Practical Aids & Pictorial Suggestions for Women

Two Hallowe'ens

"'I Believe We Have Tempted Fate in Every Possible Way Tonight.'"

"I BELIEVE we have tempted fate in every possible way tonight — always excepting the witch. Shall we consult her next?" Hallowell's eyes danced boyishly, as he put out a helping hand to the girl who was making a perilous backward descent of the broad stairway, her fluffy train thrown over her arm, a lighted candle in one hand and a silver-backed mirror in the other. "Though, perhaps, it's superfluous," he added mischievously, "since I am positive you saw my face in the glass just now."

"Oh, I am willing to give you a loophole for escape," Miss Frost retorted as she stepped once more on the level. She was a slip of a creature, with a tumbled blond pompadour and big, odd eyes, who looked almost elflike in the eerie light of the hall. "No one but Beth Markle would ever have thought of putting electric bulbs inside of pumpkins. These twentieth century jack-o'-lanterns make me positively creepy. Yes, I am ready for the witch if you are. I've done everything else indoors, and I decline to walk down a muddy drive at midnight in high-heeled slippers, even on the chance of picking up the sort of stick who is to occupy the blest position of my future husband. Come along."

She led the way through the great sweep of rooms, bereft of ordinary furniture and decorations to make room for Halloween revelries; paused to encourage the endeavors of a statuesque young pe: on in a Paris gown to ruin that possession by bobbing frantically for apples in a chrysanthemum imbedded tub; dodged a network of cords, stretching cobwebwise in all directions, which promised a written solution of fate's problem for those who were patient enough to untangle its maze and find an end, and finally arrived at the big fireplace in the last room of the suite, in front of which the witch was holding her court.

The Witch's Prophecy

"You see that copper kettle swinging over the fire," Miss Frost said to her companion. "It is full of molten lead, and the witch will pour a spoonful through the loop of a key handle, which you hold, into a pan of cold water—see, she is doing it now—and it cools into the form of the implements with which—oh, Nell——" she interrupted herself to call to the latest of the witch's patrons. "Let me see—whyee, it looks like golfsticks!"

"Then I must be going to reward Arty's lifelong devotion after all," retorted the other, with a roguish glance at the young man who had been her shadow for the entire evening. "for golf is his only visible occupation, unless you count me." She moved on, the devoted Arty still attending, and the others took her place.

"I wonder what I'll get!" Miss Frost's eyes were wide as a child's, her red lips parted. "Are those pens? Heavens! you don't think I am in for some frightfully learned person, do you? And that queer thing—scales, you say, Old Witch? Not to weigh sugar, I hope?"

"They are the scales of justice," Hallowell interposed with becoming gravity. "Have I told you that law is my chosen profession?"

"You have told me a good many things in the three hours since we met," Miss Frost replied, and her small chin tilted disdainfully, "but I am not sure that was among them."

"And I have still more to tell, when there is another three hours at my command." Hallowell's tone was light, but the girl's eyes drooped under his. "Now for my future wife's calling—what does she do?"

"A Rich Wife You'll Be Getting"

"Wastes her time, apparently," said Miss Frost, "if the scattered appearance of that lead counts——"

"Wears strings of diamonds—see them," droned the witch. "It's a rich lady, you'll be getting, sir, and——"

"Pshaw!" Evelyn Frost's enthusiasm suddenly cooled. "I am sick of this nonsense. It is time to go home, anyway. Shall we say good-bye now, Mr. Hallowell?" She held out her hand.

"If we do, when am I going to see you again?" Hallowell's grasp on the girl's hand was tight enough to be painful. "Don't tell me not to, for I can't obey you; I am coming to see you—you live here in the city, I mean?"

"I am staying with my sister, Mrs. Martin. I thought you knew—236 Mercer street—Thursdays—but you needn't think—let go my hand, Mr. Hallowell, some one will see—and good-night." Hallowell watched the last of her many ruffles disappear around the curve of the stairs, then turned away with a smile.

"And you needn't think, my little Halloween fairy, that I am going to give you up without a struggle," he said.

* * *

"It was awfully pretty, wasn't it? and ghoulish, too. I do adore Beth's parties, don't you? They are so different, and — do you take sugar?" Miss Frost, across the teacups, smiled into Hallowell's grave face, and wondered why she should feel nervous. She had looked forward to this Thursday afternoon, and now, with Mrs. Martin discreetly occupied at the other end of the room and no one else apparently noticing, their tete-a-tete promised to be a failure. He had said there were so many things he wanted to talk about, and, though she had given him his opportunity, he was sitting silent and abstracted. She didn't understand.

"Yes to your last question," he spoke soberly, "and it was certainly pretty and ghoulish. As to it being different, I can hardly judge, for I have no standard of comparison. I never saw a party before."

"Never saw!" Miss Frost stopped, with the sugar tongs poised in midair. "I don't understand," then she realized that Hallowell was still speaking.

"I've been too busy all my life and too poor," he watching her narrowly, "for such things. I don't expect you to understand, but when I met Jim Markle in the street last week—we had been friends as boys—and he insisted upon my coming to his wife's Halloween party, I hadn't a notion of what it would be like, or what would be expected of me. I only went because Jim insisted, and then, to cut my story short, I saw you.

Really the Rich Lady

"You must know what that meant to me—I don't think you could help knowing—and when we parted that night I had made up my mind to win you. Of course, I knew it wouldn't be easy, but I had worked for everything I had got so far in life, and I saw no reason why I shouldn't work for the thing that I wanted most—my life's happiness.

"The next day—I was talking to Mrs. Markle—I found out that you—the Halloween fairy, I had called you—were really the witch's rich lady with strings of diamonds, and I went out and kicked myself for a fool. Who was I to dare ask a woman like you share my lottie? I knew I could never sit by quietly and see some other man, who was more worthy, carry you off, and so then and there I made up my mind to go away and never see you again.

"After a man has once reached a decision of this sort, it is supposable that he will abide by it, but—I couldn't. I fought the hardest fight of my life, and was worsted. It was no use—I had to come, and I had to tell you. If you cared even a little—and were willing to wait until I could give you all you ought to have—then there was no road too rough to travel, no obstacle too hard to overthrow for your sake. Evelyn, was it worth while for me to have come? Do you care at all?"

"No," said Miss Frost. "No—I am sorry—but—I—" The tongs she had been holding clattered to the floor and Hallowell stooped to pick them up. When he raised his head she saw that he was very white, and his eyes were dulled like an animal's in pain.

"Thank you—for being honest—perhaps—it is Lotter—" His voice was not quite steady. He turned from her and looked toward Mrs. Martin, gayly chatting with a latecomer, at the far end of the room. "Your sister—" he began, uncertainly, and then suddenly Evelyn left her chair by the table and crossed over to where he stood.

"Louise is talking—she is always talking," she laughed, but there was a trace of tears in the laugh. "You—you make it so hard for me—" Her voice died almost to a whisper. "Can't you understand? It isn't the money or things like that that matter—and perhaps though I don't care now—perhaps—" Hallowell wheeled sharply about.

"You mean?" he said. "You mean?"

"I mean," said Miss Frost, "that you have let your tea get cold—and if you are a sensible man you will sit down while I give you another cup."

* * *

"I have just come from the Hallowell-Frost wedding, where I figured as matron of honor," wrote Mrs. Jim Markle to a bosom crony, still lingering on her summer wanderings, "and when I have told you about it, you will never cease regretting that you missed so important an event.

"You see, Evelyn and Mr. Hallowell first met at my Halloween party, two years ago, and he fell in love with her right away. I don't think she saw it quite his way then, but now she is perfectly crazy about him! They had a romantic notion about being married on the anniversary of that first meeting, and having a Halloween wedding, and you know what Evelyn wants usually comes her way.

"They were married in St. Ann's at noon, and the little church looked like a veritable 'rantin kirn,' as Burns would call it, with grains and fruit and nuts for decorations, instead of flowers. My dear, have you any notion of the beauty of corn that is ready for husking, and oats at threshing time? Would you believe that their pale tints, backed by autumn leaves, in all the glory of October coloring, make a color scheme that is simply fascinating? Can you picture quaint shuck baskets (that sounds frightfully unromantic, doesn't it?) piled with nuts, and rosy apples, and (actually) pumpkins, appearing in an occasional alcove that is banked with grain?

"If you have any notion of what all this is like, then possibly you can dream of the charms of that wedding—not otherwise.

"Evelyn went up the aisle between white and yellow ribbons, held up by tiny children, dressed as Halloween fairies, who scattered oats—not flower petals—in her path. She wore white satin, of course, and carried white chrysanthemums, but my gown and the bridesmaids' were pale yellow—thank heaven, my complexion will still stand it!

And Then the Presents

"Mr. Hallowell gave the ushers the dearest stickpins, topped with tiny pumpkin heads, and Evelyn's presents to us were belt buckles of gold and topaz, with two fairies clasping hands. I am wild for you to see mine!

"There was nothing at the house except a tiny breakfast for the wedding party, with the same Halloween notion carried out on the table, and we had boxes for the cake, shaped like miniature pumpkins. There is to be a big, conventional reception by and by, I believe, but just now they are in the South on their honeymoon. Afterward—well, nobody who saw the look in Evelyn's eyes when they were raised to bridesmaids were pale yellow—thank can have any doubt as to what their lives will be."

The New Oval Doilies

"IF YOU'VE once embroidered roses," said a most enthusiastic needlewoman, the other day, "you religiously do a rose-piece every year; in fact, roses are pretty certain to be a part of everything you do." So true is this theory of a rose lover, that makers of fancy-work patterns bring out new rose designs every year; and now that color work is coming back into favor, rose embroidery is being taken up by a lot of new enthusiasts.

Exquisite teacloths are embroidered with roses done in the silvery pinks characteristic of La France roses; an occasional centrepiece is done in the soft, beautiful yellows of the famous cloth-of-gold roses, and now and then an expert shows you, with pardonable pride, for the shading is very difficult to do well, a set of doilies done in true tea-rose tints.

Of course, roses are hard to do; that is one of their chief beauties, to the women who attempt them, for nothing displays skill in setting stitch and blending colors as markedly as they do.

The design printed is the new oval shape, in which so many beautiful embroidered bits are done this year. The edge may be embroidered in the traditional white, or in the palest shade of green or of pink, but nothing deeper in tint should be used for it. Both flowers and edge should be padded—the edge heavily, the flower petals heaviest on the edges, so as to give the petals the curve natural to them.

To transfer the design, lay impression paper, face down, upon your linen, and the pattern over that. Then, go over the lines with a hard pencil.

WHAT MEN DON'T WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

WHAT men don't want for Christmas would (and often does) fill the family ash barrel. Of course, there are certain circumstances under which a man would receive a sunburst quilt, a pink bathrobe or a pocket sachet and cherish it for the sake of the giver; but,unless you know that a man loves you better than his dinner or his chances for becoming a millionaire, don't give him trash and expect it to be appreciated.

Don't give him cigars. If you know his favorite brand, and squander your last cent on it, he will never be convinced that you didn't juggle with the labels.

Don't give him neckwear. Masculine and feminine notions in such matters will disagree till beyond the day of judgment.

Don't give him a penknife. No man believes that any woman is capable of letting the quality of steel outweigh a decorative handle. Besides, knives cut friendship, and are bad luck!

Unless you know his literary taste, don't give him books. If you are congenial in such matters, nothing could be better.

Don't, unless you are very near of kin or friendship, give him toilet articles, such as hair brushes or shaving brushes. Such personal gifts are not always in the best of taste.

Don't embroider him whisk holders, or bureau covers in delicate materials or colors. The average man thinks embroidery an invention of the evil one, specially designed to spoil women's eyes and tempers. If you have brothers, you have probably heard this before; but then, if all women had brothers, they would have a great deal of information on a variety of subjects.

Unless you have something unique to offer, don't give a man a calendar. If the average man hung all the calendars he received at Christmas around his room, he wouldn't have space enough left for his mother's picture. Besides, the only one he ever consults is that issued as an advertisement by his life insurance company.

If you really want to please a man at Christmas, study his tastes a little. If he lives in rooms and has a leaning toward hospitality, give him some accessory to his chafing dish—a silver alcohol can, or a match safe to keep on the tray, or a collection of choice recipes done in pen and ink and bound in water color paper, with an attractive sketch on the cover, and a ribbon loop for hanging in a convenient spot.

If he is collecting cushions, make him one, but see that it is soft enough for comfort, and substantial enough in color for every-day use.

If he is literary, give him a book cover or a book rack for tiny and often-used volumes, or something pretty in the way of bill hooks or blotters. He never gets too many of those.

Most men like pictures, but it has been my experience that their preference is usually for a picture that suggests a story rather than one remarkable for beauty of outline or coloring.

Men for the most part are by nature utilitarians, and if you want to please them, don't give them things that are only meant to look at. There are women who would be content with a dinner of bread and butter, if you provided them with a floral centrepiece and French china. No man—no normal man—was ever so constructed; he prefers his dinner, the decorations can "go hang."

The same rule applies to his Christmas presents—he wants nothing that does not contribute to the comfort of his body or his mind.

WAYS OF MENDING

A HOLE, so says somebody, may be the accident of a moment; a patch is premeditated poverty! True, I suppose; but, since it behooves most of us to meditate upon our poverty by occasional patching or darning, lots do it in the best and most inconspicuous way possible.

Silk is best mended with its own ravelings. Carefully ravel threads of the required length, darn as neatly as possible and press flat with an iron that is not hot enough to leave an imprint or discolor the silk.

Never darn woolen goods with sewing silk. You can usually match the color in cotton, but here again, if there is an odd scrap in the house, ravelings of the material are better.

Where the material is mixed, use either the predominating color in darning or else first a thread of one, then of another. Baste ugly, jagged tears into place before darning. A piece of pasteboard under the darn will keep it from puckering as you work, being on the same principle as the darning egg or ball used for stockings.

Fashions in Honeymoons.

THERE is a fashion in everything, from educational systems to shoe strings, so it isn't surprising that some one should discover a fashion in honeymoons. It hasn't been so long since it was quite the proper thing for the bride and groom to slip away to some secluded spot, where they stayed as long as the man's business engagements and his available cash would permit, and had "all the time there is" to find out what a barren place this world would have been if they hadn't discovered each other.

By and by, when they had exhausted every mutual topic of conversation, a few that were not mutual, and all their superfluous income, they crept back to the haunts of men, and signified in divers way, according to their station in life, that they were ready to recognize their neighbors, and travel along the beaten track of the commonplace with the rest of the world.

The bride of today is nothing if not original. She wants a honeymoon, of course; but she doesn't want one like everybody else, and she doesn't mind one bit if all the people in the world know how she spends it. The bridal pair who discover that there is only money enough to buy one ticket, and draw lots as to which shall take the trip, have long since passed into oblivion as deadly commonplace.

Honeymoons spent in automobile trips are an everyday occurrence. A bridal pair with aspiring notions, who elect to do their post-matrimonial cooing in a balloon, is by no means an unusual thing, and now comes along a brave-hearted couple who chose to pass those halcyon days in the Arctic regions.

Surely, if love can survive constant zero temperature and a diet of whale steak and hardtack, it is the genuine article, and not apt to be killed by such minor happenings as a smoking furnace or a scorched potato!

Halloween Soap Bubbles.

SOAP bubbles make an amusing feature in Halloween entertainments. Arrange your bowls of soapy water in half-pumpkin shells and provide each guest with a pipe. He who blows a big bubble that floats high may expect all manner of good luck. If the bubble bursts quickly, misfortune looms near. A bubble that bounces and runs along the carpet promises a new lover or sweetheart.

Wedding Ring Charm.

SHOULD you be anxious to find out the initials of your future husband's name, borrow a wedding ring and suspend it by one of your hairs into an ordinary tumbler. Now repeat the alphabet slowly. When the ring turns at the sound of a certain letter you may know that the fateful one has been reached.