

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

The Poetry of Dress.

BY R. HERRICK.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction,
An erring lace which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher,
A cuff neglectful and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly,
A winning way, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a mild civility,
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

THANKS for your letter, dear little Cousin Mabel. How nice of you to tell me all about your doings. I hope I shall see you some day, when I go out past your home. I am real glad that you can do useful things too, for a girl who takes a part of the housekeeping off her mother's hands is the girl for me! I wonder did you ever think how it pleases her, when she sees you busying yourself so? Just imagine how she watches you, and her thoughts go back to the first day she held you in her arms, and felt so proud of her own little baby, and then—the day she found that first white tooth in your little red mouth, and the day you took your first step and the day you first said "mamma!" and it all seems like a dream to her, to see you trotting around making the beds, washing the dishes, brushing the crumbs! She was proud of you that first day when you were only a little squeaking, red-faced baby, just think how much prouder she will be of you now, when you are her little helper and comfort. God bless you, little Cousin Mabel, and all you girls who lift your share of the burden off the dear mother's back. Give Cousin Ruth's love to the twins, my dear, isn't it real funny that I have twin sisters too? but mine are just five times as old as yours!

I HAVE a message for Marie, in Annapolis, Maryland. Cousin Grace wants to write to you, my dear, she is a Minnesota girl, and if you will be kind enough to send me your address I will send it to her. Hers is waiting in the little gold hand for you. I hope you will send yours along right away, of course it won't be given to anyone but Cousin Grace in Minnesota. I think the thing I most enjoy about our Cosy Corner Chats is introducing girls to one another. Marie and Grace, please like each other, if only because I like you both!

CERTAINLY, you may come into the corner, Scotch lassie. Why not? I am really glad that Miss Blackeyes wrote to me, as much because it made you write, as because it brought her into our corner. Do you know, one sentence in your letter made me feel a little sad. It was where you say "I did not know before that anyone cared for servant girls." Again, why not! Servant girls are women, with hopes, and wishes, and life and love, just as much as duchesses. Dear Scotch lassie, the Lord we worship was a working man. Think of that! He took orders from people, made wood-work for their homes. I declare, I never seemed to realize that till this moment! Thank you, dear Cousin, for a new thought about my Saviour. And am I not sure that there was the very best of work put into those houses? Yes indeed! What an idea, to think of living in a house that Jesus worked on? And don't you see the full significance of the remark he made to the disciples when he was going away. "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you!" Just the same work in Heaven, making houses for other people to live in? How near labour brings us to Christ! I don't envy the people who don't have to work! No, you and I must work, and work hard. Well it is all right, for our Lord worked hard too. We can always have someone to care for us in time of need, but he had to bear his crowning agony alone. I am glad you gave up the tailoring. It is very trying for girls. I have a lot of little cousins who have not made their appearance in this paper yet, who are sewing, pressing, shrinking, steaming heavy cloth garments that are too much for their strength, and I wish they could leave it and get nice places as servants. They don't like that word, but I can't see why, a good servant is a rare and pleasant thing, try and be as good as you can, and write to me again soon.

I WONDER what has happened to a good many of the Cousins who started this column. Lots of new ones come and I am glad to see them, real glad! but I sometimes think back, about Florida Florence, and Sequa, and Emmie, and Perplexity, and those first Cousins whose cheery help made our column a success. Are you too busy, dears, or is it not interesting to write to an unseen Cousin? Don't forget the Cousin, nor wander far away from the Cosy Corner, I want you by me now and then!

I WAS thinking of you girls in church, Sunday last. Whenever I see a girl doing anything very nice or very horrid, I always think "My, I wish she was one of my Cousins, I'd talk to her finely." Two girls sat right behind me, and as we were all early, they began to talk, one belonged to the church and the other asked her all kinds of questions about the service, the minister, the choir, the Dorcas Society. I declare she wanted to know everything. The other girl answered her and gave her a good deal of information that surprised me. Well, the service began, and I thought they would stop, but they just kept right along, whispering through the prayers and hymns and giggling through the sermon. It wasn't much of a sermon, but what was good, they did their best to spoil, until I just felt pretty well out of patience with them. And that I might not hear them, I began to think of you girls, and to wonder if every one of you were as reverent as you might be. "Girls will be girls!" said some one indulgently, just there, and I looked up from my writing to snap out, "Well let them be nice girls, not horrid ones!" "Why Cousin Ruth, what's the matter? I thought you couldn't see anything wrong in girls!" (in very surprised tones). I felt a little cheap, for it did seem inconsistent, but I just told them about those two. "Yes" said the surprised speaker" and a girl next me in church, last Sunday, sucked peppermint lozenges until I was quite ill from the smell, I dislike it so!" Now, girls dear, I don't want to dream of any of you being horrid, but the most careful of us are not too careful how we behave inside the church walls. We go there, presumably, to gather up the blessings for our soul's food. Not to talk not to stare, not to plan for the morrow, not to eat candy or giggle, but to confess our wrong doings, to ask pardon, to thank the Father of us all for care and help. I never knew a girl to amount to much who could not behave herself properly in church, though once in a while, as I remarked, before, the most careful may backslide a trifle.

I am going to ask my cousins to state their opinion on a subject about which I had a great discussion the other day. Suppose you had your choice of any way on earth to spend an evening, (no matter how much it would cost, or how far it would take you) what would you like best to do? Now, girls all, from Maine to California, and from the North pole to Mexico, yes, even way off in Egypt, my Lily Pearl, send in your answers addressed to me, and the one who comes nearest the way of spending the evening which we voted the happiest will get a present specially prepared by your affectionate

COUSIN RUTH.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."—MILTON.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Horrors of Dishwashing.

And yet it is a fact that dishwashing is the one great irksome fact of housework. It makes the wife determined that she will have a servant, and makes the servant hate to be one. Dishes and knives and forks are the great curse of our modern civilization. Without them there would be no servant girl question; there never was one before they were introduced. A society for the Abolition of Dishes might do a good deal to abolish the servant girl question.

Home Hints.

A curious prejudice that some people have is against soap as an application for the face; this is a great fallacy. Good soap is a great beautifier, and a great preventive of the uncomely looking "blackheads" which are such a disfigurement and are so hard to get rid of. The real cause of these unpleasant little specks is not, as a rule, anything more serious than this: Some people have much larger skin pores than others, and the dust collects, settles and finally forms a hard, black little substance which probably would never have had a chance of developing if the skin was thoroughly washed with soap twice a day and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. Do not be afraid of a red nose; the redness will soon fade quickly away and leave no trace.

If you are inclined to be round shouldered don't wear an overcoat that is too heavy. Two or three inches saved in the length of a thick overcoat materially reduces its weight. An overcoat that extends below the knees suggests superfluity, and is not to be recommended. The knees should be the lowest boundary line. Fine, warm underclothing is of more utility in preserving health and comfort than a heavy overcoat.

Sometimes it is very difficult to remove a glass stopper from a bottle. A cloth wet in hot water sometimes is sufficient; but if this fails, remember that the principle is to expand the neck of the bottle by heat and not the stopper. With hot water, the latter is often heated equally with the neck, and thus the desired effect is not produced. By holding the neck of the bottle about half an inch above the flame of a lamp or candle, however, in a few seconds

the most obstinate cork will generally come out. Care must be taken to turn the bottle rapidly, and not allow the flame to touch the glass as it might crack it. When the glass is thoroughly heated a steady pull and twist will almost always bring out the stopper.

Some of the best powders for the teeth are prepared at home. A simple old powder is made of pure charcoal pounded and sifted, and mixed to a paste with water flavored with myrrh, if you like the slightly bitter refreshing flavor. If a charcoal paste is used abundance of water should be used to rinse the mouth, as nothing is more objectionable than a residue of black streaks left sometimes by this powder. Equal parts of prepared chalk, powdered pumice stone and pulverized orris root make a good paste. There is no better wash than the well-known one of a few drops of myrrh dissolved in a tablespoonful of water, but where this is not agreeable there are many delicious washes now found for sale which are equally valuable.

An Ideal Husband.

61

A perfect husband, to my mind
Is loving, tender, gentle, kind;
Brave, and noble, patient, too;
Faithful, in thought to his wife true,
He does not scold if dinner is late,
He knows exactly how to wait;
Tidy, generous, temperate, too;
He does not drink, or smoke, or chew,
Can join a stove pipe at his will
And keep his temper calm and still;
His words are wisdom to his mate,
And at the club he ne'er stays late
Of children he is fond, yet firm;
Willing their joys and sorrow to learn.

62 My ideal husband, is a christian, honorable, cheerful, deferential to woman, proud of his home, fond of children, kind to servants by those in his employ. With confidence enough in his wife's house-keeping to bring home a friend to dinner or to spend the evening at any time he feels inclined. He can smoke all he likes, but must be strictly temperate in regard to alcoholic drinks. Intellectual rather than handsome; prefer dark to fair complexion. A man I would look up to, and prefer to obey. (Rather than "cook or serve him up with sauce.")

63 A man who loves God and his fellow-men; whose heart glows with mother-love; who possesses an innate respect for a woman; who is willing to merge his own comfort in providing for the comfort of others; who is not averse to being controlled for good; who venerates truth; who loves sincerely enough to be honestly and purely jealous, who will bear and forbear, and last but not least, who is willing and glad to give to his wife, in return just so much as he in all things requires of her.

64 He must be so good, that all look eagerly into his face, calling it beautiful, though no clearly defined traces of beauty may be found there. So strong to protect his own, but with a touch most tender to the dear old mother, or the tiny babe in my arms. So noble that even to the fallen he can give a helping hand, so just that even the wayward child blesses him for his chastisement. Who looks upon woman, as next to his God, and deserving of his tenderest love and respect.

65

- 1 Should be a Christian.
- 2 Should have determination, and a fair share of this world's goods.
- 3 Should be affectionate, not self-conceited, educated, and of a cheerful disposition.
- 4 Not given to fault finding.
- 5 Personal appearance. Tall, with dark, blue or brown eyes. High brow, a firm chin and dark moustache, full red lips, and white even teeth.
- 6 One who never uses wines, tobacco or any intoxicating liquors.
- 7 One who does not always say my "Mother used to do so and so."
- 8 Should be fond of music possessing a good voice.
- 9 A good reader, one who would enjoy reading aloud.

66

Husband, husband, thus twas of old;
Thus tis to-day. When man is true,
He bands together those, who hold
Homes ties most dear. Magnanimous,
Honest, pure, chivalrous, discreet,
No barrooms frequents he, In Home
He finds his best delight. He'll treat
His wife to concerts, lectures rare.
Should politics attention claim
He's ready at his country's call;
Accepts no bribes but gives his name
To the cause of Freedom, Temperance, Truth.
Allows his wife to speak her thought,
Without reproach; respects her right
To form opinions. His mercy aids
The poor, sorrowful, fallen; despite
Ill will, he humbly, righteously,
Fears God, not man.

67 He will love his wife as his own body. Fires will not be left for her to build in winter. When necessary will watch by the sick and troublesome baby to give her rest. Consider her comfort and happiness before his own. Do all in his power to strengthen the love of her who was given to his keeping. She will be his own confidant in all his affairs. Through love and kindness he will establish himself King in his home circle, and worthy the name of husband and protector of her who has vowed to love and honor him.