Woman's World

Wife of Man Who May Be New York's Next Mayor.

Photo by American Press Association

MRS. EDWARD E. M'CALL AND HER DAUGHTER.

Whatever may be the result of the coming municipal campaign for mayor of New York city, there is one wife of a candidate who is not fired with ambition at the prospect of being the wife of New York's chief executive. She is Mrs. Edward E. McCall, whose husband is the Democratic candidate.

"Whether or not I am to be the wife of the mayor," said Mrs. McCall recently, "I shall always be more proud of being the wife of Ed McCall."

When asked whether she believed in suffrage Mrs. McCall replied: "I cannot say the idea of women voting ever appealed to me. I believe in home life more than in outside work for women. I have always taken a strong interest in day nurseries, and I guess my club activities end there. I admit I am not in sympathy with women going out and making speeches for suffrage when they are needed in their homes. I don't believe in their going to clubs when their homes suffer for it. All this may sound disloyal to the cause of women's advancement, but I cannot help thinking that woman is better off in the long run to let man take up the political fight. If she has made her home happy she has made a success of life. For the home to be one where love and contentment are found it must be one where the highest ideal prevails. That is the character of home I have tried to make for Mr. McCall and our children, and I know they are happy."

Mrs. McCall is not going to take any active part in her husband's campaign. There is one fad to which Mrs. McCall does confess.

"I think I have a wonderful collection of ivories," she said. "It is not very large, but I think very good. That is my only weakness in the hobby line."

Office Girls, Listen!

Girls, after you begin to get down to your jobs regularly each morning there is one thing you want to learn thoroughly, and it's how to stop, says Jessie Roberts—to stop as soon as the hours of work are over, to put the lid on your business brain.

You can't make a better bid for an early breakdown than by lugging the worries and problems of the working day into the hours you have left for recreation and rest. No brain was ever built that could stand the grind of one thing day in and out.

Once in awhile there is some problem that really requires thinking over after hours, just as once in awhile you have to stay at the shop or office to clean up extra work.

Remember that, however important your job may be, you are, after all, yet more important, and, though, if you are ambitious to get ahead, you need to take lots of trouble with your work, you mustn't forget to take some trouble with yourself.

If you catch yourself hurrying along with a rushed feeling inside you after the actual necessity to hurry is over. It's time you took yourself in hand. Go slow. Don't scamper and tear along the street, and don't gulp your food, and especially don't go on turning over the same line of thinks. Force your mind to drop what has been filling it all the day.

Go to a movie, get hold of a jolly book, make your chum come and play with you. Refuse to be bossed by your job, no matter how deeply you are interested in it. You can train yourself to stop working when working hours are over if you will, and it is a training that increases in value as your responsibilities increase. The lack of this power to quit is the cause of thousands of breakdowns among business women.

Miss Wilson's Trousseau.

With loyal patriotism Miss Jessie Wilson, second daughter of the president, whose marriage to Francis B. Sayre of New York in the White House on Nov. 25 will be the social event of the season, has declared emphatically for an all American trousseau made of American goods by American women.

It is rumored that part of the trousseau will be spun of purest linen by the mountain women of the south, in whose uplift all the women of the Wilson family have shown much interest since Mrs. Wilson joined the Southern Educational association.

Good Form

Social Asset of Good Memory.

"What do you do," said a woman the other day, "when somebody greets you cordially and you haven't the least idea who it is?"

"Why, I usually try to be as diplomatic as possible and discover who it is I am talking to before I give myself away," replied the social mentor. "Nobody is so humble minded that he likes to be forgotten. Every one of us resents the fact, even if it is only unconsciously."

"Yes, but after you have felt around as cautiously as possible and still fail to get a clew, then what do you do?"

"Well, if I can't get even a tag to hang a shred of memory on I think the best thing is to be frank or at least partially frank, for socially absolute frankness degenerates sometimes into brutality. So I usually say something like this. 'I can't quite recall your name, although I know it should be very familiar to me.' And then, of course, I get the desired information."

"I think we should train our minds to remember both faces and names when we are young," said an advising friend. "It seems to me the woman who is always forgetting names and faces is in a way guilty of a breach of good manners. The faculty of remembering people often makes all the difference between success and failure in holding friends."

"I agree with you absolutely," replied the questioner. "How often do we hear people say: 'Oh, I never can remember faces; it's no use for me to try. I am always offending somebody by cutting him dead because my memory is so bad I didn't know him from Adam.' And yet these same women, for it is usually a woman you hear talking in this way, do not seem to realize that this sort of memory, the lack of which they are deploring, can be and should be cultivated. I used to be a great offender in this respect once upon a time, when all at once I began to realize that I was making myself unpopular by my heedlessness, so I took measures to correct it."

"How did you go about it? I have often longed to cultivate a better social memory, but I didn't know quite what to do."

"I decided that the chief reason that makes most of us forget people we have met is indifference. We do not pay sufficient attention to what we are doing. Nowadays whenever I meet anybody I study his features, and in the course of my conversation with him I try, if I can do so without making it conspicuous or sounding in any way queer, to repeat his name several times, and usually when I have done this both face and name will return to my memory the next time we meet.

Mourning Etiquette.

The most frivolous and conspicuous people are often seen clothed in deepest habiliments of woe, while those who really mourn may wear anything they please, as the sorrow is within themselves, and its outward and visible manifestation is only to defend them from unpleasant approaches.

The "fashion" of mourning garments has changed within the last decade so greatly that one no longer sees heavy veils to the hem of the gown nor the broad strings tied in a big bow with the ruche of the widow's bonnet. Only sometimes a sad faced woman whose heart is with those gone before shows plainly that she is really "in mourning," and the garments of black are not for effect, but to prevent the approach of frivolity when she is forced abroad.

Etiquette demands that this appearance should be treated with respect, even by the thoughtless and light minded, who have no reverence for anything upon, above or beneath the earth. Yet those who mourn in this way should try to remember that there are other people in the world and if they cannot control grief should remain at home. There are enough sorrow and suffering abroad without the feelings of those who are free as far as humans can be free of trouble to have sadness forced upon them.

For a husband a widow wears crape a year; the second year all black without crape; after that anything she pleases; for a mother, all black for a year, with crape for six months, and the same for a father; for brother or sister, plain black at least three months, white for the following nine, making a year, as all white without the addition of anything black is considered mourning.

Don't Insist.

"'Oh, do have some more!'

"Have you not met the host and hostess who thus insist upon forcing you to eat more than you really want at a meal?" said a man recently.

"Wherever I go out to dinner nowadays I am bothered and badgered to eat more than I want.

"After almost each course I am besought, 'Oh, do have some more!' and, despite my gentle protests more is generally thrust upon me in the end.

"I am naturally not a big eater, and in consequence of this 'Oh, do have some more' cult I am rapidly becoming faced with three alternatives:

"I must give up going out to dinner.

"I must resign myself to a dyspeptic martyrdom in the near future.

"I must risk earning a reputation for churlishness or perhaps even downright rudeness."

COAT OF ARMS GOWN.

Snobbish, but the Latest Fashion.

ONE PIECE BLUE SERGE FROCK.

Americans have been accused of all kinds of snobbishness by foreigners and several seasons ago the stage held this phase of Americanism up to ridicule. A new rich woman whose father achieved distinction as a money king had the family coat of arms embroidered on the back of a white satin dinner gown.

The same idea is carried out seriously this season on the gown pictured where the owner's coat of arms is embroidered on the front of the bodice. This emblazonment is inconspicuous, to be sure, but the taste of such an adornment is questionable.

The costume in other respects is irreproachable—a charming affair of navy blue serge trimmed with black braid and blue satin. The vest, of exquisite lace, is a dainty touch on the otherwise severe gown.

A blue velvet hat faced with caracal and trimmed with a single white plume accompanies the costume, which also includes heavy white kid gloves and patent leather boots with blue serge tops.

Advance Tips In Fur Sets.

A four piece fur set is made up of a muff, collar, stock and cuffs. The muff, covered with corded white silk, is square, large, perfectly flat and banded an inch from either end with two inch wide strips of fox, sable or skunk. The collar extending squarely across the back is pointed on the shoulders, slightly drops over the top of the arms and parts in front to reveal the vest of the jacket. It is bordered with a two inch band of the chosen pelt and is supplemented by a high stock, which hooks at the back and is top edged by a wide band of fur.

The wide cuffs, equipped with invisible eyes so that they may be hooked over sleeves of almost any size, are wide bands of the silk, trimmed through the center with strips of fur. The girl who owns the remnants of a good fur set may duplicate the above very easily and at comparatively small expense.

A late fad in three piece fur sets can only be adopted by the girl having an unlimited bank account, as the smallest piece travels on four legs. In fact, it is a white Pomeranian, whose tone is repeated in the long stole of white fox, having one end trimmed with a row of brushes and the other end with a baby fox head. This stole should be worn so that the stuffed fox head's bright eyes peer at the world over the edge of a huge round white fox muff.

An Inspiration Banner.

Some folks simply cannot get along without little inspiration clippings and quotations pinned about their desks, mirrors, bedroom walls, etc. And from frequent changing the pretty bedroom paper is soon filled with a smallpox array of pin pricks. The "inspirational" banner solves the problem. It is very simple. Have you a school or college pennant which is not so sacred that you may not pin prick it to your heart's content? If so, hang it in a conspicuous place on a level with your eyes and proceed to pin upon it and unpin from it all the quotations you please. Of course this keeps them all in one place, but that makes them all the more conspicuous—a desirable fault if you wish them to attract your attention.

The Ubiquitous Ruffle.

The neck ruffle we are to have always with us, at least through the winter anyhow, and it is made in great variety. The small tour de cou, which is a filmy ruffle in white or delicately shaded tulle, can be worn with the furs—that is why we shall have it all the winter—and there are several others which can be used under fur, especially as most of the coming season's fur stoles have developed into huge shawl-like wraps, which do not come close up round the neck, but are wound over the shoulders.

CHAPEAU NEWS.

Features of the Smart Winter Hats.

THE HALO CREATION.

Three features distinguish as many types of the smart winter hat. First comes the outing hat in white, cream or champagne soft French felt, which is garnished solely with a silk tricot scarf a trifle heavier of mesh than is the Shetland veiling. The scarf, in one tone of a bright, neutral or dark shade, is fully a yard long by a half yard wide, but is so soft that it is not cumbrous. It is wound about the crown and its knotted ends allowed to drop over the brim's edge.

Second comes the picture hat in black velvet, pasted on to a coarse muslin shape and so flexible that it is not readily bent out of shape. This hat is deceitfully inexpensive looking, because its only trimming is the wide velvet ribbon twisted loosely about its soft crown and the bretelles, which, crossing the wide brim from under the crown band, form a loose bridle under the chin.

Third, and smartest of all, is the black butterfly. This is a huge affair in chantilly lace with outstretched wings that half cover the top of the crown. Truth to tell, it looks unpleasantly like a bat, but it is considered ultra chic and an absolutely unique trimming for the all black between season chapeau without which the well dressed woman can with difficulty get along.

The hat illustrated is a lovely all black creation of velvet, with a wired halo of black chantilly lace as its only trimming.

Something Stunning in Brown.

For best frocks and suits velvet in all the new shades is going to be most popular this winter. Illustrated is a chic model, with a coat of mordore brown velvet trimmed with brown fox fur. The gown is of satin in the same shade, showing a bodice of brown chiffon over a copper satin lining. The coat is a cutaway affair, the front being exceedingly short and the back falling to the hem of the shirt.

VELVET CALLING COSTUME.

A hat of brown velvet trimmed with copper colored ostrich plumes completes the ensemble.

A Widow's Three Tests.

A smart widow at a country house was telling the other day that there are three courses through which every woman should put a man before she marries him. These are eating, laughing and kissing. "A man's laugh tells a lot," she said. "If it is hearty and merry he is good tempered, if loud and empty it means he lacks feeling. Beware of a greedy man. It will be a case of 'feed the brute' all the time." And, according to her, kissing is the most important test at all.

Makes Her Own Monument.

Mme. Sarah Bernhart is employing her vacation by carving a monument for the embellishment of her tomb, for which she has bought a desolate island off the coast of Brittany. She is working hard on a clay sketch of the complete conception with a young Breton woman as a model. The latter is sworn to silence, and the design of the monument is kept a secret.

Cookery Points

Stuffed Eggplant.

This is an excellent dish. Cut a fine eggplant in half lengthwise. Do not peel it, but scoop out the interior to within about three-fourths of the edge. Use a large silver spoon for the purpose, and hold the vegetable under water as much as possible while doing so. This prevents discoloration. As the interior is removed put it also under water, and when the whole is finished cover with new cold water, adding to every quart of water a tablespoonful of salt. Let the eggplant, both shell and scooped out portion, rest in this salted water for two or three hours, or until the water turns dark. This is to remove its rankness.

After soaking put the vegetable into fresh cold water and let it come to the boiling stage. Boil until tender, salting the water slightly. It will take about half an hour's boiling, but it is well to cook the scooped out pulp longer than the shells, so as to have it very soft. The shells should be tender, but not so tender that they will lose their shape. Set the shells aside on an earthen plate.

It is well not to let them come into contact with tin. Now mash the pieces of scooped out eggplant to a pulp with a wooden potato masher, and to every cupful add two or three cupfuls of soft breadcrumbs. Mix the two together, and if they need moistening in order to make them cohere add a little milk. Season with a tiny minced onion, a scant teaspoonful of salt and a scant half teaspoonful each of thyme, sage and white pepper.

A scant quarter of a teaspoonful of sweet marjoram may also be added. Mix the seasonings thoroughly with the stuffing and fill the prepared shell with it. Spread soft butter liberally over the top and set the shells with their contents in a buttered baking dish. Bake in a brisk oven for about half an hour, or until done.

Pumpkin Custards.

Cut enough pumpkin into pieces to make a pint of pulp after being cooked. Place in a kettle, add half a cupful of water, cover the kettle and allow the pumpkin to steam until tender; then take off the lid and allow the water to evaporate. Drain in a colander and press through, rejecting every particle of moisture. Beat three eggs without separating, add to them a pint of rich milk, then the pumpkin and half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of ginger. Mix and turn into small custard cups. Set these in a pan of hot water and bake in the oven for half an hour. When done turn out of the cups and serve with a spoonful of cranberry jelly on the side of each mold.

Chicken Hash.

Chop fine the leftover bits of cold chicken and chop with them an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes. In a frying pan melt a tablespoonful of butter and one-half tablespoon of chopped onion and let cook till soft, but not brown. Turn in the chicken mixture, season highly with salt and pepper and a dash of worcestershire sauce and add, if at hand, a tablespoonful of very finely chopped green pepper. Let cook till well heated, add one fourth cupful of cream, remove the pan to the back of the range and let cook slowly till well browned on the bottom. Fold on a hot platter and serve at once.

Pickled Onions.

Use the small white onions peeled and boiled in equal parts of milk and water for ten minutes. Take out and drain in a colander. Put two quarts of vinegar in a porcelain lined kettle with a teaspoonful of alum, half a tablespoonful of whole mace, a dozen whole cloves and two and one-half tablespoonful of salt. Scald well all these ingredients. Pack the onions in glass jars and pour the spiced vinegar very hot over them and seal.

Bran Muffins.

Two cupfuls coarse unsifted bran meal, one cupful flour, one teaspoonful baking soda, one-half teaspoonful salt, one egg, one-half cupful molasses, one cupful sour milk. Do not have the batter too stiff or get too soft. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. These biscuits have such a medicinal value that they should be more generally used. As made by this rule, they are delicious.

New Way to Cook Turnips.

Pare, slice thin, cut into dice as many turnips as required. Cook in slightly salted water until done. Drain and turn into hot vegetable dish. Season with salt and pepper and put a generous piece of butter into them and toss with fork until every piece is well buttered. When you serve at table put a spoonful of nice cream sauce on each portion.

Baked Salmon Fishballs.

One quart of potatoes, one pint of canned salmon, one beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Dip the hands in cold water to form the balls. Melt some butter and dip each in the melted butter. Place in a tin pan and put in the oven instead of frying the usual way. When brown on top turn them over.

For the Children

Two Little Girls Who Are Fond of Chickens.

Feathered pets are nice, and even chickens, stupid as some people think them, soon learn to know and love those who feed them and are kind to them.

The handsome chickens seen in the picture are Plymouth Rocks. There is Speckle and Topple, which are Florrie and Mimi's own chickens. They know their little mistresses' voices and will come running eagerly when they are called.

The chickens were given to the little girls when they were tiny little yellow baby chicks, and they have fed and cared for them always.

Every morning Speckle and Topple each lays an egg for her little mistress' breakfast. Florrie and Mimi think no other eggs are quite so good as those from their own pet chickens.

These little girls live in New Jersey just across the Hudson river from New York city. Just as they were feeding their chickens one evening the camera snapped and caught them.

Game of Daffodil.

This is for young children who always love ring games and singing plays. Two children stand opposite each other and raise their joined hands. Those forming the ring pass under, one by one, while all keep singing, suiting the action to the words:

We're looking about for a daffodil,
A daffodil, a daffodil.
We're looking about for a daffodil.
We've found one here.

At the word "here," the raised arms come down and inclose the head of the child who happens at the moment to be passing under their heads. Then all sing:

We find one here; we find one here.
We're looking about for a daffodil,
And we find one here.

Daffodil now takes the place of one of the children who caught her, or him, and calls out "Buttercup." The children understand that "buttercup" instead of daffodil is the word for the next verse, so they sing:

We're looking about for a buttercup,
A buttercup, a buttercup, etc.

The leader may hold a bouquet and give to each child the flower being sung when she was caught. Buttercup, when caught, takes the place of daffodil, and the latter goes into the ring. The newcomer calls out the name of another flower—mignonette, daisy flower or bright bluebell—and that name is substituted, and the game goes on. It is finished when each child has been caught.

A Queer Expression.

As most of you know, wild geese when they fly away in the fall of the year form themselves into lines shaped much like the letter V, the leader flying at the point and the others following the two lines. In this way they sail far above the danger line, the danger line being the hunter's gun. In olden times, when the country folk realized the happiness of these birds in their safety (for their chorus of "honk, honk, honk" floated down to the cottagers and sounded joyous), they would look up and say, "Everything is lovely and the goose honks high." By and by it became natural when two persons met each other under peculiarly favorable circumstances for this or that enterprise, for them to say, "Everything is lovely and the goose honks high," and the expression is still used. Now when you hear it you can tell your friends its origin.

Billy's Battles.

I wish some one would splain to you
Why when you can you won't
And why the things you ought to do
Are the things you want to don't.

I asked my mamma, and she said
She didn't know, unless
It's that bad spirit Stubbornhead
And old Contrariness.

She said if I would be a man
I'd have to do my part
And fight these spirits all I can
And drive them from my heart.

So when old Stubbornhead says "Won't!"
I'll say, "You can and will,"
And when Contrariness says "Don't!"
I'll say, "You do it, Bill."

—Philadelphia Record.