

Woman's World

Ellen Terry to "Discourse" on Shakespeare This Fall.



ELLEN TERRY AND MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

It is at her farm in Small Hythe, Kent, England, that Miss Terry is preparing for her American tour beginning the last day of October. Here she potters about in her garden among her animals and with her guests, seeming to bring pet as well as friends under the spell of her magnetism, for to be with Ellen Terry means to mean to see with her eyes and to make the love of Shakespeare on the one hand and the simple life on the other the two most gorgeously attractive things on earth.

Miss Terry finds it hard to resist pretty country cottages and has a habit of buying them when they strike her fancy. In all she has seven at present. She keeps on buying more all the time, so that generally there are two or three charming Terry cottages to visit as parts of England for sale, as in fact, there are at the present moment. But Small Hythe is her favorite, and it is there that she will complete the discourses which she is preparing for America. She calls them "discourses" because she objects to the reports that she is going to lecture.

"I am going over to talk to my friends there," she said "not to lecture them, and it is going to be about Shakespeare. Can you see me standing solemnly, all dressed in black with a high stiff collar and very smooth hair, delivering an eulogy or perhaps a learned exposition about some one who doesn't need any eulogies from anybody? I can't even imagine it."

"I suppose," she continued, "you want to know about my plans and that is just what I don't want to talk about. I don't think it is going to be a splendid time talking to my friends all by myself and that it is going to be about Shakespeare? I am not going to lecture at all. I am going to give little discourses about Shakespeare's plays, because I love them better than anything else, and I would like everybody to love them as I do. My method will be to go from grave to gay, from lively to severe, to interest my hearers and show them little side lights which seem to have escaped the notice of many. You see, it hasn't been their business to look out for these little points, whereas it has been mine."

"I shall not speak of any one here, but many—Rosalind, Volunna and Imogen and others whom I specially love—and I shall give little scenes to illustrate my points. Shakespeare's genius is so many-sided that I can't possibly attempt to interpret it by a prosy paper on one heroine. And even if I did it wouldn't be Shakespeare. It would be such a small piece of him that it couldn't be representative."

"Do you mean that you will act some of the parts?"
"Lots of them, whole scenes. I couldn't give my interpretation without it. And I shall dress up, possibly in Elizabethan costume. But I don't think I shall change during the discourse. That might seem just a little too much like a circus, and, besides, I cannot feel that it would be artistic. And if my little discourses were not artistic it would fall on most of its points."

"Will you not have more than one subject?"
"There will be two anyway, perhaps three or even more. To some audiences I shall speak of Shakespeare's women, to some of the letters in Shakespeare's plays and to others of how Shakespeare knew everything in the world before anybody was ever born or thought of—Shakespeare the Prophet."

Mrs. Philip Snowden is another charming Englishwoman who will again lecture in America this fall.

A Useful Duster.
A useful duster may be made from a bag of outing flannel with a ruffe at the bottom and a drawstring at the top to fit over an old broom. It is excellent for dusting, walls and ceiling.

Played Them Both Ways.
The French comedian Perlet was extraordinarily thin. A physician recommended him to try some bath in the Pyrenees, so he betook himself to the mineral springs, where he bathed on remittingly, but all in vain; he did not increase in size. "Patience," urged the doctor. "There is nothing like our baths for making people fat." One day while Perlet was waiting philosophically in his bath for an embonpoint which never came he heard a conversation in the next room, from which his own was divided by only a thin partition and which was occupied by an enormous woman, fat as the Hottentot Venus. "Doctor," said she, "I am getting tired of this." "Why?" asked the Aesculapius. "I have been here two months." "Well," "Well, I am as enormous as I was when I came." "A little patience, madame." "There is nothing for making people thin," Perlet, hearing these words, sprang out of his bath, dressed, rushed home to his hotel, ordered his bill and left for Paris by the next train.—Argonaut.

A Simple Life.
"And what?" inquired the visitor, who was "being nice" to little Bobbie, "are you going to do when you grow up?"
"Be a business man," responded Robert, "like father. He took me down to his office last week, and I'm going to work like him and have a good time."
"And what are you going to do in business?" pursued the visitor.
"Going to do just like dad," repeated the youngster, "catch the train every morning and when I get to the office light a big cigar and sit down at my desk and say there's so much work to do I'll do no beginning till after lunch, and then go out with another big man and eat and eat till I can't eat any more, and then go back to business and ask everybody else why the work ain't done, and then get so mad because nobody does anything that I'll go home early and be so tired I can't do a thing except read the paper and smoke some big cigars and swear."—Pearson's.

Fierista's Jargon.
The florists have a trade jargon of their own. When a man who grows flowers for a living rattles off something like "paper whites, valleys and Romans" the confused layman has to stop to think what the jumble of words means. It is only the trade way of saying paper white narcissus, lily of the valley and Roman hyacinth. Likewise "mum" is their word for chrysanthemum and time and space are likewise saved by saying "cyp" instead of cypripedium. So Bridesmaid roses are "mums," American Beauties are "beauties," Perle du Jardin becomes "perle" and is pronounced pearl, while Souvenir du President Carnot is reduced to its last word, just as those other illustrious French rose names, General Jacquemont and Marechal Niel, were shortened to "Jack" and "Niel" in the heyday of their glory.—New York Press.

A Locomotive's Breathing.
The "breathing" of a locomotive—that is to say, the number of puffs given during a journey—depends upon the circumstances of its driving wheels and their speed. No matter what the rate of speed may be for every one round of the driving wheels a locomotive will give four puffs—two out of each cylinder, the cylinders being double. If the average circumference of the driving wheel is twenty feet and the speed per hour fifty miles, a locomotive will give, going at express speed, 500 puffs per minute, 2,500 puffs per hour and 1,050 puffs per mile.—London Standard.

Suitable Game.
Uncle Jack came to visit the family just after Johnny had recovered from an attack of the whooping cough.
"How did you amuse yourself while you had it?" he asked.
"Me and another boy who had it played Indians and gave warwhoops," answered the little fellow.—Chicago News.

Plenty In Reserve.
A man who had been fighting for two black eyes. Next morning he met a friend, who exclaimed:
"Why, Jack, where have you been? You've got two black eyes!"
"That's nothing," he replied. "I could have got plenty more, only I had no place to put them."

Pleasant.
Strange Guest—I don't know half the people in the room. Just look at that woman over there—the cross eyed, red headed one. And some one told me she was married. Don't you think the fellow was a fool? Other Guest (merrily)—I know he was. I'm him.—Baltimore America.

Talked Too Much.
Wife (reproachfully)—You forget how you once breathed your love in my ear and promised that my every wish should be gratified. Huh—No, I don't, but I wish now I'd followed the hygienic rule of keeping my mouth shut while breathing.—Boston Transcript.

Billiards.
"Have you heard the billiard conundrum? Well, here it is:
"What made the red ball bluish?"
"Why, when it saw the two whites kias in the corner."

Consistency.
Murphy—Do you consider engagements binding? Millicent—Certainly. If she didn't there would be no fun in breaking them.—Illustrated Era.



Milady's Mirror

Careful inspection of the back of the head after the hair is dressed would result in a woman becoming coiffured. Certainly a woman would learn that unless the contour is suggested or regarded proportionately in the way false braids are pinned on she cannot look attractive. The present turban to fashion is trying enough at best, making women look many years older than they are. But when it is put on without careful placing of puffs and switches it becomes grotesque.

A Dummy Beauty.
Oh, had some power the gifts give us To see ourselves as others see us!
There is a clever beauty specialist who gives her clients this long desired gift. She has a dummy made exactly like the figure of each client, showing with cruel plainness the rounded shoulders, the thickened waist line, the heavy hips and clumsy limbs. Then she has another dummy showing the woman as she ought to be. The contrast is always instructive, and the desire for improvement is increased. A course of corrective gymnastics, regular exercise in the open air and careful dieting follow. Each day comparisons are made, and as she grows to be less like her old self, and more like the perfect figure the enthusiasm of the patient grows. When at last she is all beauty and symmetry she is not allowed to throw away the ugly "dummy," but must keep it as an awful warning of "what has been and what may be again."

The Clothesbrush.
Often on milady's dressing table the clothesbrush, with its plain wooden handle (for the silver backed brushes always have bristles entirely too soft), is the only unattractive object. One way of bringing it into harmony with its surroundings is to cover the back with brocade or broche silk.

First sandpaper the wood, so that it will take mucilage better, and then paste the silk, which has been cut out to the exact shade and size, on to the brush back, applying the glue only at the edges, so as to insure smoothness. This rough edge should be fastened and finished off by a border of gimp of metal galloon.

Flowered silk or a color to match the other toilet belongings is best. The brush thus treated makes an attractive gift and one that will be appreciated by the dainty woman.

Hempseed Perfume.
The French extract the perfume of roses by means of grease, and an adaptation of their method would form an interesting little experiment that could be made at home. Get a shallow wooden box, fairly tight, with a wheel of glass to fit it. In the box upon a dish lay a thick layer of rose leaves. Cover the inside of the sheet of glass with a thin layer of vaseline. Place over the box and let it stand for twenty-four hours. In that time the vaseline will have absorbed the perfume of the rose leaves. Throw away the leaves and put in a fresh layer and let it stand for twenty-four hours again. Allow three separate layers of leaves to one layer of vaseline. Scrape off the vaseline, put it in a jar and pour alcohol over it. Just as the vaseline has absorbed the roses' perfume so the spirit will capture it from the vaseline.

The Latest Beauty Tip.
One of the very latest fads in the beauty making line, a bath of salt sand, has been adapted from the French. The sand is rubbed and scrubbed over the one who would retain her youthful looks by her maid, if she has not the strength or inclination to do it herself. The bath is taken on a rubber sheet on the bathroom floor, and the sand, which must first be heated, is rubbed in in handfuls. After the rubbing the patient, if she may be so called, rolls from side to side in the sand for the good of her hips. Next the sand is blown over her with a huge spray puff, cream is rubbed in, she is massaged and finally left to sleep. It is said that this treatment makes rosy cheeks and builds up the hair and improves weight.

Friend His Own Bubble.
This story found in Rev. Dr. Henry H. Joseph's book, "Fifty Years in Syria," seems to indicate that religious vagaries are as short lived in the east as elsewhere. A friend of Dr. Joseph, visiting Jerusalem, met a queer looking solitary stranger pacing the streets of the city, accented him, and after the usual greetings remarked:
"You are an American, I infer?"
"Yes, I am," replied the queer looking man.
"And what are you doing here, if I may ask?"
"Ah, yes, I'm glad you asked. You see, I've come to preach the new doctrine, that there is to be no more death, if men will only accept it, we'll abolish death, and there'll be no more dying, nor graves, nor coffins, nor funerals. We shall just live right on!"
"But," said Dr. Joseph's friend, "supposing you should sicken and die, what then?"
"Oh," said the man, "that would bust the whole thing!"
And it did. The poor delirious apostle died a few months later, and with him his "new doctrine."

Couldn't Think of It.
The handsome young plumber laid aside a piece of lead pipe and, approaching the beautiful kitchen maid, said:
"You look a awful good to me."
"Go on, quit your kiddin'," she replied.
"But I mean what I say."
"I ain't got any time to listen to you now. Can't you see I'm busy?"
"Yes, but what's the use workin' when a fellow wants to make love to you? Say, if I make this job last so I can come back tomorrow, will you have your work out of the way so we can talk things over? You're the purest girl I ever seen."
"If you think you can make a fool of me by such silly talk, you're mistaken."
"But I mean every word I say. I want you to try to learn to love me."
"If you want to make love to me, come around this evening. I'll be here."
"What! On my own time? What kind of a chump do you think I am?"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Smart Chiffon Wraps.
The girl who wants a chiffon cloth wrap, but has not the price, can make one for herself. The simplest wrap of this sort is made with a long square at the back falling well below the hips with straight ends in front. All edges are finished with trimmings. For greater elaboration a two inch border in silk

Getting an Autograph.
A Munich boy of fourteen, who had seen and admired many of Rudolf von Seitz's paintings, was anxious to secure the painter's autograph, but did not know how to go about it. After much thought he wrote a letter, stating that he had sent a case of wine to the professor's address, and wanted to know whether it had been received. Thinking the matter of sufficient importance the painter did not write, but called at the address given, met the boy's mother, and the fraud soon became apparent. The boy was thoroughly scolded, and next day received this autograph note:
It often happens here on earth That little rogues to great ones grow. Some autographs for which you're trying Can be procured without much rying.

Queer Looking Worms.
New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and the Solomon Islands, as well as portions of the Hawaiian group are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies and with a well-defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of that of the monkey. In the Sandwich Islands they are called "meta-lu-ki," which means "creeper with a child's head." An old New Zealand legend says that at one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the islands.

Irish Wit.
Swift scoffed at Irish wit in some biting lines. Nevertheless Irish wit is one of the most precious things. One soon has a surfeit of the professional funny man in England, the pawky Scot, the American humorist. The Irish peasant never disappoints, and with him it is all so naive and natural.
—London Saturday Review.

Goodness and Greatness.
Goodness comes from within—from feelings, thoughts and desires resulting in actions. Greatness is the consequence of bold actions, great energy, ambition, enterprise and perseverance.

Impressed Man.
"You will never be able to make her believe that he is a liar."
"I wonder why?"
"I believe that he once told her she was beautiful."—Houston Post.

Backlog.
Borrowly—The scheme would be a howling success if I could secure the proper backing, and—Grimshaw—The only backing I am doing this year is out.—Puck.

Integrity of Life is Fame's best friend.
—The Webster.

YOU'LL LIKE IT!



Watermelon Cream & Dressing.
Cut a ripe and chilled watermelon in halves crosswise the melon, says the Boston Cooking School Magazine. Use a tea, soup or tablespoon, as is desired. Press the bowl of the spoon to its full height down into the melon, turn it around until it comes again to the starting place, lift out the cone of melon, remove the seeds in sight and dispose on a serving dish. When all the cones possible have been cut from the surface of the half melon cut off a slice of rind that extends to the tip of the cone, then remove the red portion of the melon in cones as before. Serve ice cold.

A Bernhardti Trick.
Miss Sarah Bernhardti, who is supposed to be something of an artist as well as an actress, was recently called upon in one of her marvelous creations to enact the role of a sculptor and to model a certain bust in view of the audience.
This fairly electrified the critics, but when going into the studio over the technical skill in handling the clay which Miss Bernhardti exhibited they showed that they knew little of the artistic tricks of actors and actresses. As a matter of fact, she does nothing of the kind. The bust is modeled on a baked, and over it is placed a damask cloth of the same color. This the actress merely pulls off, leaving the beautifully modeled head underneath.

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Keeps Books.
A man named Keats, it is said, has written more than 100,000 lines of poetry. He is now in the hospital at the age of 40, and his health is failing. He has written more than 100,000 lines of poetry, and his health is failing.

Counting the Centuries.
The history of the life of some of our great men has been written in such a way that the reader can see the progress of the human mind. The history of the life of some of our great men has been written in such a way that the reader can see the progress of the human mind.

The Presidential Salute.
One explanation of the reason for adopting the Presidential salute is that the salute is a universal one. It is a salute that is given to the President of the United States, and it is a salute that is given to the President of the United States.

Underground Heels.
An extraordinary heel is now being worn by the women of Paris. It is a heel that is made of a material that is called "underground heels," and it is a heel that is made of a material that is called "underground heels."

Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn."
A girl who was a student in Mark Twain's school was very fond of his books. She was very fond of his books, and she was very fond of his books. She was very fond of his books, and she was very fond of his books.

Did you ever see a man like that?
"Did you ever see a man like that?" "No, I never saw a man like that." "Did you ever see a man like that?" "No, I never saw a man like that."

Wonders of Nature.
The wonders of nature are many and varied. There are many wonders of nature, and there are many wonders of nature. There are many wonders of nature, and there are many wonders of nature.

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