

For the Children

The Pussycat Mascot of Uncle Sam's Submarine.



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Perhaps some young folks do not know what a submarine is, though doubtless most boys and girls know a great deal about Uncle Sam's big navy. A submarine is a small war vessel so built that it may dive below the waves and be navigated under water. They are designed to disappear so they may approach an enemy's ship unseen and sink her to the bottom with a torpedo. One of the newest and largest submarines in our navy recently joined the fleet for practice. She had on board a pussycat mascot, which is shown held in a sailor's arms. Soon pussycat will be as deep sea diver for when the boat goes down pussycat will go with her. She won't know, however, whether she is under the sea or on top of it, for the boat is tight and not a drop of water can enter.

Wriggles.
This artistic problem need frighten no one who may lack confidence in his power to give expression to his thoughts with his pencil, for this disqualification will not add to the fun of the contest. The players, being provided with good and pencil, each draws a short irregular line upon the paper and then passes it to his neighbor. The person who receives it must address himself to the problem of drawing a picture, figure, bird, beast or whatever he pleases, incorporating the "wriggle." He may turn the paper in any direction he pleases in order to facilitate his success and before putting it to the criticism of the company should make the "wriggle" part of the drawing heavier in outline to distinguish it from the rest.

When all the drawings are completed they are intrusted to the leader, who exhibits them in turn, inviting criticism. The name of the artist (if of the cleverest or most ridiculous of them is revealed, and he should, with becoming modesty, accept the plaudits of the crowd.

Consummation.
Why is a catfish like a tailor? Because it forms our habit.
Why is a nobleman like a book? Because he has a title and several pages.
Why are the legs of an ill bred fellow like an organ grinder? Because they carry a monkey about the streets.
Why is a blue-blond like a snore? Because one is a horsehoe and the other is a snore horse.
Why are photographers the most unscrupulous of tradesmen? Because when we make application for our photographs they begin with a negative.
When does charity begin? At Christmas.

Which is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the others are weak days.
Which is the easiest to spell—fiddle-de-dee or fiddle-de-dum? The former, because it is spelled with more's.
Why is an elephant like a wheelbarrow? Because neither can climb a tree.
—F. H. Ledge.

Guessing Proverbs.
This proverb contest is a little "different." To play it each man or girl names the subject or moral of some proverb and one of the words used in its original form. Thus a player having in mind the adage "Straws show which way the wind blows" would say, "Subject, importance of trifles; word, way." Another, "All is not gold that glitters," would say, "Subject, danger of judging from appearances; word, gold." The player first to guess the proverb wins a point toward the game, which may be any number previously agreed upon.

Blow the Feather.
This is a game for little ones. If there are thirty in the party they are divided into circles of ten each. A light feather is thrown above each circle, and the circle keeping its feather in the air longest by blowing wins. They do not have to keep the circle formation, but may chase the feather wherever it goes.

March Winds.
Out of the north they are trooping,
March winds noisy and chill,
Blustering through the branches,
Whistling high and shrill,
Tearing down the highway,
Snatching at caps and curls,
Heavily trying to frolic
Among the boys and girls.
This is their happy message,
This is the song they sing:
"Hurry away, O winter!
Hurry along, O spring!
We are the winds that wake
Brooks that have slept so long.
After us come the blossoms
And the springtime joy and song."
—Kath's Occupation.

Points for Mothers

Value of Kindergarten.
A woman who was supposed to be fairly intelligent was heard to say not long ago—"I was thinking of sending my little boy to Miss Robinson's kindergarten, but what is the use? The colored girl can amuse him just as well—and so much cheaper."
Shade of the blessed Friedrich Froebel! There is as wide a difference between the aimless and boisterous diversions improvised by the ignorant nurse and the scientific methods of the trained kindergarten as in the final results of Mr. Squeers' school and those of Arnold of Rugby.

It is only the unobservant part of the community that could misjudge the value of the "gifts" and "occupations," the names given by Froebel to the basis of the kindergarten idea. In these gifts and occupations the children see nothing but playthings but it is surely loquacious ignorance in this day of enlightenment on the subject, when the mothers of the children neither know nor receive their underlying principles, and yet some persons think that telling a child the correct name of a thing in infancy is to threaten him with brain fever, just as they croak about young Sidis being a "soph" at Harvard at thirteen. And when it is explained that a box of blocks may illustrate the first principles of geometry to a child of five the untaught mother holds up her hands in horror.

But it is easy for the child to know the six sided blocks as cubes and more entertaining to form geometrical designs with them than to keep on making the "house that Jack built" just to topple over unendingly. Moreover he comes to the difficult study of geometry in later years with a clearer understanding, because, having handled cubes, he has a sense perception of them, and, in verification of Reston's doctrine of object teaching, the scientific method in opposition to the mere memory culture, the child has so handled them as to be perfectly familiar with their angles and relative proportions and readily comprehends the basis of a theorem in college days.

The kindergarten child comes, first of all, under the law of obedience, a law honored by children on mass, though naturally disregarded by them singly in their homes. They as he is, she has on hand. No milliner will take him to call to order on the stroke of the interest in your appearance that he joins his companions in you do yourself.

At least every woman should know how to make his little salutation to her own limitations sufficiently well teachers and friends as he repeats the greeting. This is his beginning of her own head and not to be mere passive courtliness in public. Then follows an hour of singing, each song containing within its sugar coating of sparkling timo some bit of observation about those things dear to the child heart—the sun, moon and stars; the birds, the butterflies, flowers and animals, the sparkle of your own eyes or with the active games, the story telling, the clay modeling and the paper mat weaving, each having so much more meaning than lies on the surface. While the kindergarten has, of course, long since become a necessary part of a child's training, from those who exist in the slums, it is a remarkable fact that few of those who have ever accompanied their children there and those who have never seen a roomful of happy kindergarten children filling their morning hours with intelligently directed play have no idea how readily they form graphic and lasting mental pictures to the accompaniment of rhythmic movement when singing their lovely songs and making gestures and postures to illustrate them nor how, by means of absorbing modeling, the basic idea of the beauty and joy of construction may be opposed to destructiveness may be awakened.

The Child's Appetite.
The child that comes home from school with little appetite for luncheon probably needs fresh air as much as hand. Unless it shows signs of illness it is best to overlook the lack of appetite as much as possible. The head of the office just glanced for the first time, at any rate, and in the paper in her hand. "Machine, vent some excuse either for a walk or No. 3 matches," she said. "Will you for some physical exercise in the open air, what you want?" The blond beauty and the girl in the back yard, a game of ball with machine No. 3 whispered apart. "Mother, brother or sister or something of a like nature that will not suggest to the child that mother is worried about him. Don't, however, insist that he eat, as his lack of appetite may come from an overloaded stomach or one that is not doing its duty and more food would only invite a real illness.

Baby's Airing.
Mothers must be careful in distinguishing between good and bad days for their babies to be out. The general principle is, of course, to give the baby an airing every day, because six fresh air is as necessary to a child's health as good food is. But authorities agree that on certain kinds of days it is far better for baby to stay down indoors. The point to beware of is the gate at the main street railway dampness; not the temperature, but crossing. The conductor on the local quality of the air. A cold day is train is a woman, Mrs. Duroc. The splendid for children provided it is the letter carrier is a woman, Mrs. Daudry, stimulating kind of cold. But a bolt. The town crier is an old lady damp, raw day will do them more named Mrs. Deubon, and the chief of harm than good. Even if it seems moderately warm don't take them out, gaged in farming and fruit raising and it is the dampness that breeds chills and sore throat and croup.

THE NEW LINGERIE.

Slim Lines the Thing in Modish Underwear.



THE BODICE CORSET COVER.

Pictured is the new bodice corset cover, which is a boon to the stout women. It is very much on the order of a brassiere, as it is perfectly fitted to the figure and bound in several places. Another advantage of this corset cover is that it is attached to the petticoat, giving a smooth hip line. The materials used are Valenciennes lace and the sheerest of tulle batiste. Pink satin ribbon ties the cover at the shoulders and is run through the bodice.

Your Spring Hat.
A hat is the most noticeable feature of a woman's dress. It practically makes or mars her costume. The selecting of a good looking hat is simply a question of interest in the matter. The milliner is interested in selling what she has on hand. The trouble is, the average woman is not as interested in selecting a becoming hat as the milliner is interested in selling what she has on hand. No milliner will take him to call to order on the stroke of the interest in your appearance that he joins his companions in you do yourself.

At least every woman should know how to make his little salutation to her own limitations sufficiently well teachers and friends as he repeats the greeting. This is his beginning of her own head and not to be mere passive courtliness in public. Then follows an hour of singing, each song containing within its sugar coating of sparkling timo some bit of observation about those things dear to the child heart—the sun, moon and stars; the birds, the butterflies, flowers and animals, the sparkle of your own eyes or with the active games, the story telling, the clay modeling and the paper mat weaving, each having so much more meaning than lies on the surface. While the kindergarten has, of course, long since become a necessary part of a child's training, from those who exist in the slums, it is a remarkable fact that few of those who have ever accompanied their children there and those who have never seen a roomful of happy kindergarten children filling their morning hours with intelligently directed play have no idea how readily they form graphic and lasting mental pictures to the accompaniment of rhythmic movement when singing their lovely songs and making gestures and postures to illustrate them nor how, by means of absorbing modeling, the basic idea of the beauty and joy of construction may be opposed to destructiveness may be awakened.

A Joke on Father.
"Can you match this typewriting for me?" inquired a customer of the head of the office looked up and saw a blond and blushing beauty of perhaps seventeen. She was well dressed and well groomed, and a Boston bull pup of parts strutted from the end of a leash in her hand. "It's very important to match it exactly," insisted the young thing. The head of the office just glanced for the first time, at any rate, and in the paper in her hand. "Machine, vent some excuse either for a walk or No. 3 matches," she said. "Will you for some physical exercise in the open air, what you want?" The blond beauty and the girl in the back yard, a game of ball with machine No. 3 whispered apart. "Mother, brother or sister or something of a like nature that will not suggest to the child that mother is worried about him. Don't, however, insist that he eat, as his lack of appetite may come from an overloaded stomach or one that is not doing its duty and more food would only invite a real illness.

Woman Do the Work in City of Froissy.
In the little city of Froissy, sixty miles north of Paris, there is not a municipal job worth having that a woman doesn't occupy, from mayor down to "Mother" Lafarge, who tends indoors. The point to beware of is the gate at the main street railway dampness; not the temperature, but crossing. The conductor on the local quality of the air. A cold day is train is a woman, Mrs. Duroc. The splendid for children provided it is the letter carrier is a woman, Mrs. Daudry, stimulating kind of cold. But a bolt. The town crier is an old lady damp, raw day will do them more named Mrs. Deubon, and the chief of harm than good. Even if it seems moderately warm don't take them out, gaged in farming and fruit raising and it is the dampness that breeds chills and sore throat and croup.

EASTER FINERY.

Spring Parasol in New Tan Shade.



IN SHADES OF TAN AND BROWN.

Natural shantung was used for the cover of this new parasol for use with Easter tailored costumes of mohair or worsted mixture. The parasol has a carved imitation ivory stick and a hem stitched border of cream colored tulle. Such sunshades are going to be very popular this spring.

She Never Looks Tired.
Kitty Gordon, the actress, has been called "the woman who never looks tired." To explain her secret, "Just take a vacation every two or three weeks," she advises with a frank little smile, playing about her mouth as though she was well aware of the reply she would receive. But before one has an opportunity to answer she adds quickly: "Yes it's not nearly so difficult as it sounds. By a vacation I mean a whole day's rest—luxurious rest. Just go away alone where you don't see a soul you know and take a sunny, warm room where you can bask. If you can afford it, take a long, long vacation." She then takes a sip of her favorite perfume and a bit of her favorite perfume. But then a one or two flowers. But flowers you must have. There is nothing in all the world so restful or so wonderfully soothing. Then read your favorite poems, browse in them, play your Forget you ever had a worry. If your clothes hamper you cast them off and dress in a single little robe de nuit. Simply relax every strained little muscle in your face and body.

If you are fortunate enough, all in several little folks to young again with them. When they want you to hide under a couch hide under a couch if you have to tip it over. It will take years from your age. "I never fail to take this rest cure every other Sunday. My stage work won't allow me to take them often. And, oddly I never go into the country for my rest. I go to the city. There is too much temptation to go out of doors and romp in the country, and the result is that you don't allow yourself the delightful opportunity to relax that you desire. Then too in the city away from your apartment you are isolated if you desire to be. You have but to leave word with the ladies that you are out and not a soul will see you. In the country every one knows what you are in or out of."

Coffins For the Elderly Woman.
After studying the arrangement and care of the hair of extreme importance, and as the face fades the hair should be made as beautiful as is possible.



SIMPLE AND DIGNIFIED HAIRDRESSING. This hairdressing is simple and dignified. The hair is waved and parted, a hair transformation being used under the sides and back. The soft knot is made with a switch.

A Late Fad.
The girls are carrying their handkerchiefs in the handkerchief rings which their grandmothers used long ago. The ring is worn on the little finger, and the wisp of lawn and lace is threaded through it. Another revival in line with this is the bracelet with the pendant ring through which the handkerchief is drawn. Another concept is the long chain with a little clip in the shape of a hand, which grips the handkerchief and holds it fast.

Milady's Mirror

The Beauty Sufferer.
A Parisian lady's maid has been revealing the secrets of her mistress' boudoir and the arts, or, rather, tortures, by which beauty is attained. There is a French saying that you must suffer to be beautiful, and in this instance it seems to have been accepted literally.

For months the poor lady lay flat on her back on the floor motionless, with her arms close to her sides, during several hours a day. This was, it appears, to improve her figure. During the rest of the day for the same period of time she sat on a high stool rocking the upper part of her body backward and forward and from side to side unceasingly. By this process she is said to have acquired a statuesque throat and a sylph's waist.

The lady's nose, having a soaring nature, was corrected and made Grecian by constant application day and night for months of a spring bandage. One nostril being larger than the other, she wore a small sponge in it for a year. Her cheeks have been filled out and rounded by injections of paraffin. Her ears for months were compressed against the sides of her head by springs, while heavy weights were attached to the lobes to produce the required elongated shape, which has been successfully achieved.

Having suffered this complicated martyrdom for a year, the poor lady has become satisfied that she is sufficiently beautiful. She has not set much value by the theory that beauty is only skin deep, although she has proved that the theory is correct. What she values is beauty, even if it is only skin deep. Undoubtedly beauty is an asset for woman, but it is not her most desirable gift.

For an Oily Scalp.
An exceedingly soft shampoo is prepared at once. Slow treatment is best. Shake a cake of pine tar soap into three quarts of water and set it on the stove, where it will slowly melt. When it is all dissolved allow it to cool and bottle for use. It takes about half a pint for a good shampoo. Into this amount put about six drops of ammonia. Wet the entire head and hair, then shampoo well with the soap. Then rinse several waters, making sure all soap has been removed. When the hair is thoroughly dry rub in the following lotion, which is also a tonic. One ounce of tincture of capsicum, one ounce of tincture of cantharides, two ounces of good bay rum and two ounces of witch hazel. It is only necessary to massage the lotion into the hair roots immediately after the shampoo. Ordinarily the shampoo is given once a month but in cases of extreme oiliness every three weeks is advisable until the hair shows an improvement.

It is just the reverse with an over-dry scalp. The hair falls because it is not nourished and fed enough. From extreme dryness the skin contracts and the hair becomes harsh and brittle and falls out. Applications that will penetrate the pores and feed the roots must be used to improve these conditions.

To Beautify the Eye.
The eyes are used more than any other member of the body. Often as we look down to rest the body we pick up a book or paper to read. The eyes receive no rest. All through the day they are busy from opening until closing, time, and often their owners are reminded by drowsiness that it is long past the time to rest. The body, the hands and the limbs get a rest even if it is only by a change of position, but the eyes scavenge ever. And this is wrong, for dozens of times during the day the eyes could easily be rested by being shut. If only for a few seconds at a time. A great deal of good would result. This practice, small though it may seem, will repay you for, while the benefit may not be noticed from day to day, the freshness of the eyes after one reaches middle age will be worth more and reimburse well for the trouble necessary to protect them.

Cure For Cold Sores.
Now that colds are the rule sufferers are feeling the annoyance of fever blisters, or cold sores, as they are more generally called. The time to stop the spread of these sores is at the beginning when the first tiny blister appears. Be careful to apply only such remedies as do not cause the blister to spread. A simple but effective remedy, if applied at the outset, is to touch the spot every hour with spirits of camphor. This dries the sore without injury to the skin. In case the sore develops overnight so that you have not been able to treat it in the beginning more heroic means are needed. Potassium permanganate of potash, two grains, moistened with rosewater, applied to the blister, allowed to dry and then dusted with pulverized starch, will quickly reduce the inflammation. When this has disappeared massage the affected spot with cold cream to eliminate all danger of a temporary scar or red mark.

Woman's World

Wives of Prominent Democrats to Have Harmony Feast.



MRS. CHAMP CLARK—MRS. WOODROW WILSON.

A Polly Madison May Time a breakfast which will bring together the wives of Democratic leaders throughout the country is planned for May 20 by Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the speaker of the house; Mrs. Henry D. Clayton, wife of Representative Clayton of Alabama; and Mrs. Oscar W. Underwood, wife of the leader of the majority in the lower branch of congress. The breakfast is designed to bring together the women of the party in much the same fashion as the men come together from time to time at the festal banquet board for good fellowship and mutual acquaintance.

It will be held at one of the big hotels in Washington, and the list of those to be invited as guests of honor includes Mrs. Grover Cleveland of New Jersey, widow of former President Cleveland; Mrs. Bryan, wife of William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska who three times has been the national standard bearer of the party; Mrs. Alton Brooks Parker, wife of Judge Parker of New York, who once was the Democratic presidential candidate, and Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, whose husband was vice president during one of former President Cleveland's administrations.

Mrs. Clark is to be the toastmistress of the occasion, and the list of those who are eligible as guests will include the wives of Democratic members of the senate and house, of members of former Democratic cabinets, of the Democratic governors, governors elect or Democratic nominees for governor, of the Democratic justices of the supreme court, of the Democratic national committee members and of prominent Democratic residents of the district and the country at large. The occasion, it is pointed out, will take especial significance from the characteristic attributes of Polly Madison, the patron saint chosen by the women of the democracy, who was one of the most forceful women who ever presided over the White House.

When a Woman Buys Pajamas.
The dashing barberdasher indicated the occupant of a polo coat that had just whisked out his front door with a bundle under her arm. "That young woman," said he emphatically, "bought those sunset pink pajamas to wear herself, and I deduce, furthermore, that she is not married. You can't help noticing little things like that when you look at events with your eyes open."

"How do I know? Let your own ears be the jury. Here's what happened when she bought 'em: "She wanted to look at some pajamas, and there was a sort of vocal blush in her voice when she added hastily that they were for her husband. What size did she want, I inquired. "Well, er—a wasn't sure. But she just happened to remember that her husband was about as high and as wide as she was, and she could tell by holding up the garments and measuring the arms whether they would fit him or not. That ancient dodge is as transparent as a plate glass window fresh from the chamomils—and they all use it."

"If she had really been buying a slumber suit for her husband she would have told me the size of his shirts and left me to judge by that. I would also call your attention to that sunset color. "Accept direct from one that's in the business, the average man is about as conservative and careful about the shade of his mattress uniform as he is about that of his street clothes. He might let his wife buy him neckties his pajamas seldom, if ever."