

# Woman's World

Pretty Girl Appointed Game Warden.



MISS NORMA FREDERIC GIBBONEY.

"I have already made two arrests for game violations. I had no trouble with the prisoners. I carried a revolver and a shotgun, and the pothunters knew that I could use either of them."

Which announcement goes to show that Miss Norma-Frederic Gibbonney isn't become game warden merely to wear a bright badge. Miss Gibbonney was appointed warden recently by Governor Emmet O'Neal of Alabama. She probably is the only woman in the United States with this sort of commission.

When the news of her appointment was made public the pothunters in their huts along the Mobile bay marshes thought it a good joke.

"She's one of these society women," they laughed. "She never would come out on a rainy day for fear of getting her feet wet. On with the killing!" They were fully convinced of their mistake when the handsome warden came upon two of their number slaughtering ducks, and marched them in with one hand resting significantly on the black butt of the revolver at her hip.

Miss Gibbonney's home is Aloha. It stands among acres of forest and foliage. Mobile bay stretches away to the east, and at the back is the Dog River. She is a deadly shot with a side arm and can bring down the mallards from behind a blind with the best shots in Mobile. It was her love for animals and not the passion for hunting that led her to become one of the Alabama game police.

"It is the birds that I particularly want to protect," said Miss Gibbonney recently when speaking about her work. "We seldom realize how much damage they do. If they didn't prey constantly on the insects we would be without vegetation before very long. I am familiar with every bird of Alabama. Ten years ago you could see flocks of beautiful blue cranes in the edge of the water out there. Now they are rarities.

"I have recently fitted out a log cabin in the midst of ten acres of forest that is just as nature made it. I intend to spend the rest of my life there."

Miss Gibbonney is well known over the entire south. She is a frequent visitor to New Orleans. She is a descendant of Zack Taylor, Patrick Henry and the Virginia Shilohs. She is prominent in society. From now on she won't see much of receptions and pink teas.

### Concerning Women.

Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons of New York has written a book which she calls "The Old Fashioned Woman." Mayor Gaynor, who generally is credited with saying what he thinks, declared that it is a most interesting book, but suggests that the title might be changed to "Primitive Fancies About the Sex."

Mrs. Metcalfe resides at the station at Sackett-Harbor, on Lake Ontario, and looks after the buildings, which are old and worn, for \$1 a day. She is therefore the only woman "commodant" in the United States and was present when the monument to commemorate the victory in the war of 1812 was dedicated recently.

Miss Elizabeth G. Berdan in "Reminiscences of a Diplomat's Wife," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, is described as a former friend of the grandchildren of Queen Victoria. Upon one occasion one of the princesses gave her a ring and excused the fact that it was not a more expensive one by the remark, "But, you know, Granny Vic is so stingy."

Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, librarian of the League of American Penwomen, is a member of the school board of Washington and has been chosen by the commissioners to represent the District of Columbia at the international congress of school hygiene to be held in Buffalo the last week in August. She is one of the editors of a cookbook now in the press.

## Milady's Mirror

### Care of Hands in Summer.

The hands in summer, if they are to be kept soft, white and smooth, require almost as much care and attention as during the colder months. For the sun and hot air have a most drying effect on the skin, making it hard looking and wrinkled. Few women realize that it is almost as easy to tell the age by the hands as the face. Although some hands have been so neglected by their owners that they look old long before they should, and the same may be said of some faces.

Never judge a woman's age either by her hands or her face, for both are so largely influenced by the treatment they have received in the past that it is never quite fair to do so. Hands do not age and wrinkle in a day or a week. The process is so gradual that it is not noticed till the owner of a pair of aged hands suddenly awakens to the fact that, what ever may be said to the contrary by kind and indulgent friends, her hands stamp her as past forty, although her face may not look thirty.

To keep your hands in really good condition during the summer you must feed them by giving them a liberal supply of oil or cream every night.

For this you may use cocoa butter, pure almond oil, mixed with a little fine ointment, or a paste made from the yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of pure almond oil, one of honey and a teaspoonful of simple tincture of benzoin. Mix all these together, beating the yolks of the eggs first, then stirring the honey, then the oil and lastly the benzoin. Beat to a cream, smear over the hands, then slip on a pair of old chamois leather gloves with holes cut in the palms and wear them all night. Once a week is sufficient for this treatment when the hands are in fairly good condition, but when they have been much neglected, it should be given every night for two or three weeks till they are soft and smooth, then the weekly treatment will be ample to keep them nice and youthful looking.

Hands which turn red and appear swollen in hot weather should be washed in warm water (never cold), and a few drops of liquid ammonia should be added to the water. After washing they should be dusted with starch, and all gloves should be quite loose fitting.

Many women suffer with most clammy hands during summer, and nothing is more uncomfortable or more disastrous to gloves, which become stained and spoiled with one wearing. To remedy this, sponge the hands after washing in warm water with a lotion made by mixing one part eau-de-cologne with two parts rosewater and dust with boracic acid powder mixed with half its quantity of starch. Brush the powder off and the hands will feel dry and fresh.

When choosing gloves for summer wear choose a size which will be too large rather than too small. Squeezing the hands in tight gloves makes them look larger rather than smaller and causes them to become swollen and red, as it impedes the proper circulation. Before putting on the gloves dust a little boracic powder into the fingers and palms, as this not only makes them slip on more easily, but keeps the hands dry and cool.

To Reduce Double Chin. The greatest of all inventors has become a beauty specialist.

After revolutionizing industry, threading nations together with his quadruplex telegraph wire and his electric railway lines, after increasing the value of the country's products until \$7,000,000,000 is invested in industries founded or touched by his inventions, Thomas A. Edison has removed a double chin.

Joking? Not at all. Ask Mrs. Edison.

If you have ever met the white haired master of things electric you know his willingness to laugh. It's usually at himself. You will not be surprised then, to learn that Edison smilingly announced he would brighten eyes, peachy cheeks, fill out neck hollows, and abolish surplus chins, all by his new and infallible process—cutting down sleep and food!

"I have proved to my wife, at least," he said, with a twinkle, "that women who would keep young and slender must never sleep but six hours. Less would be better, but six will do."

"Funny, isn't it, how you can talk yourself black in the face trying to demonstrate science to a woman? She won't listen. Talk beauty to her and her attention sticks like glue. Funny, isn't it? Anyhow, I've proved my point banished the chin and taught her to sleep six hours instead of nine."

Mrs. Edison is so far the only fairy disciple of the new beauty theory, Miss Madeline, recently betrothed to a young inventor, is not bothering much about extra chins, says her father. Neither are the boys, Theodore and Charles. "But wait," says Papa Edison. "They'll all come round to my way of thinking some day."

For Perspiring Hands. Hands that are always damp from perspiration may be relieved if treated each day with a preparation made of ninety grams of cologne and fifteen grams of tincture of belladonna. This should be applied three times a day with considerable friction. It has the desired effect if properly used.

### STUDY IN BROWNS.

A Color Scheme to Be Popular This Fall.



PICTURE FROCK IN BROWN SHADES.

In the fall a brown costume always seems to tone with nature's coloring; the falling leaves and the general prevalence of reds and greens in the foliage.

This gown is what one might call a study in autumn dints. The skirt is of brown chiffon cloth and hangs in straight folds to the feet, where it is more voluminous than the Jupes we have been wearing.

The skinnier bodice is of a thin silk with a leaf design carried out in the autumn dints of green, dull brown and reds.

Bleaching Lingerie Waists. When perspiration has left a yellow mark over the blemish with peroxide of hydrogen and leave until dry; then cover with ammonia and wash. Ammonia water may be used to wash woolen waists on parts where perspiration has left marks. The ammonia will clean the material without injury to the fabric and also destroy all odor. Often a mark in fine material may be removed in the following manner: In a saucer or pan place a lighted match and cover with sulphur. When it begins to burn, cover with a funnel to hold in the fumes. Hold the dampened material over the end of the funnel, and in most cases it will bleach the spot. Work by an open window where there is a strong draft in order to avoid inhaling any of the fumes.

Crimelines to Come. Before the very tight skirt came in we should have had with something approaching dismay the news from Paris that the fashions of 1830 are expected to supersede those of the present year. But as a relief from tightly dragged skirts, no petticoats and copious wignons of hosiery the gowns of 1830 would be a welcome change.

It is the fashion now to deride everything Victorian, but perhaps leniency will be extended to the year 1830 which was not Victorian. There is even a rumor that crinolines will follow upon this revolution in dress. That would be bad indeed, but scarcely worse than the plague of ugly and in decorous dresses from which we are now suffering.

Entertain Your Club Outdoors. Have the refreshments put up in boxes, as for a picnic lunch. Arrange them in three courses—sandwiches with salted peanuts, cake and fruit. Have the boxes numbered, two to each number, and number each course. Give one number to a man, another to a woman, and let them hunt partners by matching numbers and eat the first course together. When they get to the cake another number is found, and they hunt the number to match. Still another number comes with the fruit, and this necessitates another change of partners and coffee may be served from a table.

Trunk Straps. Baggage sometimes take a strap from a good trunk to put on one that has broken open. Rivet or screw your strap on to your trunk if you wish to be sure of it when you return from your trip.

To Launder Handkerchiefs. A sheet of glass large enough to hold two handkerchiefs on each side is a convenient article to put in the trunk. It can be easily exposed to light and air and from handkerchiefs better than a windowpane or mirror.

### CHIC AND CHARMING.

Delightful Confection in Black and White.



FRENCH MODEL OF CHIFFON AND SATIN.

Black and white were never more popular in the costume world than they are this summer. And the slouchy, fashionably silhouetted and pictured black and white gown is beautifully preserved.

The materials used are satin—black for the skirt, underskirt, and bloused bodice and white chiffon for the crossed over bodice and the tunic. The Balkan slash is of black chiffon with ends of white satin and ornaments of braid in both tones.

### SONG TO MISS WILSON.

Miss Nevin, Aunt of Mr. Sayre, Writes Verses to Prospective Bride.

Miss Blanche Nerin, the sculptor, has composed a song of welcome to Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of the president, who is to become the bride of Miss Nevin's nephew, Francis Bowers Sayre, which was recently given out for publication. It is as follows:

Fill the door open, swing the gate wide  
Welcome the entering feet of the bride,  
Eager the groom on the threshold stands,  
Holding his arms and his outstretched hands.  
Blessed are you who true love win,  
Jessie, come in, come in!

In heat of summer, in winter's cold,  
This roof shall shelter young or old.  
Come wash, come wash, what'er betide,  
Palm to palm and side by side,  
Into the house of your true love's kin,  
Jessie, come in, come in!

Sweet pink clover bloom over the grass,  
Welcome the lover here with his lass,  
Pride of the golden hair and eyes  
Blue with the luminous hue of the skies.  
Blessed are you who true love win,  
Jessie, come in, come in!

It was at Miss Nevin's home that Miss Jessie Wilson met Mr. Sayre, and following a recent visit there of the pair the engagement was announced.

When She Motors. All kinds of fashions this year have their origin in the far east. Now we have the Redoubt motor cap, which is slightly modified to suit western



THE REDOUBT AUTO CAP.

tastes, but the chief characteristics of the old piece of headgear are clearly seen.

The puffed crown is of bright green silk and the brim of gray straw. About the crown is a band of black velvet dotted with green silk roses. The veil is of white washable chiffon cloth.

A Good Suggestion. When you go on your summer trip have four or five pieces of mat or straw board cut the size of the inside of your trunk, so that they will slip in easily. Wrap dresses in tissue paper and tie to these boards with tape. You can pack or unpack and nothing need be disturbed until it is ready to be worn. You may almost live in a trunk with such an arrangement.

To Launder Handkerchiefs. A sheet of glass large enough to hold two handkerchiefs on each side is a convenient article to put in the trunk. It can be easily exposed to light and air and from handkerchiefs better than a windowpane or mirror.

## THE RED WIND

A Prophecy That Was Fulfilled

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The July day drew to its sultry end. The sagebrush stretched to the horizon, a crisp gray-brown expanse, of dry herbage from which the sun had drained every drop of moisture.

Hester Moore, standing in the doorway of the ranch house, scanned the prairie from under the arch of her bent hand. The sun was setting, a great ball of fire dropping below the sky line.

"Hester," came her father's voice from the house, "it's getting cooler, isn't it, dear?"

"Just a little, father," she said gently. She went into a room where he was stretched on a wicker couch before an open window, his broken leg propped stily on a pillow. She took down the sheet that hung before the window and dipped it once more in a pail of water, wrung it lightly and returned it to the window.

The injured man stirred beneath the grateful coolness. "That feels good, Hester," he murmured. "If I hadn't had the ill luck to step into the gopher hole we might have had a little run up into the hills for a spell, at least until this blistering weather is over."

"Never mind, father. If you hadn't broken your leg you know you would not have taken a vacation. Perhaps you will get rested now," smiled Hester, fanning him gently.

"Perhaps. Where is Henderson?"

"He went to look up the herd. I may as well tell you now, dad,—and Hester's eyes clouded with anxiety,—that the herd has been missing since Monday, and Mr. Henderson is afraid that Dixon and his gang have rustled them."

Mr. Moore struggled to sit up, groaned and sank again upon his pillow. "Confound it all, Hester, why did it happen at this time, when I am on my back and can't stir a step?"

"Because you are helpless, as usual. If you had been as active as usual I hardly think that Dixon would have dared to steal them."

"What is that, Hester?" Mr. Moore sniffed the air suspiciously and tried to look through the screened door, but it was out of his range of vision.

Hester went to the door, looked out and came hurriedly back. "Fires at Alkali," she said briefly. "They seem to be coming this way, but the wind is south and—"

There came a rap at the kitchen door. Hester answered it, leaving her remark unfinished.

Two Indian women sat on the doorstep, their blankets sagging from their bent shoulders. Their black eyes were intently appealing.

"Well, Annie, how?" said Hester pleasantly.

"Bread, meat, drink!" uttered Annie gutturally.

"Of course," Hester went to the pantry and prepared several large sandwiches for the two women. She poured two great glasses of lemonade and carried the whole to the doorstep. The women fell upon it ravenously. When it had disappeared Annie lifted her eyes to those of the pretty white girl.

"Where are the other horses, your own little Bess?" he demanded sharply.

"Gone—stolen," she murmured hopelessly, and he swore harshly.

Hester went into the kitchen to prepare the evening meal. Now and then she paused before the open door to look searchingly into the dusk that was creeping fast over the land. The smoke was growing thicker, and she noticed with a start of terror that the sky was obscured.

Something brushed Hester's face. She caught it in her hand and found it was a charred cinder.

She darted into the house and lighted a lamp.

"The fire has come, father," she said calmly. "I will get the wagon ready and back it to the door. I think I can transfer you from the couch to the wagon."

"Very well, dear. Wheel me to the door and give me two canes. Have you got your mother's picture?"

"Safe, father, and all your papers and plans and books and clothes. Perhaps the house will be spared after all. These adobe walls ought not to burn."

"Ah!" he cried sharply and pointed away to the southwest, where a long, lurid line was creeping across the width of the prairie. Henderson's place was to the east of it. Perhaps his men would start a back fire and head it off.

"Back fire, Hester," he ordered, and the girl flew to a place beyond the corral where earlier in the day Dick Henderson had plowed a wide furrow of fresh earth around the homestead.

She touched a match to the tinder dry grass on the far side of the furrow. It blazed up and ran in lapping leaps up and down the edge of the fresh earth; then it reached out red tongues of flame, and a broad blanket of fire went out to meet that other red fire from the southwest.

Back she went to the house and tried to lift her father to the wagon. Once, twice, she exerted all her strength, but he was a heavy man, and now his weight was inert. "Leave me here and go, dear," he begged.

"Leave me!" she said scornfully, pausing for breath.

In that instant a bunch of cattle ran snorting past the house and started the restless Benjy to action. Without warning he dashed away to safety, dragging the loaded wagon in his wake, leaving Hester and her father to the fate of the red wind behind.

Hester's face went down into her palms. "Oh, father," she cried piteously, but his gaze was bent upon her tenderly.

"It will come out all right, daughter," he said gravely. "Hang wet sheets to the windows and doors. Close the doors and we will take our chances here."

Nearer the two lines of fire crept. When they met there was a leaping wall of flame thirty feet high, and the dreaded happened. A flying cinder drifted across the furrow and ignited the dry grass of the corral. There was a lurid flare of light, and the chickens in the house squawked noisily.

In a few moments the wooden doors and window frames would be ablaze and the contents of the house would follow. Hester was thankful that the artesian well had been piped to the kitchen. She flew to it and pumped pall after pall of water and had them in readiness. She filled wash boilers and tubs and gave her father a long handed dipper so that he might help.

Then it was that there came a thunder of horses' hoofs outside and men's voices shouting. Hester flung open the door, and Dick Henderson staggered in. "You are here!" he cried breathlessly. "I hoped you had gone!"

Hester explained.

"Get on Dipole, Hester, and ride for your life. I will bring your father, and the boys will fight the fire."

Without a word Hester obeyed the young man. Dick Henderson had always been a good neighbor, and he had not failed them in their greatest need.

Then Dick lifted Mr. Moore in his strong arms and carried him out to where a man offered a horse and helped the two on its back. Then away they went before the red wind that Indian Annie predicted.

Miles away in a little canyon Hester found refuge beside the sagacious Benjy, who had arrived there safely with his load. Later, when Dick Henderson came with his unconscious burden, the two worked together to make the injured man comfortable.

"You have done so much for me," said Hester gratefully when he told her that the fire had broken up Dixon's gang and that the stolen cattle had been driven to a safe place, while the rustlers had escaped over the border.

"Because I love you, Hester," he blurted out suddenly, and then, overcome by his slyness, he hurried away to the mouth of the canyon to view the progress of the fire.

After awhile, when he could report that the worst was over and that they might return to the ranch, he went back to Hester, who had made a little fire of sticks in the dry bed of the creek and was cooking supper.

"What are you smiling at?" he asked sleepily.

"At Indian Annie's prophecy," said Hester demurely. "She came tonight and said that my lover would ride before the red wind and that he would bring peace and plenty; the lost cattle would come home and father would run away on another man's legs."

Dick Henderson shifted uneasily.

"Did she say—that you—er—I—what did she say, Hester?"

"She said the maiden married her lover," whispered Hester.

"Will she?" whispered Dick.

"Of course—just to make the prophecy come true," was Hester's answer.