

A Little Story of Office  
Life by "The Nomad."  
Home Hints in General.

# WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW

An Interesting Sketch of  
"General" Rosalie Jones.  
Two 'Days' Bill-of-Fare.

## General Rosalie Jones and Her Valiant Army Marched Triumphantly Into Albany, Sore-Footed, But Game

BY GERTRUDE L. MARVIN.

War Correspondent With the Suffrage  
Army of Invasion.

Gen. Rosalie Jones marched valiantly into Albany on Tuesday at the head of her triumphant invading army of suffragettes.

The capitulation of this ancient masculine stronghold was the grand climax of a forced march of 170 miles, every step of the frozen roads traversed by the army's intrepid feminine feet.

Gen. Rosalie Jones' army left New York city Dec. 16-23 brave hearts strong—but the first day's march of 16 miles was too much for many of the walkers, and by the end of the first week all the plain, ordinary privates had dropped out. These four only continued steadfast, though aching-footed, to the end.

GEN. ROSALIE GARDNER JONES, commander-in-chief.

COL. IDA A. CRAFT, chief of staff.

SURGEON GENERAL LAVINIA DOCK (in private life a nurse).

JESSIE H. STUBBS, official war correspondent.

They will present to Governor-elect Sulzer a secret message from the New York State Association, presumably urging him to take radical steps for "votes for women."

The marchers wear very military costumes of short skirts, heavy boots, sweaters, snug little hats and veils tied under their chins. They carry khaki knapsacks, lettered boldly in black, "Votes for Women." These were full of suffragette leaflets and buttons, which they distributed all along the way.

They also carry long staves, carved with their initials, and notched for each village through which they passed. These staves were brought from the country estate of Miss Rosalie Jones, on Long Island. Miss Jones' mother is a violent anti-suffragist, and is also reputed to be the wealthiest woman in America, not excluding Hetty Green.

But Rosalie Jones has the courage of her convictions. She thought out this pilgrimage to Albany all by herself. So she was made general in command. Day after day she tramped along, refusing all offers of "lifts" from passing automobiles and farmers.

Surgeon-General Dock carried the little package of first aid to the injured, and was always ready to dress blisters and treat aches. Miss Dock is over 50, a quaint, plucky little person, with a most genial smile. She wears a cunning little brown khaki nurse cap. Her left foot troubles her, and the shoe is slit wide open, but she hobbled along, leaning on her staff.

The first few days of the march, the pilgrims were troubled with sore feet, blisters and callouses. But "Doc" Dock, as she is affectionately called, healed them with magic ointments and made fine soft pads of cotton, which she fitted in around the sore spots, when the sufferers put on their shoes in the morning.

### EACH HAS A MISSION.

There's never a rose in all the world!  
But makes some green spray sweeter.

There's never a wind in all the sky!  
But makes some bird wing deeter.  
There's never a star but brings to Heaven  
Some silver radiance tender;

And never a rosy cloud but helps  
To crown the sunset splendor;  
No robin but may thrill some heart  
His dawnlight gladly voicing.  
God gives us all some small, sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing.

### BUTTERFLY BOWS.

Butterfly bows, instead of flat, square ones, are being used by the milliners. Expensive flowered ribbons in antique designs, and with picot edges, are used on hats in place of flowers.

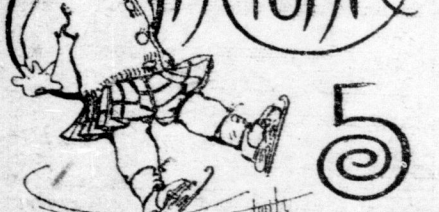
### The Birthday Calendar



### IF THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY.

Your next year will be uneventful but rather fortunate. The signs of speculation and of games of chance are set against you, but steeper methods will bring results.

Those born today will have ability and energy, which if misdirected, will cause much trouble. They should look from many different viewpoints before they act on important matters. They will have great power for good, if well trained.



### IF THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY.

Beware of accidents. You will have a busy and eventful year, and the signs are favorable, but the measure of your good fortune will depend on your strength and judgment. Among those dear to you, some illness will occur.

Those born today will be quick to learn and act, and from many misadventures will, in time, learn to act reasonably. They will gain friends easily and it will be well trained will keep them. Their careers will be successful. These children should be carefully taught the danger of fire, as they are especially liable to injury from this source.



General Rosalie Jones, Commander-in-Chief of the Suffrage Army of Invasion

so that by the end of the week she had all the feet well again.

The army arose at 8 each morning, breakfasted and were ready to take the road by 9:30. The luncheon stop depended on the location of a hotel, for the eastern bank of the Hudson has long gaps of magnificent estates, farm lands and forests where there is no food for wayfarers. The marchers averaged 12 miles a day, though one they made 21 miles, but that was the day before a dance, and they wanted to walk only

eight miles the next day, so as to be fresh for the dance in the evening!

On Christmas eve all the "army" hung up their stockings at the hotel in I. J. and the day itself was devoted to merriments.

An amusing feature of the trip was the brigade of newspaper correspondents accompanying the suffragettes, quite overshadowing the army in numbers—14 of them, six women writers and eight men!

## Problems of the Fair Sex Solved by Cynthia Grey

Dear Miss Grey: I am 17 years old. I have been keeping company with a young man who is not very old. I know he likes me better than any other girl, and I like him better than any other boy, but my folks do not wish me to keep steady company with any young man. Is it proper for me to let him come when he does not know that my parents oppose it? Ought I to let him come Sunday nights if we go to a party during the week? Should I receive letters from him when I am at school? Is it proper for a boy to have a girl's ring?

RUTH.

A—I think your parents are right. You are too young to give much time to any young man. Your letter shows that you have much to learn. A girl of 17 ought to be able to write grammatically. Your letter has several grammatical errors, and it is written in a slovenly fashion. Give less time to your boy friends and more to your studies. Do not approve of a correspondence between a schoolgirl and a young man. A girl should wear her own ring. I think the custom young people have of wearing each other's jewelry rather silly.

### To Bleach It.

Dear Miss Grey—Will peroxide of hydrogen remove superfluous hair? A—It will bleach the hair, make it more or less brittle and if used persistently will finally remove it. But the treatment must be applied often or the hair will return. The electric needle is the only sure way to remove superfluous hair.

### Keep Healthy.

Dear Miss Grey—My scalp is dry and my hair doesn't seem to be in very good condition. Will you please tell me what to do? SCHOOL GIRL.

A—I know that it is difficult to take time yourself to give the hair proper treatment when you are busy at school. But it is worth while to have someone else do it for you if possible. Very often a girl's hair is nice till she is about 16 or 17, and then it begins to show signs of dryness, etc. So be sure to keep the scalp and the hair in a healthy condition. The best way to accomplish this is to brush the hair thoroughly each day, to air the hair frequently and to shampoo it every few weeks. Keep the ends of the hair cut and try to wear the hair in a different way every few months, so that wide parts will not form.

### Heated Carriages.

Closed, heated carriages for all occasions. Palace Livery, Phone 538, Ross & Boss, proprietors.

### FUR FOR BLOUSES.

Even separate blouses are fur-trimmed this year, and the finer the material the more likely it is to have this warm and wintry decoration. Chiffon blouses in many styles lend themselves well to neck bands and elbow cuffs of fur, or tiny epaulettes, and the semi-tailored blouses little touches of fur in their make-up.

**SHILOH CURES COUGHS AND COLDS**

## Mistress of White House



MRS. WOODROW WILSON, from her latest and "official" photograph.

### FASHION NOTES

It is pleasant to hear on excellent authority that silks will be more fashionable than ever during the winter and spring, and that they will be worn on all occasions, and chosen, moreover, in the richest and loveliest colors imaginable. Coat and skirt costumes, designed in comparatively simple styles, will be made in some of the heavier of the new ribbed and corded silks, fabrics which recall the bengalines which were once so popular, but which gain a fresh charm from the fact that, in many cases, they are most artistically shot with three distinctly different yet perfectly harmonious shades. The striped amure silks are also used for the same purpose, and are especially effective with fine lines of white on a navy blue ground.

Jacket collars and cuffs are to be faced with fine kid of contrasting color to the soft, warm cloths employed for the costume this winter. Buttons will also be covered with suede or chevreau kid. One navy blue suit of this kind, with collar, cuff and buttons of emerald-green kid made a novel and good effect, and, at all events, quite a change from gailoon, embroidery, moire or the heretofore popular velvet facings that nevertheless will always look well.

White satin with a touch of black develops many of the smartest afternoon frocks. A charming model has a glimpse of tucked mousseline de sole, ornamented with small erise buttons. Pleated ruffles of the mousseline finished the sleeves.

## Mr. Stone Gets Somewhat Angry Over a Telephone Talk

But Miss Pye Doesn't Lose Her Position.

After three years of life in the same office with Mr. Benjamin Stone, Winnifred Pye had become pretty thoroughly acquainted with that gentleman's habits and eccentricities. And it was probably her knack at summing his whims and adopting (while he was present at least) his methods, which accounted for her keeping the situation so long.

She invariably knew by the stamping of his feet along the office corridor whether he was in a good humor or bad, and often the very tilt of his hat was sufficient announcement of his moods.

She could almost tell to the minute just when he would take his overcoat off the peg, in winter, or his panama, in summer, and start his morning rounds to the several clubs, which he frequented.

But she sometimes failed to estimate correctly was the exact second of his return, and this little lack of foresight on the part of Miss Pye more than once resulted somewhat unpleasantly.

There was the time, for instance, that Mr. Stone walked in unexpectedly, to discover Winnifred and the tall bookkeeper consuming a lemon pie. His scorn upon that occasion was most withering. But another, and more serious offence, was when Miss Pye, with Elizabeth Rush, from across the hall, the tall bookkeeper and another found practicing a new waltz out in the corridor, much to the edification of the elevator boy, who remained deaf to all rings while the fun lasted. Mr. Stone's remarks after heavily climbing three flights of stairs are better imagined than told.

One of the strictest rules ever enforced in Mr. Stone's office was that no employee should use the telephone for personal calls during working hours. Before 9 o'clock, or after 6, the privilege was given, but, of course, the natural perversity of human nature led Winnifred and the tall bookkeeper to violate the rule very frequently, for, as Winnifred said, with a twinkle of her "peroxidized" locks, "What were rules for if not to be broken?"

Peculiarly enough, Mr. Stone had never discovered this infringement of his iron-bound regulations, and made bold by repeated successes, the telephone conversations continued, sometimes almost under Mr. Stone's very nose. But such good fortune could not be expected to last long. Among his New Year's resolutions Mr. Stone had included a resolve not to remain out at the club longer than one-half hour each morning. Unfortunately, however, Miss Pye arrived at the office the day after New Year's. Mr. Stone entered his office after a half-hour's stroll around town, to find her so engrossed in a telephone conversation that she failed to note his arrival. The thunder clouds gathered ominously on her employer's austere brow. He passed quietly into his private office, but the rather penetrating voice of Miss Pye carried easily over the glass partition.

"Oh, Alice, I expect him almost any time now!" "What? Afraid of him? Never!" "Yes, I know he is a perfect crank, but I love him just the same." "Oh, he's as fat and bowlegged as I can be, and has the awfulest teeth!" "Kiss him? Horrors, no!" "Yours Coes? Why I don't see how you can allow it." "My mother would be shocked if I did!" "Yes, he is worth quite a bit, I guess." "Oh, no, I don't mind his hair coming out. There will be less for me to brush, ha-ha." "Well, I must ring off. Alice, come up and see the old dear some time, won't you? Good-bye."

Mr. Stone did not mean to be an eavesdropper, but Winnifred's conversation, levelled so directly at his personal weaknesses and physical peculiarities, treading heedlessly, as it were, right on the tenderest spots of his being, proved too much. His wrath rose higher every minute. So indignant, indeed, was Mr. Stone, that his stenographer had scarcely hung up the receiver and returned to her typewriter, he approached his desk. Winnifred felt herself growing hot and cold by turns. "When had he come in, anyway?" she asked herself. Mr. Stone put his hand on the top of the safe to steady himself a bit. "How dare you use my telephone, when you know it is against the office rules?" he burst forth.

Winnifred had listened to these expressions before. "I am sorry, Mr. Stone, but my chum called me up, and, of course, I had to answer. There was no one else in the office, I thought."

"Well, I was," snapped the irascible Mr. Stone, "and I overheard your unbecoming remarks about my employer. Let me tell you, Miss Pye, it is the last straw to find you discussing me so freely with your friends. Very entertaining, wasn't it? I wonder at you taking your salary from a man so fat and bow-legged. You had better seek some other employer who accords better with your ideas of the beautiful."

Winnifred sat speechless from sheer

amazement. She had never seen him quite so bad before. What was it he was saying about being fat and bow-legged? Then the truth flashed across her mind, and if Mr. Stone had killed her for it, the very next minute, she could not have suppressed the peal of laughter that arose to her lips. Mr. Stone looked as if he could scarcely believe his senses. Such impertinence! But Miss Pye had risen to her feet by this time. "Mr. Stone," she said, looking him in the eye, "I am sorry I broke the office rules, and I'll hunt for another situation tomorrow, but it's only fair to myself to tell you that it was a Boston bull-terrier which my brother is sending me from Toronto that I was talking about, I certainly never dreamed of calling you fat—such horrid names."

Without another word Mr. Stone made for his own office and slammed the door, and when the tall bookkeeper came in it was to find Miss Pye's vault almost hysterical with laughter.

Strangely enough, the matter of Miss Pye's leaving was never again mentioned by Mr. Stone, who for several days wore the appearance of a man who had made a fool of himself and knew that others knew it as well.

The Nomad

### TWO DAYS' MENU

#### SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Grape Fruit. Corn Flakes.  
Waffles with Honey.  
Toast. Coffee.

#### DINNER.

Oyster Soup.  
Roast Beef with Brown Gravy.  
Mashed Potatoes, Lima Beans.  
Celery. Pickles.  
English Carrot Pudding. Coffee.

#### SUPPER.

Curried Oyster Rolls.  
Preserved Peaches, Marble Cake.  
Tea or Cocoa.

Curried Oysters.—Put the liquor drained from a quart of oysters into a saucepan, add a half cup of butter, two tablespoons of flour and one tablespoon of curry powder; mix well, let boil, add oysters and a little salt, boil up once and serve.

English Carrot Pudding.—One pound grated carrots, three-fourths pound chopped suet, half pound each raisins and currants, four tablespoons sugar, eight tablespoons flour, and spices to suit the taste. Boil four hours, then place in oven for twenty minutes and serve with sauce.

#### MONDAY.

BREAKFAST.  
Baked Apples, Cereal and Cream.  
Bacon and Eggs.  
Coffee.

#### DINNER.

Pork Chops. Baked Potatoes.  
Celery and Apple Salad.  
Mince Pie. Coffee.

#### SUPPER OR LUNCHEON.

Tomato Omelet, Potato Salad.  
Sliced Bananas with Grape Fruit Juice.  
Scones. Tea.

## Silkworms and Noise

A naked man is always in attendance in the hatching-room of the silkworms of China. The worms being so very frail that the temperature and humidity of their chamber must not vary, their guard is naked so that he may detect any slightest change by the sensitiveness of his skin.

After the worms are hatched no loud talking is permitted near them, and there are even guards whose duty it is to keep the flies off them. These guards must bathe before entering the worms' presence, and their breath must be sweet and inoffensive—onions, for instance, are forbidden fruit.

Such precautions seem absurd. Yet it is unquestionable that China leads the world in silkworm culture. A Chin-



Children's hosiery that is dainty enough for use in any social gathering, and yet so carefully made and of such excellent wool—Australian Lamb's wool—that it withstands the most strenuous test—the children's playtime.

## "LITTLE DARLING" "LITTLE DAISY"

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THE PROGRESSIVE DRUGGISTS.

ese silkworm farm breeds the strange, industrious creatures by the million. In one of the great silkworm houses it is possible to hear the worms feeding—yes, it is even possible, so numerous are they, to hear the sound they make in spinning their cocoons, a sound like the ripple of rain.

## AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

Continued From Page Thirteen.

majesty of great events, even then he was taken aback by the audacity of the subsequent statement that, in comparison with them, the most sublime and comprehensive speculations sink into insignificance.

Years did not always bring the philosophic mind; that must depend upon how they had been spent, but they could hardly fail to infuse into one's being a melancholy pensiveness, and in that mood today he plucked up courage flatly to deny that statement, made though it was by a man who lived to become lord rector of that university. (Cheers.) Lord rector, like auctioneers, sometimes talked wild. (Laughter.) What event that ever happened would compare in lasting sig-

## If I Were Young Again.

"Were I once young again," said Mr. Birrell, "I should not dwell as much as I was early led to do by my reading upon the transitional character of the period of time in which I found myself, nor upon any particular crisis I was supposed to be facing, but I should try to be content—without compassionating myself or frequent takings of my moral temperature—to lead the life of my own time, sharing to the full its thoughts and speculations without recklessness, levity, or cowardice, not as were the mediaevalists, intimidated by the fear of death, yet with a Johnsonian gravity befitting its ever nearing approach."

After his address Mr. Birrell was conveyed in a carriage drawn by students to the university, where he was entertained to luncheon. Subsequently he attended an "At Home" of the students held by Lady Macallister, and a dance given by the undergraduates.

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