

Of Interest to Women

What the Aeroplane Owe to Miss Catherine Wright—Brothers Experimented According to Their Sister's Calculations—Miss Wright Corresponded with Foreign Officials.

Miss Wright made the calculation and her brothers made the experiments. The three worked together before any demonstration was made before her brothers had tested the machine they were building. Miss Wright knew that it was possible for man to fly. She was the first woman in the world to know it positively. She knew it because she herself had made the calculations. She was willing to stake what little money she had saved from her salary as a school teacher along with the smaller amount her brothers had saved upon the outcome of the device to be made according to her calculations. She staked it and she won.

When the machine was completed and was found to be a success and it became desirable to get in touch with the nations of the world it was Catherine Wright who brought the aeroplane to the attention of the men who would have to be dealt with. The writers which the representatives of foreign governments received were written by this woman in the name of her brothers.

All this time Miss Wright was going down to the classroom. Even though her neighbors did not know she took an interest in the flying machine. They knew that it was a characteristic of the Wrights to be devoted to one another. Her father did not know that this patient school teacher had mastered the intricacies of the air and that she had been in correspondence with governments carrying on the promotion end of the flying machine.

Even after the Wright aeroplane had become famous and her brothers were demonstrating it to the world, Miss Wright continued her occupation of teaching. It was not until Orville Wright met with the accident at Fort Wright which came near costing him his life that she gave up her position and hastened to him. She remained until he was able to travel, took him home nursed him to health and accompanied him on his trip to France.

Her Sad Mistake
The clubwoman closed her book on "Domestic Responsibility and with a tinge of remorse went out on the lawn where her children were at play. Mary," she informed her children's nurse, "I've neglected my young ones for the clubs too much these last few years and I'm going to try and make amends. Now this afternoon I intend to dress one of them with my own hands and take it for an outing in the park."

It was quite late that afternoon when the reformer clubwoman after pushing a grocery containing the youngster she had selected and prepared for its outing about the spacious public park for several hours started toward home. She had hardly come within sight of it when the nurse rushed up gaspingly agitated. "Oh, mamma!"

Helpful Beauty Hints

Some Valuable Information On the Skin—What to Do for Roughness In Hair—Good Points for the Stout Girl—To Develop Arms and Shoulders—To Live in Perfect Health.

Live up stairs if you wish to be in good health. "Up how many flights?" Only one flight of seven steps. I will describe them.

First Step—Eat wheat, oats, corn, fruits, beef and mutton plainly cooked in moderate quantity, and but two meals a day.

Second Step—Exercise freely in the open air.

Third Step—Retire early and rise early.

Fourth Step—Wear flannel next your skin every day of the year, and so dispose your dress that your limbs shall be kept warm. Bathe frequently.

Fifth Step—Live in the sunshine.

Sixth Step—Your bedroom be one which receives a flood of light and spend your days either out in the sunlight or in a room which is well lighted.

Seventh Step—Cultivate a cheerful temper. Seek the society of jolly people. Absolutely refuse to worry, and above all don't be afraid to laugh.

Eighth Step—Live up this flight of stairs. Live there. Sickness cannot crawl up there. Disease prowls about in the basement rarely does it get "up stairs."

Would Like to Get Thin
Will you, please tell me how to get thin? I weigh 139 pounds and am only 16 years old. Please tell me what to eat and what not to eat. Is bathing good? Are oranges and bananas fattening?

What is good for freckles? N. Y.
If you had given me your measurements including your height I would be able to tell you whether or not you should weigh 139 pounds. However, taking it for granted that you should not, I will advise you to diet. Eat little or no white bread, drink no milk or cream, avoid all sweet and starchy foods. Bananas are fat-tening because they contain so much starch but oranges and lemons may be eaten for they have tendency to reduce the weight.

Physical exercise is the best thing to decrease the weight. It quickens the respiration and increases the quantity of oxygen taken into the lungs. Oxygen consumes carbon, which is thus prevented from being converted into fat.

Applications of batterment are very good for removing freckles.

To Develop Arms and Shoulders.
Will you kindly publish some method of fattening the arms and shoulders and also a way to get rid of gooseflesh on the arms?

Is there any way to make the eyes "grow long"? LAURE.
To develop the arms and shoulders, massage them every night with cocoa butter, and exercise in the morning with dumbbells.

I cannot tell you what to do to get rid of gooseflesh for in each case the cause of it may be slightly different and therefore each case may need a different treatment. Sometimes it is caused by the poor condition of the blood and then again by improper circulation. I advise you to consult a physician and have him prescribe. If you will apply vasoline to the edge of the eyelids it will increase the growth of the eyelashes. Be sure that the vasoline is pure so that if any should happen to touch the eye itself no harm will be done.

For Rough Hair.
When there is a roughness in the hair and it falls to grow it should be brushed with a brush having stiff pig bristles, which reach the scalp but do not scratch it. The brushing should be done at night, first applying a few drops of sweet almond oil to the scalp with the tips of the fingers, massaging it well. This massaging is not rubbing, but a sort of pinching process, where the thumbs and finger tips are placed about three inches apart and then brought together at intervals all over the head. Pass the brush with long even strokes clear from the roots to the end of the hair, and give at least 50 light strokes, then pass the palms over the hair from the scalp down. When a shampoo is needed, add a teaspoonful of glycerine to the rinsing water and dry the hair in the wind and sun when possible, and never with the heat.

For Irritated Skin.
Many women are quite unfortunate in the summer in that their skin becomes irritated with the warm weather. There are several soothing applications to reduce the inflammation. One of these is bicarbonate of soda made into a strong solution. A teaspoonful of soda to about half a pint of water is an excellent mixture, and the applications should be used "cold." The wash should be allowed to dry in the skin. Oxide of zinc ointment is both cooling and healing. Warm water and castile soap should be used, with an old piece of soft muslin as a wash cloth. It is often best to dust the face with talcum powder. If the skin is subject to chafing use a great deal of the powder. Cream of tartar water is cooling and it is mixed the same way as the soda.

Distressed.—The electric needle is the only way by which superfluous hair can be permanently removed. There is no danger attached to this treatment.

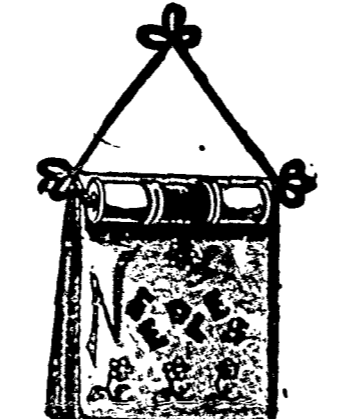
Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

HOLDS NEEDLES AND COTTON.

Useful Little Article That May Be Called Indispensable.

One of those useful little articles which are indispensable to the good housewife, and which would be sure to sell well at bazaars, may be seen in the accompanying illustration. It consists of a book, needle-case, with covers in silk, satin, or brocade, stiffened with cardboard and outlined with silk cord in some contrasting color. The word "Needles" is embroidered on the front, accompanied by convenient



nationalized sprays of marigolds, daisies, or for these any other sort of flowers can be substituted. The name or initials of the owner might be embroidered if the case should be intended as a personal gift.

The loops of cord by which the case can be suspended on the wall serve also to pass through the three coils of cotton which add greatly to the utility of the case. Store cottons and needles are seldom required except in each other's company and it often happens that the needles are not where to be seen, and vice versa. To prevent such a vexatious occurrence the contrivance which is here illustrated should prove most useful.

Ancient Choosing a Wife.

Now comes the great question that is agitating social Washington. Erudite authors and ambitious newspapermen are contributing a symposium on "how to choose a wife." The old and, at ever new story of love and mating is always a popular theme for discussion.

The conclusion was reached in one corner of the press gallery, during a special discussion of this question, that "not one man out of 3,000 who marries actually chooses his wife." He thinks, it is true, that he is courting a girl, while, as a matter of fact, it is she who is courting him. When he thinks he is claiming her for his own, as a matter of fact she is making him a captive for life. Of course, it was admitted, there was a sort of charm in such capacity, even for the most freedom-loving man; still no amount of discussion appeared to bring any real solution of the way a man chooses his wife, or the way a wife chooses a husband. In fact, this complicated question promises to take rank with the old query "How old is Ann?" the true authorship of "Ain't it awful Mabel?" or the unanswerable problem, "Who struck Billy Pater-son?"

It has been suggested that if the government would take a hand in the solution, as it does in Japan, it might be possible to marry the right woman to the right man—train up a lady, fit her in every way for wifehood, then shoot her home with a dispatch authorizing her to marry some distinguished man, much in the same way that these affairs were managed, or mismanaged in the days of the grand old Spartans.—Joe Mitchell Chaplin, in the National Magazine for July.

Short-Sighted Mothers.

The housekeeper who has to manage carefully should set herself to learn this much of wisdom; to entrust to others the duties that they can perform, in order that she may exercise her greater skill upon others that they cannot accomplish.

Every one knows mothers—and very good mothers too—who seem to feel a kind of pride in bearing their own burdens and denying to others the discipline of taking a share of them.

Such are the women who boast that they never ask their husbands to fetch a book or carry a portmanteau; never trouble their children with little home duties, but bring them up to be free of any burden or knowledge of housework.

There is no credit due to a woman for this kind of independence. She is denying her family the opportunity for taking lessons in service and in practical housewifery.

Let not the mother say to herself, "I can do this better than they can," referring to her daughters; or "Let the girls have all their time to themselves, their day for work will come." For if the daughters never learn, when "their day" comes, there will be ever so many mistakes made in housewifery, and how will their husbands like that?

When a lampwick is too large for the burner, it catches, will not turn up readily and is a trial to one's patience. Instead of buying a new wick or cutting it down the side to make more trouble by raveling, try this way. Draw two or three threads from the middle of the wick and it will act like a charm.

Their Engagement

They were under the apple trees at the farther end of the garden, Molly in the hammock and Jack in a lounging chair near her. Molly gazed at him dejectedly, a mist of tears in her eyes. Her red lips quivered. "I have done all I can, Jack, but he is so persistent."

"Well," she stammered, "it amounted to the same thing. He told me he should not give up until I told him I was promised to someone else. That," despairingly, "is the only thing that would keep him away."

"Then," said Jack, still calmly, without so much as the quiver of an eyelash, "you must become engaged, of course."

"Engaged! To whom?" she exclaimed. "Why, to me," a slight accent of surprise in his voice. She looked at him doubtfully for a moment and then said, anxiously, "It wouldn't be too much trouble to you, would it, Jack, just for a few weeks?" "No trouble at all," airily, "glad to help you out, little girl."

He leaned forward slightly as the front gate creaked, then moved to her side and quickly slipped a diamond ring from his little finger and placed it upon the third finger of her left hand. "It was my mother's," he knew, he whispered. Down the path came a tall, earnest-looking young man whose dark eyes lighted up as he saw the girl in the hammock. He made friendly greeting to the man beside her and then said, "Come with me for a spin Molly. My car is in fine condition this afternoon." Molly flushed and looked quickly at Jack, who with a broad smile, turned to the other man. "Jim," said he, "I have designs on Molly's afternoon and in fact on all her afternoons hereafter. You should feel flattered, Jim, that our first announcement is to you." For the space of half a minute Jim remained motionless, a grayish pallor settling upon his face, then with an effort he said quietly, "My sincere congratulations, Jack and Molly, dear," he could not restrain the tender note in his voice. "I wish you every happiness." He turned on his heel and left them.

The two who were left looked at each other with strange emotions. They had grown up together, the properties of their parents adjoining, and each being the only child. They had always been like brother and sister, one ready to help the other out of any little difficulty, and never a word of sentiment between them.

With a little catch in his voice, Jack murmured, "Poor old chap... Molly was weeping softly, but there was a look of relief on her face. He sat down in the hammock beside her and placed his arms around her. "Don't cry honey," he said, "he won't bother you any more now." "I know, Jack, but I can't help feeling sorry for him, although truly it was his own fault. He fixes his mind upon one, object and never gives up until he is thoroughly convinced his pursuit is hopeless."

"Well," said Jack, slowly, "I don't know that that is a very great fault." She glanced up at him quickly, and something in his look made her exclaim, "Jack, don't you dare to kiss me." "What's the harm? We're engaged, you know. But of course if you object," trying to speak indifferently.

The next two weeks were heavenly ones for both Molly and Jack. She was relieved of all persistent suitors by the announcement of her engagement and he was also relieved by their absence from Molly's side. He could not remember when he had had her so entirely to himself.

One evening when they were occupying their old place under the apple trees, Jack suddenly remarked that Jim Witherby had gone abroad. There was silence for a moment and then Molly said in a strained voice, "Then, Jack, our pretence can end now. Here is your ring. It will not be hard to explain to our friends that we have changed our minds." In an instant he was beside her. "Molly, Molly," he said, unsteadily, "I cannot give you up. I love you, dear, with all my heart, I have always loved you, and during these past weeks I have hoped you would learn to love me in the way I wish. You cannot know what I have gone through each time a new candidate has presented himself to your affections, nor what a blissful relief has followed when I knew you were not intending to bestow them. To tell the truth, Jim worried me more than any of the others, for he is more worthy of you than anyone else I know, poor old chap. Molly," pleadingly, "tell me what I want to know, dear. Besides, how pleased your mother and my father have been 'his part tonight. We must not disappoint them, Molly."

Despite his attempt at calmness there was an undertone of anxiety in his voice which he could not conceal. The girl had listened intently. Finally she murmured, so low he could scarce hear the words, "No, we must not disappoint them. And, Jack," hesitatingly, "if you truly love me you may kiss me." He took advantage at once of the permission. Ten minutes later she might have been heard to murmur, "I always felt it was you I was waiting for, Jack," and after a very audible punctuation his reply came, "I will do my best to make up for lost time." LOUISE BROWN.

Still Under the Spell.
Youngwed—I want accommodations for my wife.
Hotel Clerk—Quite?
Youngwed—You, bet your life she is—Boston Transcript.

GROCERIES



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