

# Woman's World

Mrs. W. E. Corey Entertains on Lawn Artificially Cooled by Ice.



Photo by American Press Association. Mrs. W. E. Corey

The princely hospitality of the Wilham Ellis Corey is the wonder of Paris, where people seldom wonder at anything.

Since she married the steel king, Mr. Corey, the former prima donna, Miss Mabelle Gilman, has developed into a great social leader in Paris where her entertainments are attended by royalty. Recently she gave a grand feté at her Chateau de Ville Geneve, formerly the home of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia. In order to make her guests comfortable she had the lawn artificially cooled by ice. Among those present were the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, on his way to the coronation, the crown prince of Greece and Grand Duke George of Leuchtenberg. The Grand Duke Boris so far unbent his dignity as to give some specimens of Russian fancy dancing. Mrs. Corey also danced since they have lived in Paris the Coreys have given a series of these magnificent and costly entertainments which surpass anything ever seen in that city.

## LOVE'S DEBT.

Some Things a Good Daughter Owe to Her Mother.

What does a girl owe her mother? To manifest an interest in whatever affects or amuses her.

To seek the mother's comfort and pleasure in all things before one's own.

Not to forget, though she may be old and wrinkled, she still loves pretty things.

To make her simple gifts, and be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To remember she is still a girl at heart, so far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To lift the many burdens from shoulders that have grown stooped, perhaps, in waiting upon her girls and in working for them.

Never by word or deed to signify that the daughter's word and hand differ or that one feels the mother is out of date.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them in an unobtrusive way.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities and infirmities, which, after all, may be the result of a life of care and toil.

To defer to her opinions, even if they do seem antiquated, and not obstinately to possess the wisdom of one's college education.

To do one's best in keeping the mother youthful in appearance as well as in spirit, by evening her costume and the little details of her toilet.

Not to shock her by turning into ridicule her religious prejudices if they happen to be at variance with one's own advanced views.

To introduce to her one's friends and select her sympathies in one's projects, hopes and plans.

## BUNGALOW BOOKSHELF.

A Convenience for the Summer Camp or Cottage.

A bookshelf of this sort, which may be purchased at any department store, is of great convenience for the bachelor, son or for the man who goes camping during the summer. It is equally satisfactory to the housekeeper who is spending a few weeks or months in some scantily furnished room or cottage at the seashore or mountains.

The shelf may be used as a table, a washstand, a book rack, a book case, a medicine case. The ends of the lower shelves will just hold a tobacco jar, and the rack underneath may be used for pipes. As these shelves may be taken apart, and packed into a small space they may be easily carried in a trunk, and so are available in cases where it is not convenient to take much luggage with one.

Scarlet Sage. A splendid plant for summer bedding, which thrives in the full sun in heavy soil, or in shaded places. Plants may be obtained from florists and can be set out now. Plant them in masses or in borders. If the latter there should be a dark background to bring out the full splendor of the scarlet blossoms. The flowers are of a most brilliant red and the foliage of a light green. There are several named varieties which may be procured. The best grow to a height of a foot and a half to two feet at the time of flowering.

# Milady's Mirror

**Whitening the Skin.**  
There is nothing better than lemon juice for whitening the skin and making it smooth and soft, but it must never be applied undiluted. It is much too strong.

The best lotion to mix with it when it is to be used on the face is rose water. To three parts of rosewater add one part of lemon juice and with a soft linen rag dab this all over the face. Then rub it gently into the skin until all the moisture is absorbed.

To obtain the effect you desire you should wash your face thoroughly in tepid water in the morning and then apply some of the lemon juice and rosewater lotion instead of using soap and water for cleansing during the day. Just wipe your face over with the lotion, which you will find quite effectual in removing all the dust.

At night, before retiring, wash your face thoroughly in hot water which has been softened with toilet oatmeal (or ordinary oatmeal tied up in a muslin bag, dry well and then apply some cold cream. Leave this on your skin for five or ten minutes, then wipe it off gently with a soft rag.

**Care of the Lips.**  
Sometimes girls with good lips spoil their beauty by careless little habits of which they are unaware and no one has been kind enough to tell them. A faulty closure of the mouth will alter the entire expression. It gives a look of heavy vacancy and stupidity and is often due to improper breathing. Biting or gnawing the lips or constantly moistening them with the tongue is a bad habit, due sometimes to excessive nervousness, but often to a desire to make the mouth bright red. Such treatment not only makes the lips thick and colorless, but the delicate muscles become distorted and twisted, or a protruding mouth is the result. A few minutes' study before the mirror will show just how to hold the lips in order to preserve their delicate curves.

**Unwise Neglect.**  
The girl who tans or freckles easily must never neglect her complexion for a single day in summer. Summer freckles are not so bad as the permanent variety, but both can and should be avoided.

It is advisable to go collarless in summer both to give the throat a little freedom from restraint and also to allow the neck to tan, so that the dreadful line between sunburn and white skin is safely avoided.

The present pretty fashion of collarless frocks is a boon to the girl who wishes to develop a well rounded throat. Linen collars will line the neck. Any tight or stiff collar will spell the contour unless constant massage with a soothing cream is persisted in.

**Puffy Eyes.**  
Puffiness under the eyes is usually caused by late hours or eye strain. Apply the following eye wash to the eyes twice a day. Ten grains borax, one ounce camphor water—not spirits of camphor. An outward application to the skin beneath the eyes will also assist in removing the puffiness. To this mix together twenty grains of tannic acid with one ounce of pure glycerin and paint the skin beneath the lower lid, using a fine camel's hair brush. Accompany this treatment with a course of gentle massage to the skin around the eyes and in a short time all traces of the trouble will have disappeared.

**Care of the Feet.**  
A thing that is most important in care of the feet while traveling is the daily and even twice daily change of stockings. Guides who conduct tramp-like expeditions through the woods insist that each tramping shall carry several pairs of fresh stockings, and when a stop is made beside a stream the feet are bathed in the cool water and the stockings changed. It is said that in this way one may walk many more miles.

**Lavender Water.**  
To make lavender water purchase the dried flowers and also a few drops of the essential oil. Steep the flowers in alcohol, keeping the bottle closely sealed. In a few weeks pour off the liquid and add more alcohol. The same flowers will make double the quantity. A little essential oil should be added. It is not expensive and makes the water exquisitely fragrant.

**For the Eyelashes.**  
To increase the growth of the eyelashes, making them long and thick, use the following lotion: Sulphate of quinine, five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce. Mix well. Apply to the extreme edge of the eyelids, using a very fine camel's hair brush and taking care not to get the oil into the eyes.

**Eye-brow Tonic.**  
Formula for an eyebrow tonic: One ounce of vaseline, one-half dram tincture of cantharides and eight drops each of oils of lavender and rosemary. After washing the face smooth the eyebrows carefully with an eyebrow brush upon which a drop of the tonic has been placed.

## FOR YOUTHFUL BELLES.

Charming Plaited Frock of Blue and White Percale.



OVEL'S PERCALE DRESS

This charming dress for a little girl is of blue percale piped with a plain band of blue. The blouse closes in the front at the left and is adorned with a double row of very tiny buttons. The neck is finished with a round collar of the material piped in a double line. The elbow sleeves have turned back cuffs. The plaited skirt and blouse are in separate pieces, the former being finished with a neatly piped belt.

## FRIEND OF AMERICANS.

Crown Princess of Roumania, Who Enjoys Meeting Them.

Crown Princess Marie of Roumania, daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is the friend of Americans. Recently society leaders in Bucharest let it be known that the American women in the Roumanian capital need not expect social recognition.

About this time invitations were sent out for a social at which it was expected Princess Marie herself was to be a guest of honor. According to custom, the names of the proposed guests



Photo by American Press Association. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.

to the function were submitted to the royal lady. She scanned the list and they remarked:

"I see the names of so-and-so are not here."

"They are Americans, your royal highness," was the reply.

"They are distinguished guests in our capital. If their names are not included in this list of guests I shall not attend the reception," declared the princess, returning the list with an air of finality that had its effect. Every American woman of any social standing at all was immediately invited to the affair, and the princess made a point of singling out the unpopular Americans for gracious attentions.

Like Queen Mary, the beautiful Roumanian crown princess is a woman of remarkable intelligence. Moreover, she is extremely tactful and clever. It is said that Ferdinand ever comes to the throne of Roumania she will be the power behind the throne. Her daughter, the Princess Elisabeth, who inherits much of her mother's beauty, is now seventeen, the same age as the heir to the English throne. A marriage between the two would not be unpleasing to the English people and would certainly be desirable for Roumania from a diplomatic standpoint. The suggestion that a match be arranged with Princess Maud Alexandra of Hife, second daughter of the king's sister, Louise, Duchess of Hife, has not been received with much enthusiasm by the English people, with whom the Hife connection is not very popular. However, rumor now says that the lovely Princess Elisabeth is engaged to Prince George, eldest son of the crown prince of Greece.

## EMBROIDERE GOWN.

A Pretty Study in Blue and White For Afternoon Wear.



EMBROIDERED GOWN.

A handsome gown for afternoon wear is shown here. The tulle of chiffon opens like a coat over an undershirt of gray chiffon over blue silk. The two deep bands below are embroidered not beaded. The deep collar of soft, lustrous silk is fastened at the side with a smart rosette. The hat is of blue straw adorned with sprays of white yucca. The checked parasol of blue and white has a band of plain white with black velvet bands and black velvet dots.

## CROSS STITCH.

Some Hints For Making This Simple Yet Effective Embroidery.

Cross stitching may be done on canvas of several different degrees of fineness of mesh, a fact which is full of meaning for the worker who wishes to lessen or increase a pattern without harming the symmetry of the design.

The stitches must, of course, be counted on the material itself and on the printed pattern, but by making due allowance for greater or lesser coarseness in the canvas the above facts can be obtained.

A blunt pointed rug needle and mercerized cotton, which can be doubled when the pattern demands it, are the best implements to employ.

Of course a great deal of the attractiveness of this work depends upon the color effects, due to the color of the canvas and the thread, in general quaint chintz-like shades are best—dull reds, blues and greens, such as those used for Bulgarian embroidery.

It is easy and charming work for a long summer afternoon on the porch or in the hammock under the trees.

## CHIPPENDALE REVIVAL.

Popularity of Last Century Models at English Furniture Shows.

Chippendale furniture is enjoying quite a revival of favor, together with many other artistic fads of the reign of the George. King George V. of England is keenly interested in anything that concerns his predecessors, and Windsor castle, which is the favorite residence of the royal couple, contains some fine specimens of the handiwork of the great craftsman.



CHIPPENDALE CHAIR.

The chair illustrated here is a handsome yet typical specimen of Chippendale style, showing the lightness and grace yet strength of the style. The framework is of mahogany. The square chair seat is upholstered in tapestry.

The reproductions of Chippendale workmanship are so accurate and painstaking that, although most of us cannot afford real old Chippendale furniture, these imitations, especially in the form of chairs, are not beyond the means of most.

# A FRENCHMAN'S STORY

By NORMAN GRANGER

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I have been often in Paris, and the last time I was there I went to a restaurant for my meals in a house that had recently been the dwelling of a wealthy man. The landlord spoke English, and when I asked him some questions about how he came to secure so fine a house for such a purpose into his ready-made story. There was nothing very novel in the substance. The interest lay rather in the telling by a man who spoke English indifferently.

"This house was occupied by M. Chateau, a rich gentleman, who had a very fine daughter, Mlle. Elise. Chateau she had made of herself when she went to marry Gaston Lefevre, a young man very poor church mouse. Mademoiselle told Gaston she marry him in spite her father, in spite every bodies. But M. Chateau he find out hees daughter of poor young man, and he mak arrangements for her to marry a rich man right off, ferry queeck. He tell M. Bourdon he lak have been for son-in-law M. Bourdon, rich man, and he lak to marry rich woman. Marriage in France not lak marriage in Amerique. French girl git husband through her father."

"M. Chateau tell M. Bourdon, 'I gif my daughter 100,000 francs. How much you gif?'"

"I gif 100,000 francs too. That mak 200,000 francs. Your daughter haf that, to spend on fine clothes. That mak her ferry happy."

"All right. You go ask mademoiselle to be your wife."

"M. Bourdon he go ask mademoiselle to be his wife for 100,000 francs. 'Mees Chateau she say: 'Yes, I lak to be your wife ferry much. Haf a glass of wine?' M. Bourdon drink glass wine with mademoiselle. Then he go away. The next math he go to M. Chateau, ferry pale, and he say: 'M. Chateau, you haf done me great honor to let me marry your daughter. Mademoiselle do me great honor to consent to marry me.'"

"And you do me great honor, too, monsieur."

"Yes, we all do each udder great honor, but I think I no lak get married just now. I not good enough for your daughter."

"What you mean, monsieur? Didn't you ask me for my daughter?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And didn't you ask my daughter to be your wife?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then you mean to insult me, to insult my daughter! By gar, I break avery bone in your body!"

"I not insult you, I not insult your daughter. I not lak to die just yet. I lak to live a little longer."

"What you mean?"

"I go ask mademoiselle to be his wife. Mademoiselle she kind enough to say: 'You do me great honor, Mr. Bourdon. And she mak me happy to say she be my wife. But she mak me unhappy anudder way. Mademoiselle ask me to haf glass of wine. I ver' happy, ver' much honor, to drink the health of my fiancee. I tak' all in de glass down at one gulp. Then I go home.'

"What's that in my stomach? Bet must be I drink in that glass of wine hot coals. I roll on de floor, I cry; I tell Gascoine go queeck for the doctor. The doctor come, and he put pump down my throat and pump out de wine your honored daughter kind enough to gif me. Ferry fine girl Mlle. Chateau. I ferry much honored to be her mari, but I think I remain bachelor. Jeetie while longer."

"Then M. Chateau he shut hees daughter up in thees house and lock all the doors and close the windows so that Gaston Lefevre not get in or Mlle. Elise get out. But when two lovers mak up their minds to love they ferry hurt to shut up so they didn't get out. One night robbers broke into the house, but they didn't steal anything except Mlle. Elise. One of those robbers was Gaston Lefevre."

"When M. Chateau knew that hees daughter had gone off to marry that poor man he rave lak madman. Then he go away by himself somewhere and put up paper on thees house for rent. One-day I come along and see the bill, and I go to the agent, and I rent the house for a cafe."

"What wine will monsieur drink?"

"I certainly don't want the kind Mlle. Chateau gave her fiance. You didn't take any of it off her father's hands with the house, did you?"

"No, monsieur, no! I assure monsieur that mademoiselle put pepper or something lak that in de wine. I bring all my wine here."

I ordered what I fancied, and he went away, saying: "I must go now. As you Americans say, 'I haf some fish to fry.'"

"Well," I said, "when you have fried your fish come back and tell me another love story. You needn't trouble yourself about the substance. All love stories are alike. You have a quaint way of telling yours. Then the politeness of your French people is delicious. We American men are deferential to women, but we don't carry our deference so far as to take off our hats to them when they pour hot stuff into us."

## SEEING A JOKE.

It Depends on the Brand of Humor to Which One is Accustomed.

Foreigners, as a rule, do not understand our wit and humor. Sir Alfred Harmsworth once remarked to me, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that American humor was coarse and sometimes brutal. Mark Twain and Finley Peter Dunne are the only American humorists who are accepted by Englishmen. On the other hand, we do not appreciate the humor of Punch, the Englishman's delight.

I have seen an Englishman laugh heartily over a joke in Punch that I couldn't see any point to until it was explained to me, and no doubt that gentleman considered me as dense as we consider them when we tell them a funny story and get a sort of pained look, rather mystifying to be sure, instead of the laugh which was expected.

It is the local application of the joke that counts the world over. The funniest thing I ever saw was the charge a yearling Hereford bull made at a barbed wire fence in the Texas Panhandle. He struck the fence full tilt, and the rebound caused him to turn a complete back somersault. He landed on his hoofs all right, and there he stood all straddled out with a look of astonishment on his face that was almost human. It was so ludicrous that I lay down in the mesquite grass and rolled over in spasms of mirth. Then he began to bawl like a whipped child, turned tail and ran as from a banisher.

I was at dinner in a Bradford club and told about it, expecting to get a laugh, but all I got was this from Hon. Smith Feather, mayor of that York-shire city:

"By Jove, I didn't know those wire fences were so strong. It's a jolly good thing the poor brute wasn't injured."

## WATERSPOOTS.

Old Time Mariners Fought Them With Noise and Cannon.

In the waterspot the medieval mariner saw a malevolent living monster—a sea dragon. There were various means of combating them. Once all sailors carried black handled knives, which the monster was believed to hold in special abhorrence.

When a spout made its appearance these knives were produced and pointed in its direction, waved in the air so as to make the sign of the cross or, according to the recommendation of certain contemporary authorities, driven several times into the side of the ship. Certain passages from the gospel of St. John were recited as charms against waterspouts.

A loud noise of any kind was also believed to be efficacious against them—shots, the clash of swords, the beating of drums and gongs, etc. The custom of firing cannon against waterspouts, says the Scientific American, dates back at least as far as the sixteenth century. The original idea appears to have been to frighten them away by the noise of the report, but in the later times it was believed that the watery column could be cut in twain by the cannon ball and the spout thus dispensed. It would be interesting to know whether the customing of waterspouts is still sometimes practiced.

It was certainly common much less than a century ago. It is hardly necessary to say that it is entirely futile.

The Sawbee. Englishmen are familiar with the name "sawbee," applied to the Scotch halfpenny, but to few does it bring the association of a baby queen and a loyal people. It appears that the first attempt at the portraiture of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was made in her infancy, and her small face was engraved upon the Scottish halfpenny at the time of her coronation in 1543, when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are still preserved, and it will be easily understood how the name "sawbee," or baby, came to be given to the coin bearing the effigy of the baby. The halfpenny of Scotland is still commonly called the sawbee, although the baby face no longer appears on it.—Pearson's.

The Wise Bride. "Yes, the girls gave the bride a commiseration abow."

"What in the world is that?"

"Why, they all told her how sorry they were she was going to marry such a man as the coming bridegroom."

"That must have hurt her feelings."

"No, it didn't. She knew there wasn't a girl there who wouldn't have given her eyes to get him!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mixed Metaphors. A well known bishop, speaking in the upper house of Canterbury convocation on prayer book revision, rather startled some of his Episcopal brethren by declaring, according to the Church Family Newspaper, "We are not writing on a chess slate; there is a good deal of grit under the door."

No Wender. "My husband has never spoken a cross word to me."

"You lucky woman! How long have you been married?"

"Nearly two weeks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gallantry. She—it seems to me as though we had met somewhere before. It's impossible, frankly, else I should have fallen in love with you before!—Fleegle Blatter.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only an inconvenience. You will find it a calamity.—Johnson.