

# Interesting TO WOMEN

**What Flirting Costs.**  
The girl who is flirting with half a dozen men has not the time to give any one man the chance to know her, and she is, therefore, losing her opportunity of getting a good husband. While she is flirting here, there, and everywhere with her numerous admirers, the home girl is making herself attractive and indispensable to one man.

He sees how sweet she is in her home life, how her parents and little brothers and sisters love and rely upon her and the next step is that he imagines her in his home, the mother of his children.

After that he is not long in making up his mind that she is the "one" woman.

## For the Breakfast Room.

No breakfast room is so cozy as the one which contains a well appointed and well-stocked desk in the sunniest window ready to turn to for the immediate answering of the mail which has been perused at breakfast. English women who understand the art of letter and note writing better than any women in the world, following this plan, and have certain other customs which come under the class of letter writing made easy.

Letter paper is bought by the quantity, stamps are bought by the hundred, and pens by the gross, any of which outlay would be considered an unheard-of extravagance by the ordinary American woman, who buys her writing materials in dribbles that are small and stingy as compared with her lavish expenditures in other directions.—Chicago Tribune.

## The Dress of Paris.

Spring is essentially the season for the trotteur frock, so useful for morning wear, writes Edouard La Fontaine in the Delineator.

For walking costumes, cloth is less and less used and fancy materials are now more a la mode. Small checks, stripes, especially in black and white, are in favor, and gray is very popular. Every kind of light, transparent material, either plain or finely striped, will be much worn, and the voiles will be more than usually fine and light, no woolen voiles, but silk with a mat effect so dull indeed that it looks like wool.

These soft materials lend themselves very successfully to the new fashion. The new trend of fashion is toward the long, supple, flowing folds, consequently silk as we have known it, is no longer in vogue, but its place is taken by "Radium," a silk material that is at once brilliant, soft and strong. It can be had plain, glace, printed, striped, spotted, covered with small designs, either noticeable or almost imperceptible, yet which rings a change on the perfectly plain material.

Chiffon faille, revived with added beauty and softness of weave, is extremely popular, and crepe de chine with the countless varieties of lace that is to be found on the market are as popular as ever.

Long lace coats, which were so much admired last year, will still be worn, as well as short vests and boleros. The princess and empire effects seem to be the prevailing styles.

## Housekeeping for Two.

To keep house for two people is, to use the words of a woman who provides for six, "nothing but play." "Doll housekeeping" is what another heavily burdened housewife calls it. Certainly the woman who has only one person besides herself to cater for cannot call it drudgery. The main difficulty the experienced is in dividing cook book receipts and in cutting down provisions so that there shall be no surplus to go to waste. It is not only difficult to buy food in quantities small enough for a meal for two people, but it is very expensive. For instance, a jar of orange marmalade just big enough for two is 10 cents, and one three and one-half times as large and containing enough for several meals is only 18 cents.

How to use up left-overs is a problem that must confront the caterer for two persons. When purchasing meat it is a good plan to get enough for two meals. Then the table will not look bare and there will be a sufficient quantity for a second meal. Cooking experts disagree as to the amount of meat needed in such a case, one writer declaring that one pound is enough and another two pounds. Of course this depends entirely on the number of dishes served with the meat.

For two women a pound and a quarter or a pound and a half of porterhouse steak has been found sufficient for two meals. The meat was served as a steak for dinner the first day, and the tough end, which is always a part of this cut, was made into croquettes, or German beef cakes, the next day. This supply might be more than enough if several vegetables were served with it, but it was barely enough when only two vegetables and



## Grandmother's Treasures.

When grandma was a little girl she owned a box—her dearest treasure. In it she kept with dainty care the things which gave her greatest pleasure—A scrap of pale buff calico with little sprigs of blue upon it. A bit of stiff silk ribbon, wide, from some one's old discarded bonnet. A fragment each of muslin, thin, of gingham pink, and silk, magenta. A bit of velvet, soft and green, that some dear maiden aunt had sent her. "Doll rags," they called them, but to her—she, little Jane Amanda Baker—they furnished food for many a dream, and into fairyland they'd take her!

Today her great-grandchild, Lucile, bows sunny head over box of treasures. "Doll rags," they call them, but to her they're almost chief among her pleasures. A dainty scrap of organdy with violets and leaves upon it. A bit of pale blue velvet left from baby sister's cloak and bonnet. A piece of rose-pink corded silk from mamma's evening waist so pretty. A bit of soft white albatross from Aunt Mirra's in the city. A fragment of an old plaid silk—twas worn by grandma at her wedding. And through the years, with smiles and tears, a gentle radiance 'tis shedding!

Dear old rags! Loved by childish hearts, from little Jane Amanda Baker—Down to Lucile, her great-grandchild—the wisest in the family—The fragments of velvet and of silk—Oh, child, how'dst thou joyous round of pleasures! Nearest and dearest of them all—the precious little box of treasures!—Harriet Crocker LeRoy, in Youth's Companion.

## Norway's King as a Naval Midshipman.

It was my fortune to make the prince's acquaintance when he was an apprentice in the Danish navy. I was a midshipman at the time, and just one notch higher rank. We were thrown a good deal together on various ships, and I believe it is this rough-and-ready training in seamanship at an early age which contributed strongly toward making a man out of the prince, who as a boy was very much like what middies call a "piece of court furniture."

There were seven apprentices in the mess to which the prince belonged on shipboard, and of which I am the eighth and mess master. We all called him by his first name—that is, Karl in Danish—and he had to eat the same "grub" and stand the same hardships as all the other apprentices. He was allowed to have no advantages or "extras" over and above his comrades, and, although everybody knew him to be a prince of the realm, no deference whatever was paid him as such.

On the contrary he was "hazed" and made miserable in good, old midshipman style. He took his medicine bravely enough, though there were times when, by his looks, he must have wished for "home and mother," or that he was ashore, where he, as a prince of the realm, would have a right to command a salute from any man and any officer in the fleet.

On board ship he had to mend his own clothes, darn his socks, sew on buttons, and keep his weapons and accoutrements in order. He slept in a regulation sailor hammock, with his clothes rolled up under his head for a pillow without a nightshirt, and wearing only a sailor's woolen striped undershirt, and bundled up in a woolen blanket, sometimes with his sea-boots dangling by the hammock rope.

As an apprentice, one of his duties in cleaning ship early at dawn was to pass buckets of salt water and go over the quarter deck with a sage broom. When polishing would begin he was assigned to the big binnacle lantern on the bridge, inside which the compass is. He became quite an expert at polishing, and used to make that brass binnacle flash like silver mail. He could never quite get used to chewing tobacco, which in the eyes of every true apprentice is one of the cardinal virtues; and whenever he was seasick, which often happened, he used to sit in the gangway on a bucket and chew rye bread.

This close intimacy with boys of his own age, and subsequently when he was appointed midshipman and cadet, his contact with manly naval men and real human conditions of life, are the factors which eventually made out of this boy—who was originally little more than a "court kid"—one of the most real and natural of living-royal princes. It opened his eyes to the forces and exigencies that govern real life. It substituted within him for the lassitude of the courtier the ambition of the healthy young man of action.—Holf Wisby, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews.

## The Buttoned Boots.

Annie Amelia was happy. She did not know why. She opened one brown eye to see if day had really come. A streak of sunshine lay across the foot of her bed. Then she remembered why she was so very happy. Papa had gone to the city, miles away, the day before, and had promised to bring her a present when he came home.

Annie Amelia opened her eyes wider, and looked sharply about to see if she could see her present. A chair stood close by her bed. It had not been there when she went to sleep. She gave a little gasp of pleasure, and raised herself on one elbow. On the chair stood a brand-new pair of shiny black buttoned boots! Soft, pretty kid boots they were, with silk-worked buttonholes.

This all happened many years ago, when buttoned boots were only just beginning to be made, and they cost more than common boots that laced. Annie Amelia's mamma was ill, and there were so many things for papa to buy that everything had to be made to last as long as possible. New boots were a fine present, and these were buttoned ones!—Annie Amelia's heart

beat fast, her cheeks grew red, and she clapped her hands softly, she was so very happy.

Annie Amelia must make no noise, for mamma slept in the next room, and mamma must never be disturbed. The little girl slipped out of bed very quietly, and sat down on the floor to put on her stockings and the dear new boots. There was an odd-looking tool, a piece of curved steel with a wooden handle, lying in the chair. Annie Amelia had never seen or heard of a button-hook, and did not know what the tool was or how to use it. She left it lying there. Nothing else could interest her until the boots were on.

She drew her stockings on neatly, then she tried to put one foot into a boot. Her toes seemed too large, and she thought of Cinderella's wicked stepisters, who cut off a toe to get a foot into the fairy glass slipper. Would she have to cut off a toe to wear these beautiful things? It might hurt; but then, what was a hurt in comparison with getting on the boots? Another tug, and in went the foot, without the loss of a toe at all. Then, after a great struggle, the other foot slipped into its place, and the new boots were on! Annie Amelia clapped her hands again softly, and would have shouted for joy if mamma had not been ill in the next room.

Then she tried to button the boots. She stretched and pulled and twisted and tugged, and drew in one button at the top and one at the bottom on each shoe, but not another one could she get in. Poor Annie Amelia!

She ran softly to see if papa or mamma were awake; but no, they were sleeping quietly, and might not be able to help her for hours. How could grown people sleep so long? Little girls must help themselves when mamma's are not well and Annie Amelia loved her mamma so dearly that she tried never to trouble her. If the boots could not be buttoned papa and mamma would both be sorry. Papa would not be going to the city again for a long time; and he could not get her another pair of boots if he did go, for he must have spent all his money on these. But these could never be worn unless they could be buttoned up. What could she do?

Annie Amelia stood in the doorway, thinking. There on the bureau was mamma's workbasket, and the sunlight fell across it on a pair of scissors. If the buttonholes were just cut just a little perhaps the buttons would slip in. Annie Amelia tiptoed to the bureau, then back to her own room, shutting the door gently. It was almost as hard to cut the pretty shoes as to cut off a toe; but hard things had to be done sometimes, and when one is seven years old one must be brave and not cry.

Snip! snip! snip! The shining scissors cut the outer end of each button-hole on both boots.

Snip! snip! snip! Most of the buttonholes were still too far from the edge. The buttons would not go in until the holes were cut a bit more.

Snip! snip! snip! Those middle holes must be cut still farther, and now only the embroidery of the scallops on the edge of the boots was left. It was enough. Every button was in. Annie Amelia was trembling, and tears stood in the brown eyes, but she had succeeded. The boots were buttoned at last.

"Hello, little girl!" cried papa, standing in the door. Mamma was with him, for she was better today, and able to walk about. "What do you think of them, Goody Two Shoes?"

"They are beautiful!" cried Annie Amelia. "I was afraid they were too small, for the buttons wouldn't go in; but I fixed them, and now they are just right!"

"Let me see." Papa took the little girl on his knee. Mamma sat down by him.

"She has spoiled her new boots," said mamma, sadly. "This time she will have to be punished."

Annie Amelia gasped.

"What was the trouble?" asked papa. "Why didn't you use the button-hook?"

When Annie Amelia found that she need not have cut the boots at all, and that she had almost ruined them instead of having saved them, she hid her face on papa's shoulder, and the big tears fell fast.

"Punishments are to help children remember not to do things again," said papa. "I am sure Annie Amelia will remember without being punished never to cut her toes off or her buttonholes out without asking her papa or mamma first. We will get Mrs. Willis to sew up the button holes, and wearing them mended will help Annie Amelia to remember."—Fannie Wilder Brown, in The Youth's Companion.

**Cat Hunts Rattlesnakes.**  
Mrs. Fannie R. Gray's cat has developed a strange inclination in going out and hunting rattlesnakes. Tuesday morning the cat brought into the kitchen a rattler fully five feet long, which she found in the woods, caught behind the head and crushed the life out of it and spread it before her kittens that they might regale themselves on a delectable repast.

This is the first instance that Mr. Tom R. Gray has ever heard of such a procedure on the part of a cat. The cat's unexpected visit to the kitchen produced consternation with the cook that only the strong arm of man could quell.—Ocala (Fla.) Star.

**WHEN.**  
They're making fun of father. No work he does, they say. They laugh "when father carries the duck." In an unfeeling way. They view his every action With grievous discontent, And never say a word about When father pays the rent.

"When father tells a story" They sit around and jeer. When father does most anything The family seems to sneer. He's just supposed to plod along And save up every cent. Nobody seems to notice him When father pays the rent. —Washington Star.

## JUST FOR FUN

**Citizen—**Do they keep a servant girl? Subbubs—Oh, certainly not. But as soon as one leaves they engage another.—Philadelphia Press.

"He carved out his own fortune." "Nonsense! He married it." "Well, he had to cut out a lot of other fellows, didn't he?"—Cleveland Leader.

"Wot does dey mean by 'fads' in de public schools, Jimmy?" "Aw, readin' writin', 'rithmetic, geography, hist'ry, grammar, an' all dem kin' o' things." —Puck.

"One can't be too polite." "Yes, they can. Ever have some one try to hold your overcoat when the lining was ripped in the sleeve?"—Indianapolis Star.

"They say there's graftin' goin' on even in some of the penitentiaries," observed Uncle Jerry Peebles. "Well, that's the right place for grafters." —Chicago Tribune.

**Citizen—**What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer, Jurymen—Insanity. **Citizen—**Ge! The whole twelve of you? —Cleveland Leader.

"What started old Pinchappenny to studying occult science?" "He wants to cultivate a new sense so he can see a bill collector through a brick wall." —Detroit Free Press.

**Dolly—**The program will be entirely classical. Dick—Well, perhaps, it's better so. When they scatter in a few ragtime gems it makes the rest sound so flat.—Chicago News.

"Step lively!" said the conductor. "Not on your life," responded the grouchy passenger. "If I felt like doing that I'd walk and beat your old car."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Are you one of the expert witnesses?" inquired the court officer. "I am," answered the high financier. "I've been on the stand two hours and have not told 'em a thing."—Washington Star.

**Aunt Ann—**You think John no longer loves you? New Wife (sobbing)—I—I know it, auntie. I-p-put on an ugly old hat this morning and he never noticed the dif-ference!—Chicago Tribune.

"You're not as strict with that youngster of yours as you used to be." "No, for economy's sake. Every month I used to buy myself a new pair of slippers and him a new pair of pants." —Philadelphia Press.

"An elephant must be a pretty expensive animal?" "Yes, I wish I had enough money to buy one." "What do you want with an elephant?" "I don't. I merely expressed a wish for the money."—Philadelphia Press.

"He claims that his private record will bear the strictest scrutiny. Do you believe him?" "Well, I wouldn't be surprised if there was something in it. I never heard of his lending any money to society publications."—Baltimore American.

Her Ladyship (who is giving a servants' ball—to butler)—We shall begin with a square dance, and I shall want you, Wilkins, to be my partner. Wilkins—Certainly, m'Lady; and afterwards I presume we may dance with 'oom we like?—Punch.

**Sandy Pikes—**Yes, mum, thought perhaps I would remind yer of yer husband. The Lady (astonished)—You? What in the world is there about you to remind me of my husband? Sandy Pikes—Why, mum, I am wearin' de necktie yer gave him for a Christmas gift.—Chicago Daily News.

## Tyranny of Bachelors.

There is, however, one article of men's dress in defense of which there is nothing to be said. What makes men so often late for a dinner party? What leads to the omission of more "words" and provokes more ebullitions of irritability than probably anything else in the world—excluding always a herd of pigs to drive, but we are not all pig-drivers. Is it not the starched shirt, with its front and cuffs, hard, like a coat of mail? And yet into its interstices delicate little studs and sleeve links have to be introduced before the luckless wight can be considered presentable in society. A woman transforms herself, hair, footgear, everything, decks herself in jewels and in lustrous raiment, and meanwhile her lord and master, man, the one rational being, is struggling, apoplectic, with his shirt front. Ah! what battles have been fought by distracted bachelors! What tortures have been undergone by sensitive women, when first confronted with the man they love, whom they had fondly deemed incapable of a swear word, not like Laocoon contending against embracing serpents, but contending with a shirt front, into which he has unwarily introduced his head, and which has been sent home buttoned up from the laundry.—London Chronicle.

# NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—The simple waist made with a becomingly shaped bertha is the one always in demand, and it is so becoming to the greater number

and twelve more narrow tucks finished the skirt at the bottom. The waist had a round collar yoke of the Irish crochet, which was continued down the front of the blouse in a narrow panel.

**The Pale Blue Hat.**  
A pale blue hat was an English turban, with a short brim and a large crown, around which was wreathed a voluminous chiffon veil. The ends of the veil hung down behind almost to the waist, the ends being tucked. A large bow of satin ribbon and a pale blue wing trimmed the turban on the left side.

**The Seam "Leg o' Mutton" Sleeves.**  
The sleeve that is made in "leg o' mutton" style, that is full above and plain below the elbow, is one of the notable favorites of fashion, and is perhaps the most becoming of all models. The one illustrated can be made to the wrists or cut off at either half or three-quarter length, so that it provides for several styles and for occasions of many sorts. The roll over flare cuffs make a feature and are exceedingly becoming. When liked frills of lace can be sewed beneath, but the cuffs are all that are essential. All reasonable materials are appropriate, while the cuffs can be of the material trimmed, of contrasting silk or velvet or of all-over lace as liked.

Each sleeve is made in one piece of womanlike as to find ready acceptance. This one, designed by May Manton, is shown in ivory white crepe messaline with frills of the



material, and is exceedingly charming and attractive; but can be utilized for almost every material of the season. The list of soft and appropriate silk is a long one, and there are also a great many lovely wool and silk and wool fabrics that are equally in vogue. When yoke and long sleeves are added it becomes, of course, a much simpler model and adapted to daytime wear. These last are exceedingly handsome made of lace, but can be of the material trimmed or of embroidery or tuckled taffeta or of almost any contrasting material that may please the fancy.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, which is faced to form the yoke, and on which the full fronts and back are arranged. The bertha is shaped in becoming points and is gathered to form a little rill at the back edge. The short puffs also are mounted over fitted foundations and are finished with shirtings at their lower edges.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and a quarter yards twenty-one, four and a quarter yards twenty-seven or two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide.

**Of Radia Silk.**  
A radia silk, the surface white with shadowy gray dots and circles in the pattern, was made with a shirred skirt, with two box pleats over the shirring in front, and a deep inverted box pleat in the back. Six narrow 'ecks, a wide band of Irish crochet,

are as smart as they can be with every-day and demi-toilette evening dress, and that much is made of the little vest or waistcoat that appears beneath almost every collar, as often as not made of some material that does not coincide with the gown.

**Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, former Viceroy of India, has declined the invitation to contest the seat in Parliament, city of London.**

**The High Collar.**  
It is certain that very high collars