieved."

"What was in it?" said he, feeling disappointed.

"I used to amuse myself by copying your love letters in it, and I imitated your signature at the bottom of them."

"What!" yelled Midge, jumping to his feet and grabbing at his hair. "Do you want people to know what an idiot I was, and make me the laughingstock of the parish just when I'm putting up for the vestry? Go and look for it, quick! And offer \$10 reward for it!"

And if it hadn't been found in Mrs. Midge's bag at that very moment there is no telling what would have happened to that household.—The Sketch.

An R. S. V. P. Prayer.

Willie had not been a very good boy that day, and in consequence of certain inexcusable derelictions he had been sent to bed with the sun. After supper his father climbed the stairs to the youngster's room, and throwing himself down on the bed alongside of the delinquent, began to talk to him.

"Willie," he said, gravely, "did you say your prayers before you went to bed?"

"Yesir," said Willie.

"And did you ask the Lord to make you a good boy?" asked the parent.

"Yep," said Willie, "and I guess it'll work this time."

"Good," said the father. "I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes," said Willie, "but I don't think we'll know before to-morrow. You've got to give the Lord time, you know."

"And what makes you think it will work this time, my son?" queried the anxious parent.

"Why, after the Amen I put in an R. S. V. P.," explained the boy.—Harper's Weekly.

The Judge's Loaded Inkpot.

Few American lawyers go abroad without visiting the Old Hall at Lincoln's Inn, in London. There was a gathering of English legal lights in the Hall a week or two ago to listen to an address on "The Law of Drunkenness." The writer is able to recall the alcoholic propensities of the famous Judge Boyd, of the Irish Bench, who so often sat in the Old Hall. He kept a supply of his favorite "pizen" on the desk before him in an inkstand of peculiar make, and when he wanted a sip he took it through a quill pen, while counsel professed entire ignorance of the little manoeuvre. "Tell the Court truly," he once said to a witness, "were you drunk or sober?" "Quite sober, My Lord," replied the man, and his counsel added, with a look at the inkpot, "as sober as a judge."

A STARTLING HINT.



Gerald—Some things go by fits and starts.

Geraldine—I don't want you to have a fit, but I wish you'd start.—Pick-Me-Up.

A Fearsome Threat.

From the classroom occupied by the roughest boys in the Sunday school came a great uproar. The secretary in the next room went in to investigate. Complete silence followed the opening of the classroom door.

"Have you got a teacher?"

"No."

"Do you want one?"

"No."

"Then be quiet or you'll get one." Result, comparative peace.—Manchester Guardian.

So Say We All of Us.

"Alas!" confessed the penitent man; "in a moment of weakness I stole a carload of brass fittings."

"In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge. "Goodness, man! what would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"

OLD-STYLE DOOR PLATES.

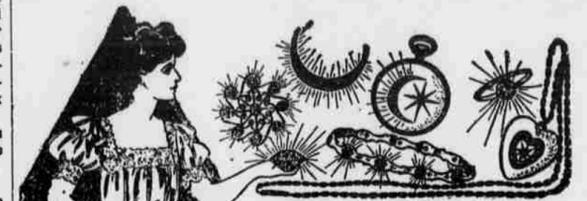
Not the Fashion now to Have Your Name on the Door Knob.

"Door plates are going out of fashion," said a man whose business it is to make plates of all kinds. "Twenty years ago every man of prominence had his name graven upon a plate and that plate affixed to his front door, that all might know who dwelt within. The daily task of the negro houseman was to rub the door plate until it shone. It took the place of the laces and penates of the Romans, and was attended to just as carefully as were the ancient household gods."

"Everything is changed now, though I suppose the reason is that people don't have homes as they used to. They simply live in houses and apartments, and move around so much that a door plate couldn't possibly endure the peripatetic existence. A collection of brass door plates screwed to the portal of a big apartment building would, I confess, look rather odd."

Influence of Locality.

In a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, L. Joulin recently called attention to a remarkable effect apparently produced by locality of habitation upon the susceptibility of animals to disease. When mice were inoculated with certain germs, he found that the effects produced depended, to a surprising degree, upon the place of origin of the mice. Those that came from the locality where the germs were produced were more susceptible than those which were brought from a distance. This seemed to him to indicate that, in some way, geographical influences might be more potent than physiological likeness in producing susceptibility to disease.



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