

Woman's World

Vivian Gould Said to Be Engaged to Baron Decies.



MISS VIVIAN GOULD

The engagement of Miss Vivian Gould, second daughter of George J. Gould, and Baron Decies of England, probably will be announced this winter.

Vivian Gould is to make her debut this winter. She is about half the Baron's age.

The engagement was announced at the breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Baron Decies is a noted cyclist and polo player.

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Good Form

THE QUEEREST EVER.

A Muff That You'd Probably Not Recognize if You Met It.



THE LATEST FURRY MUFF

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Cooking Points



When soaking beans overnight for baking some housewives add a tiny pinch of soda to the water they soak in.

A fish salad is often sprinkled with capers.

As a "special" for a children's Sunday night supper sweeten some plain bread dough, sprinkle with currants and bake like ordinary bread.

When black ants infest a country kitchen use plenty of borax and there will be an end to the trouble.

The reason why borax sometimes fails is because enough of it is not used.

Every crack and crevice in the boarding should be filled with the borax. Before using all shelves and boarding should be scrubbed with boiling water and allowed to dry.

Jelly Roll, "Three and One."

Three eggs, one cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of baking powder, six cups of flour, three tablespoonsful of water, pinch of salt.

Beat the eggs thoroughly, add sugar slowly, beating thoroughly all the time. Add the water and beat again.

Put the dry ingredients together twice and add flour all to gether several minutes.

Put in a bag shallow, dripping pan and bake on a quick oven.

Remove from the oven and immediately cover with the steamed jam, without removing from the pan.

Roll the length of the cake, pressing into shape with the hands.

Any kind of jam may be used instead of the jam.

Tapioca Pudding For Three.

Three tablespoons tapioca, one cup of milk, a pinch of salt, one egg beaten with three tablespoons of granulated sugar.

When the tapioca is cooked put in the milk, let cook for a minute or two, then put the tapioca into three sauce dishes.

Put the egg and sugar into a saucepan with three tablespoons of granulated sugar, put into hot water and brown, sprinkle with shredded coconut and then sprinkle again, quite thickly with granulated sugar.

On the Cook's Busy Day.

It is a good plan when one expects to do considerable baking or cooking to take the spice and flour out of the pantry and set them in a row on the table.

There is no one better than a woman in doing so and, if any of the necessary materials are missing, one can order them before beginning operations.

This is an especially good idea when an early breakfast is being planned.

All the materials to go into the muffins or johnny-cake can be placed together on the table the night before ready to be mixed together in a minute's time.

Smelts With Potatoes.

Smelts are never more tasty or attractive as a luncheon or dinner dish than served in rugs around a mound of potatoes.

The fish are served on the accompaniment of tartar sauce in lemon cups.

After boiling skewer the head and tail of each together with a wooden toothpick, roll them in milk and cracker crumbs and fry.

Remove the toothpicks and arrange the fish around the potato. For the sauce mix minced pickle and olives with thick ketchup.

For the Children

Wild Beasts and Birds Trained to the Saddle.



How would some of our young friends like to ride on the back of an ostrich or perhaps a wild boar?

Most boys and girls would prefer the ostrich, not doubt because of its fleetness, but it is unlikely that they will have a chance on either.

In England, however, there is a number of wild animals who have taught ostriches, zebras, camels, wild boars and other creatures to carry riders on their backs.

His name is Wingfield, and he lives in the town of Amplefield. He is a professional and trains wild animals for circuses and menageries.

and so well does he have them under control that he frequently appears in the streets of the town mounted on one of his queer steeds.

The beasts are thoroughly trained to the saddle, of course, before Mr. Wingfield or his assistants venture to appear on the public streets.

Games of Warning.

One of the players, having been chosen "warner," takes his stand at the place marked off as "home," the rest remaining at a little distance from it.

The warner then calls "Warning!" three times and sallies forth with his hands clasped in front of him.

In his position he must try to touch one of the other players, who strive to make him unclasp them by pulling his arms, drawing temptingly near, etc.

If they succeed in making him loose his clasp or if he does so by inadvertence he must run home as fast as possible.

If he is caught before reaching his place as warner he must go out in the field and the one who touched him becomes warner.

If he succeeds in touching any one without unclasping his hands the captive becomes his ally, and they both run home as fast as they can.

Once home they are safe, and they then start out hand in hand, after calling the three warnings, and try to capture another without losing their hold.

Every captured player is added to their ranks, but every one who is taken home first before he is admitted to a share in the fight.

The line of warners thus increasing, the difficulty of evading capture grows greater at every accession to their ranks.

but it is also a source of weakness, being unwieldy, and if the hands do not hold to each other tightly a player at large may break through at any weak point in the line and escape capture.

The field of play must be within rather narrow limits, for the only chance of the pursuing party to make captures is to pen or corner the fugitives.

The last player to escape being taken becomes the next warner.

It Got Away.

It was a big fish, but it got away. Perhaps it would be better to say that the fishermen got away.

The fish was a shark, thirty feet long, and it almost pulled the fishing schooner Albert Willard on a dangerous shoal.

HER GRASS GREEN DOG.

The Newest Pet of the Modish Woman.



Fashionable women who have lately returned from abroad are appearing in public carrying a grass green wooden dog with tall rampant.

The arrogant pug and bearded poodle, the peddler dog "Pom" and that bared bull, until now the companions of woman's walks and drives, must hang diminished heads.

A pup whose form betrays no racial peculiarities—whose ancestors are a hopeless blur of misalliances— is a most coveted pet.

A new note carried out of unresponsive wood has come to be "mamma's darling," to be hugged and dandled till his painted skin wears off and makes mamma's coat look like Irish skin.

The green dog, like the professor in the world of pets, is an importation. He has traveled to America in so many trunks of the returning society belle that the customs inspectors are getting used to him.

The green dog thus far has succeeded in defying the tariff. He is a native of Brussels, where he adorns the ill-fated exposition. In the old town tavern, known for its smoking, he is often seen.

His eyes, like that of the green dog, are found with the public smaller sizes were made and sold by the thousands.

Women of Europe adopted them as the plaything of the moment. Now on all incoming steamers the green dog is a legalized stowaway amid glittering gowns and Parisian fashions.

Clerical Shapes in Millinery.

Many of the smartest millinery novelties are borrowed from clerical head coverings.

One of the hats is, in outline, the hats worn by cardinals in the Roman Catholic church. No

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He was near George's bank, off the New England shore, when the shark came alongside.

Captain Frank Dougherty ordered his men to throw harpoons into the shark's back, and they did so. They threw five harpoons, and an inch plect, and all held fast.

The shark started off at a great rate, dragging the heavy schooner at the ends of his harpoon lines as if it were a toy boat.

After a two hour's fight with the "lawyer" the schooner was in danger of being drawn on a shoal, and so the lines were cut and the shark allowed to go.

Christmas Eve.

Little snowflake children Sleeping on the trees.

Hear, Mother Wind croons softly And rocks them to the drowsy.

The baby stars grow drowsy, Their eyes go blink-a-blink.

'Tis time two little peepers Were drowsy, too, I think.

Better let the sandman Sprinkle them with sand.

Butter jump into his boat And sail to slumber land.

For Kris himself is waiting 'Till little peepers close.

And see whether comes-up-on the roost For poor old Kris' tea.

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