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Of Interest to Women

Learning the Expensive Art of Pouring Tea the Newest Society Fad—To Become Proficient, It is Necessary to Do a Deal of Practising Before a Mirror

The newest society fad, only that it is not a fad at all, is a style of serving tea. Presumably the learner is a miss of no uncertain age, for the pinched skin and bony fingers of the old maid or the chubby hands of the madam could not be trained down or up to artistic shape or formation. In fact, the hands play a very important part in serving tea. A great deal of practice is required in private before a mirror that never tells tales out of school. The little finger of the pouring hand must never touch the handle of the urn, but remain detached and be made to keep up a constant quivering—not as if the teacup girl were at all nervous, but as an innocent and unconscious exhibition of finger gymnastics. While this finger play is going on, the other hand, with fingers extended, hovers above and about the cup not wholly unlike the wings of the turtle dove when trying to make up its mind whether or not it will light upon the near-by cherry tree and nestle among the extended branches all laden with blossoms. But the tea has not left the urn. The eyes of the teapot girl have a range of observation to cover, and yet covering, only seemingly so to give time to the observers to observe the several hypotheses. In concert with the roaming of the eyes the head has its part to play, which it does by apparently conforming to the movements of the eyes, and meanwhile the teacup girl must have a facial expression that indicates so much joy that it is but natural that she should part her lips just enough to show her pearl-like teeth as through a bank of American Beauties all tangled up in half-laughing smiles. Now the tea and the teapot are ready for service. But we give up the job. We are not proficient enough in word-painting and let an expert, an eye-witness and a woman, tell the rest of the story, which runs the way in her own graphic style of telling the truth.

The teacup girl has the most charming hands. The fingers have very pink nails cut in the new fashion. They are short, but the flesh is pushed back to make a very pronounced moon.

This moon requires daily attention, for it speedsily waxes unless cultivated. It should be a half moon and its color must be a silver, never a dull blue. This, I am told, is all a matter of care and of annoying the finger tips at night.

The teacup girl has hands covered with a velvety skin, which must be clear as cream. The brown hand is not fashionable now. The hand must be of that fascinating white which holds the eye, it is a plump, voluptuous hand, the fashionable hand, with wide deep nails trimmed close at the finger tips.

Nearly all great beauties take finger exercises. Lantry for years practiced daily the art of sipping her fingers two by two until she could move them in any group of two a dainty task. The Russian ladies curl the middle finger. French women have a trick of closing the third finger with the others curl around it. These are little mannerisms of the hands, but they are telling when one is gazing at the beauty of the hand.

One Southern girl in New York has learned somewhere the Madrid art of making rose tea. Never have I seen this made except in Madrid.

She wears always at her left side, at over her heart, a big pink rose. This is in full bloom with spreading petals just waiting to be pulled.

At the critical time in the tea making which is after the rock candy has been laid in the cup and the tea has been poured, she touches the rose with her finger tips and pulls off a petal, which she lays upon the rim of the steaming cup. The action is very taking and the delighted man waiting takes his cup and stands and sips it. He is too enthralled to stir more than half a step away.

The tea table must be lower than the one who is pouring tea. Most hostesses sit very high and one woman has an ice cream soda stool such as is used in drug stores, because it gives her height and a chance to be naturally graceful. She looks almost as though she were standing, yet she is not getting tired. The stool is hung with cardinal velvet.

The hat, if a hat is worn, must be tipped toward the light. A very bright glare thrown upon the countenance will make the tea pourer look haggard even though she be a belle. A dark hat tipped lightward takes years off the complexion.

Have your hands charming. Make them so lovely that people will want to squeeze them. Let each finger be a poem. This can be done only by constant care in front of a mirror.

Tea pourers should remember that the figure is plainly on view when one pours tea and that one should be slim in the waist, slender in the hips, and broad in the shoulders—truly directorate—if one is going to make a good appearance.

Rosy Cheeks.

A good brisk walk in the early morning is the best way to bring color to a girl's cheeks. Rosy cheeks are most attractive when the color comes and goes.

Lifting a Load

Perhaps a club is a small thing to fight over, but three clubs—(women's clubs at that)—brought about the misunderstanding between Edith Veitch and Ned Burnham. Ever since Edith had sought to support herself as an illustrator Ned had looked after her, first in a brotherly sort of way and then in a more lover-like manner as the month progressed. It had all ended in a tacit engagement.

Then Edith joined a woman's club and a second and third. It was after the third that Ned felt himself called upon to speak, and fresh in her enthusiasm for clubdom Edith had not only refused to receive him again personally, and Ned had left the little studio, declaring that he would never re-enter it.

He did come again, but not as often as before, and partly to show how little he cared for what he thought and in part to gain some excitement to replace the old, sweet friendship. Edith joined more clubs until she wore as many emblems as there are letters on the chest of a South American general.

"I think clubs are perfectly lovely," she said demurely, when she showed Ned her last badge—the sixteenth—that she had acquired. "I meet such lovely people, and I am developing my intellectual side wonderfully."

"The women's clubs have us beaten in one thing," said Ned reflectively, Edith brightened up at the concession.

"What is that?" she asked innocently.

"Politics," was the brutal answer. "You wait for the December elections. Why, more men don't dare put up one-half the tricks that are worked in women's clubs. They're wonders at electioneering."

"I think you're horrid," said Edith, with a stamp of her pretty foot. "I'd rather be a clubwoman than the domestic drudge of some man."

"That's the trouble with clubs," said Ned blandly. "They give us such advanced ideas. I don't ask you to be a drudge. I just want a wife and only ask that she be at home occasionally."

"No doubt you will find one such," said Edith, unconsciously quoting Mrs. Clara Hemmingway-Brown. "There are many women who still resist the advance of progress and find their highest sphere in the kitchen and the nursery."

"There's only one woman I want," said Ned patiently, "and that's you. When you get tired of your clubs I'll win. In the meantime, wait, both young and we can afford to wait."

Edith's nose went up in the air at the suggestion that matrimony would be her last resort and she drove Ned out of the tiny studio with the announcement that she had to attend a meeting.

The weeks dragged by and as December approached Ned's calls grew more frequent. At last his hour came. "I saw Foster this morning," he announced. "He told me that he had taken that set of drawings of yours."

To his surprise Edith burst into tears and threw herself on the divan.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked solicitously, bending over her. "Did you lose the money?"

"Worse than that," she sobbed. "Stolen!" he asked. "Perhaps the elevator boy."

"I may as well tell you," she exclaimed, sitting up. "I got a check for \$200, but I need more and I don't know where I shall get it, and I did want a new dress."

"But where is the money gone?" he cried. "You can't have run \$200 into debt."

"It's not exactly that; it's—the clubs," she explained, the tears welling into her eyes. "Just look!"

She held toward him a packet of letters and Ned looked them over. On top were 16 notices asking for from \$2 to \$5 annual dues to the various societies. The next 16 were letters soliciting contributions for the purpose of making a presentation to the retiring executive.

"I didn't know about all this," she sobbed. "It was only \$5 here and \$10 there, when I joined, and the dues seemed absurdly low. But lately they've all been talking. I can't send less than \$5 to each presentation committee or the secretary will tell every one how cheap I am. Mrs. Briggs last year sent only \$2 to get a present for Mrs. Hannis, of the Browning club, and they talked about it so much that she resigned."

"Good idea," said Ned thoughtfully, "only why don't you resign before they commence to talk? We'll pay the dues, send back the tickets, ignore the committees and resign from the lot of them."

"But what reason can I give?" asked Edith. "I must give some reason for getting out, or they would think that it was on account of the money."

"You might say that your approaching marriage will prevent your keeping up your clubs."

"But that won't be true," argued Edith.

"Please," said Ned.

It was only a word, but it spoke volumes. Edith hesitated for a moment then planted a kiss on Ned's ear.

"Come help me with the letters," he said. "I want to get this load off my mind."

"I'll look after the loads in the future," said Ned as he followed her to the desk.

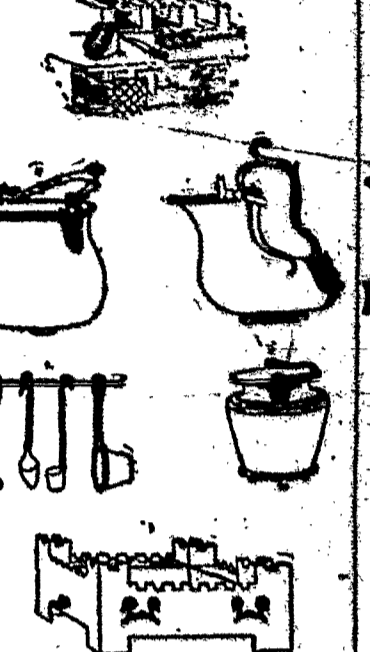
Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

A ROMAN WOMAN'S KITCHEN.

What the Housewives of Ancient Days Cooked With.

No. 1. Kitchen Stove in the house of Pansa, at Pompeii, much like those now used in rural France, Spain and Spanish America; a knife, a strainer, and a kind of frying-pan with four cavities, probably intended to cook eggs. No. 2. Bronze Stock-Pot, to hang over the fire. No. 3. Smaller Stock-Pot of another shape, for boiling. No. 4. Ladles of various forms, for dipping liquors from larger vessels. No. 5. An ancient Brainer. The



side walls are hollow, and intended to contain water; the four turrets are provided with movable lids; at the side is a cock to draw off the water. The center was filled with lighted charcoal. By placing a tripod, or tripod, above it, many processes of cooking, such as boiling, stewing, or frying, were performed.

CONFLICTING RULES FOR INFANCY

Treat the baby as a tropical plant, advises one authority, and do not try to toughen him by taking him out every day. "Thirty-five degrees is not enough for a child under two years. Never take him out when the atmosphere is dark and rainy, and keep him in the sunshine and out of the wind as much as possible. Protect the eyes from the sun always with a dark umbrella.

Take him out every day, says another highly qualified expert. Never mind how hard it rains or blows or snows. Get as quiet a street as you can find; or use a sheltered piazza, if you have it,—but give the baby eight hours of out-door air every day.

Tie a veil over his face, says one. Don't tie a veil over his face, says another.

It is lucky that we do not have to obey every direction that we see.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.



The Spirit of 1909.

Women As Farmers.

In 1870 there were 373,232 women agricultural laborers in this country. In 1900 there were 633,209. Women still do some hard work. But the gain in the number of women agricultural laborers, after all, was only forty-seven per cent.

Compare it with the gain in the number of women "Farmers, Planters and Overseers." In 1870 there were 22,681. In 1900 there were 207,705. It was a gain of 1,256 per cent. In other words, while the women laborers, the "subordinates," failed to double their numbers during the period from 1870 to 1900, the women "Farmers, Planters and Overseers," the persons in authority, doubled their numbers more than six times over.

Cleaning Gloves.

In cleaning gloves in naphtha it is better to immerse them instead of dabbing them with a cloth. Rinse them thoroughly in clean naphtha, hang in the air to dry and they will look quite as well as though they had just come from the cleaners and with less trouble than sending them there.



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