

A PAGE

SEA-LAVENDER

There's a lilac mist across the marshes,
Where the dim grey sedges softly stir;
There's a wind that leaves a path of lovely purple
O'er the sweet sea-lavender;
There's the sea-scent, keen and fresh and splendid;
There's the sunshine, glad and gay—
Where the mist lies lilac on the marshes
In the still September day.

There's the sigh of soft waves lightly lapping
Where the velvet dusk folds deep,
And the bees that humm'd o'er lilac blossoms
Have drifted by to sleep;
There's the night-wind whisp'ring tender dream-words
Where the purple shadows stir,
And the stars like silver lanterns swinging
O'er my sweet sea-lavender.

THE ART OF NAGGING

"If a wife answers her husband, it is called nagging"; if a husband answers his wife, it is called "advice."

It is with great diffidence that this dictum is contested.

But is it true?
Does nagging—an abominable word for an abominable thing—consist in answering back? If so, we ought surely to call a rude servant's rude retorts by an ugly name. But though we talk of a nagging mistress, who ever heard of a nagging maid?

The word, in fact, is commonly used for something quite different from answers, however surly, however rude. It belongs to the tiresome admonitions of those who have, or pretend to have some sort of superiority.

Take another example: A teacher may be called nagging, but you never heard of nagging scholars. So the definition seems unilluminating. Not by any means are nagging husbands unknown. Probably impartial justice would find it as much a masculine as a feminine sin. But the essence of it, the most irritating part of its nasty flavor is the affectation of superiority.

Do you protest?
It is indeed very likely that the nagger may pretend to be an ill-used, outraged, down-trodden creature. But that is in itself a pretence of superiority. The members of the whole army of martyrs are necessarily of a higher importance than the children of this world. While the husband complains that his wishes are never attended to, he insinuates that he is such a valuable soul, that you ought to leap to anticipate his unspoken thought. While she weeps for her ignominy as a woman who has none of the pomp and circumstance lavished by other husbands upon their wives, she gives you to understand that she is more than worthy of all that adorns the most magnificent of them, and her husband something lower than the beasts not to be able to endow her equally.

It is not pretended that these are the only styles of the great art of nagging. Most popular and most powerful of all is the moral style.

In the matter of matrimony someone or other has said that to marry a wife is to reform the Recording Angel.

As a general truth this is inferior; but there are wives who conceive themselves with a mission to act as a sort of Recording Angel's gazette, publishing his reflections on the world at large, and a husband in particular. There are also husbands engaged in the same occupation. This form of nagging, the enumeration of all your sins, of omission and commission, flavored with some gloomy forebodings of the future, has caused more pain than most diseases. To expiate upon its iniquity would be humorless business.

One of the most disastrous of qualities, both to yourself and others, is this memory for other people's sins. Your true expert in nagging of course regards it as a sign of virtue. A perfect appreciation of the sins of the rest of the world proves you, they would argue, a saint. This temper is seen to perfection in the classic instance of the brutality or nagging—Thackeray's Mrs. MacKenzie, the "old campaigner" who tortured Colonel Newcombe, she is worth study. Her most hideous efforts belong to the time when she had been injured, when she had something to revenge; but you will observe that the nagging spirit, the desire to nag for its own sake, is obvious in those early days when she is merely an amiable parasite, a respectable adventuress with nothing to lose.

Even then she could not leave any human creature alone, she must always be arch, she must always be chaffing, and hunting at their secrets, their opinions, their tastes—always, as it were, putting people through a sort of public inquisition. This is called bright and lively. But—it is also a sense of nagging. The operator resembles the owner of a troupe of performing animals.

You are her animal, and had better do her tricks.

GOWNS AND GOSSIP

Every now and then I am taken to task because I do not devote more time and attention to the necessities of the matron. I have

always had a rooted objection to this particular name. It is nothing but a label designed to make us feel old and to suggest insidiously that our figures have gone to pieces. It also has a prehistoric flavor belonging to the period when everybody over thirty wore a bonnet out of doors, a cap in the house, and a black silk gown as a sign of respectability, and those who did not thus conform were generally considered "fast!"

Will any broad-minded person point to the middle-aged woman, even the mother of a large family, who considers that she owes it to her race to wear a definite type of uniform which will signify to the observer that she has committed the misdemeanor of being no longer young? If there any cogent reason why ladies of over forty-five summers should be condemned to black serge, or a sombre grey, for a coat and skirt, and why they should go out to dinner invariably garbed in black velvet or black satin? Far from admitting for one moment that all the young beautiful things are to belong to the young, I would have exactly the opposite take place; for while a girl or a young woman has all the charm of complexion and her slight figure to make the task of dressing easy, we in the more sere and yellow leaf have every right to expect that we shall be assisted by all the materials and colorings available in the dress world.

There are certain evils which seem to have disappeared, and amongst them that ungainly figure which was caused by ill-cut corsets and by forcing a small waist when Nature



for WOMEN

Having found a good corsetiere or a ready-made corset which makes us trim, neat, and comfortable, the next important thing is a petticoat, if we wear such an article of clothing, which will be so cut as to permit our frock to fit properly over it. Then, as to the clothes, I believe we can each follow our own particular bent. It is true that some women of forty-five wear a frock suitable to a girl of eighteen, but those sort of people will continue to make guys of themselves whatever anybody may write or suggest. They will probably wear check blouses, or a white blouse with a green skirt, when their figures are very stout and ungainly, and they must be left to their fate, or possibly they may be reformed by one of their offspring, a not unwonted occurrence in these days of topsy-turveydom. Yesterday I met a friend of mine out shopping. She has certainly grown very plump, yet she looks exceedingly well, because she holds herself erect and takes pains over her garments. She was wearing a mole-colored Princess frock with a coat to match, and a mole moire hat lined up with black velvet, with a ruffled bow of soft vieux bleu velvet in the front. She had on black fox furs, not at all voluminous or ultra expensive, and I felt that any son would be proud to go out with such a mother.

Of course, the Princess dress is invariably becoming to us when we are no longer slight, but on an evening gown a waist-band is very often exceedingly pretty.

It is not at all an unusual remark that if a

man takes her chance. If one develops a hard and fast idea of smartness, and will not be moved from that one idea, whether it prove becoming to her or not, the chances are that she will sacrifice all her good looks to her ultra-smart hat, and in the end fail, because directly a hat is unbecoming it is also bereft of its smart effect. There was a time when every woman wore the same sort of hat, and would consider herself out of everything unless she did so. That was in an age when women were replicas of one another. Today no two women are alike. Temperament accounts for this; the mental development of the sex in these modern days is responsible for the varied type of countenance. Self-culture, personality, all add to the expression, and give to the world a variety of character and beauty.

Old prints show us the "pork-pie" hat, every woman, as long as the fashion lasted, wore one, and think if we all, with our differing styles of hairdressing, our varied expressions, felt compelled to adopt one style of headgear! For instance, as a modern production, we have the little, quaint personage who wears the oddest of headgear with the greatest effect. Put that same hat on a tall, stately beauty, and her beauty is extinguished and the chapeau is immediately characterless. There is a certain type of woman who never looks so well as in the regulation picture hat, with a wide brim and plumes and drooping feathers.

It is fairly obvious that women endeavor to provide themselves with original headgear, and this is sometimes a great success, and sometimes otherwise. Here comes in the mystery of millinery, the ability to suit one's particular style of beauty with a beautiful style of hat. Styles are varied and plentiful; they are also intricate and subtle. Now, it is easy to imagine the result of putting a suggestive hat, a hat solely suitable in the poetic, musical, or otherwise artistic temperament upon a strictly practical head. It looks, and is, absurd, and the hat is immediately thus labelled, though the absurdity is entirely in the selection; the wrong person is wearing it. The difficulty seems to lie in deciding which, amidst many, is one's own style, and after adopting it, not to deviate from it.

The magic of millinery is proved in the case of an exceedingly desirable hat suiting its wearer to perfection. The beauty of the face is further enhanced by the becoming hat, and the hat is seen at its best with the aid of the charming face beneath.

SMALL TALK

In these days of Lady Mayors an interesting question arises as to their eligibility for knighthood during Coronation year. It has been stated that the lady mayors will receive the honor equally with the man mayors. And already some witticisms have been perpetrated about the Royal voice commanding "Sir Jane" to arise. But as The Observer recently pointed out, we shall not be doing anything peculiarly modern or revolutionary by knighting the woman mayors, but rather reverting to the practice of an earlier time. Not only were women knighted in England in the Middle Ages, but some were summoned to Westminster to sit in the House of Peers. Among these may be named the Lady Abesses of Shaftesbury, Barking, Winchester, and Wilton, all in the reign of Edward I. We are told, too, that both Mary and Elizabeth were knighted before they became queens. In Spanish history there is a most interesting case of women being knighted. During the siege of Tortosa by the Moors in 1140, the city was reduced to such a state of desolation that the men conceived the idea of killing their wives and children to save them from dying in a painful and lingering way from starvation. One of the wives who had no mind to submit to being slaughtered for her good collected her women friends and offered to defend the battlements while the men made a last desperate sortie against the Moors. The sortie was successful; the Moors were driven back from Tortosa, and the gallant women all received the honor of knighthood.

BEWARE OF THESE DOCTORS

The German University of Prague has conferred Emperor William the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and he has accepted.

That will make at least two Doctors of Medicine, of high degree, who don't know their job.

The other is Charles W. Elliot, M.D., Harvard, 1909.

Don't call in either of these physicians except for very simple cases.—Life.

Experience is the acid-test of advice. Any man has written a best-seller before he thought.

Aristocracy is an acquired taste. All children are democratic.

He can easily recognize an old family by the decay of its branches.

The eyes of a traction magnate, the millionaire collected for no service whatsoever.

Until a man finds a wife he is only a half-Sanskrit; but it doesn't follow that a woman becomes the whole thing by getting

—Lippincott's.



SOME BEAUTIFUL BLOUSES

never intended any such thing. Then our modern views on deportment have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that there is no longer any need to throw out our abdominal muscles and permit our chests to fall in. We can all call up a mental vision of ladies we knew when we were young who looked exactly like a down quilt, tied neatly in round the centre with a narrow waistband, and it was inevitable that they should be reduced to the terrible garments they wore, as well as to the neat covering in the shape of a dolman.

Sometimes the middle-aged woman will tell us how distressed she is because she finds that her waist-band measures thirty inches and that she is growing far more solid. She has only to keep on lamenting those thirty inches long enough, and she will begin to let herself go in every way. In my humble opinion, the actual measurements are quite immaterial; they do not matter the least in the world. The thing of supreme importance is to keep one's body active and agile, and to wear corsets which will be perfectly comfortable though they will aim at sufficient bond-

age. When people grow stouter the tendency naturally is for the waist to become a trifle higher, and a few years ago we had a very serious attack of ugliness. The middle-aged woman, when she first took to the long-waisted stay, wore a quite unnatural waist-belt somewhere over the region of her hips, and this had the result of making her look as though she were possessed of a gigantic body and absurdly short legs. A great many people couldn't stoop even if they dropped anything, and, naturally enough, their muscles lose every vestige of elasticity.

We must either walk or garden, golf or fence, if we want to keep our bodies in subjection, but to go for a short little trot each day, buckled up in over-boned corsets, is to court old age with a vengeance. No doubt critics will say that it is impossible to garden in corsets, but this is not true; only we must keep a pair for this delicious occupation, a pair in which there are only a few bones, so that we can stoop about however we choose. A good many enthusiasts wear a tricot belt and bust bodice for the purpose.

woman be well booted and well gloved, she may safely consider herself well dressed. It certainly is very desirable that one should wear good gloves and boots, but however excellent these may be, they will scarcely score a point if the hat be altogether wrong. There can be no question about the value of millinery, and yet how many otherwise well-dressed women ignore its importance! The choice of a hat should be as much considered as the suitable framing of a valued picture, and very properly so, for is not the face the "mirror of the mind"? and as such, ought it not to receive every attention to set it off to its best advantage? Yet it is not always so set off. Often a charming face and a pretty hat are both spoilt by their unsuitability to one another, and this for the want of a little knowledge as to what best becomes a certain style. There are "all sorts and conditions" of hats, and there are many types of beauty, and the question of the moment is to frame each face with the hat that does justice to the individual features.

The modern hats are so varied that they give every woman a chance.



WITH THE

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is bread for the hun
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ing. There is light f
there is inexhaustible

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who are thirsty que
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but what flows from
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Self is the beginn
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agency, of theft and
and bloodshed. Self
evil-doer, the creator

BOOK

In "Everywoman," published by H. K. F. we have a revival of "Everywoman" finds man," which is one of