# In Woman's Interest

# Grand Makes Her Debut.

Washington society paid its homage to the youngest child of Gen. Grant's only daughter, Miss Rosmary Sartoris, Wednesday, when, on her 18th birthday, she was introduced by her grandmother and mother. The Washington Post de-

scribes the event: All day long flowers were arriving from friends far and near, an immense basket of roses, chrysanthemums and orchids coming from the White House, with a personal note from Mrs. Mc-Old friends of General and Mrs. Grant, and new friends of the new bud remembered the day, and at 4 o'clock the first drawing room in which Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris and the debutante received was lined with bouquets of every choice flower of the season. In the second drawing room, Mrs. Sartoris, assisted by Miss Jane Fuller, Miss Glover, Miss Blanch Emory and Miss Pfoulke, added to the entertainment of the company. Mrs. Grant wore a rich gown of gray. Mrs. Sartoris white silk, and her young daughter an exquisite creation of white dotted mull over white taffeta, with the round waist trimmed in a profusion of silver spangles and lace insertion. She is a tall, fair girl, with the same fresh coloring that has placed her sister among the beauties of the capital and

has a charming manner. Mrs. McKinley came in person to welcome this last addition to the world of society, and for more than half an hour occupied a place in the receiving line. She wore a handsome visiting gown of delicate silver and blue brocade, with small bonnet to match. She was accompanied by the vice-president and Mrs. Hobart, and their guest, Mrs. Burkalow, of Paterson, N. J. Ex-Senator Sherman and his daughter, Mrs. McCallum; all the members of the cabinet, the British ambassador, and the ladies of their respective families called during the afternoon, as did Mrs. Miles and Miss Miles, Mrs. Logan, Senator and Mrs. Elkins, Senator and Mrs. McMillan, and representatives of every legation in town."

### A Movement for Earlier Hours

We can return to some of the primitive ways of our ancestors and find in them an improvement on modern practices. According to the Philadelphia Times, the society people of the Quaker City are going to go back to early hours for their fashionable functions. An extract from that daily says:

"Late hours are doomed and the sun will no longer rise on dress-coated and ball-gowned beaux and debutantes returning from the social rout. A number of society mentors met Monday at the house of Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, 1,618 Locust street, and decided to start a movement tending to establish earlier hours for entertainments during the coming season. Announcements of this will be sent to 150 leaders of Philadelphia society. This is in line with the belief of many that balls and other functions last year went past all bounds in the lateness of hours. It is particularly desired that the bigger affairs will take place immediately after the dinners, instead of two or three hours later, as usual. Many business men favor this project and it will be a great boon to those who, of necessity, have to rise early." The committee that is directing this reform, which might be called the early-closing-social function movement, includes Mrs. John Cadwalader, Mrs. Alexander J. Cassatt, Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel and others of the very cream of Philadelphia society and members of the oldest and most influential families. Doubtless there will be some fun poked at "slow and sleepy Philadelphia" because of this departure; but is it not really a commendable undertaking?

### Beauty of Tulle.

Any woman, say the wiseacres, looks the better for wearing white or cream white tulle next her face, and acting on this suggestion every woman who studles her appearance wears a tulle stock and a big tulle bow under her chin. Some of them button up their black, brown or dark green cloth walking coats to not only a tulle collar, but a small tulle dickey that spreads down below the bow. They get by this means the same crisp charm of linen, with none of its harshness, for in cold weather linen is a cruel trial to the tender free than any Christian race except the Russian has broken through the

The Grand-Daughter of General | and stocks are not after all so fragile as they sound, and not a woman but wears them but adds something to her looks-by their aid.

### Grandmother's Hood.

A novelty for the coming social season is shown in the swell shops in the shape of real old-fashioned garden sunbonnets, such as grandma used to wear, only made of heavy satin and brocades instead of commonplace calico. These new hoods have sprung into instant popular favor, and no wonder, for they are vastly becoming to old and

young alike. These hoods sit loosely on the head, and are turned back in the front, displaying the different colored lining. In the back they are finished with a frill or "curtain"-as our grandmothers called it in their day-quite devoid of fullness. Long strings of tulle or chiffon give an added touch of daintiness as well as expense to this woman's latest

### A Company Dessert.

Company dessert is difficult; you want something that is easy to prepare, quick to obtain and very decorative, and at the same time new. Here is something which only the epicureans have tasted. Five minutes before your dessert goes to the table open a jar of preserved pears, whole and sweet. Get a quart of vanilla ice cream frozen very hard. Lay a spoonful of cream on an ice cream plate, bury the pear in the ice cream and cover up with another scoop of the cream. The pear will be out of sight until it is discovered in the cool recesses of this delightful

### Broiled Tenderloins.

Cut the tenderloin in inch slices brush both sides with melted butter and broil over a clear, bright fire. Serve with the following sauce: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter without browning, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until smooth. Add one pint of white stock and stir until thick and smooth. Set over hot water, add the strained juice of one-half of a lemon, four tablespoonfuls of freshly grated horseradish and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Season to taste; cook for four minutes. Pour a portion of the sauce on a heated platter; arrange on this the broiled tenderloin, garnish with slices of lemon cut in fancy shapes and serve with the remainder of the sauce in a boat.

## Social Reminders for Your Card

A first call is made on the newcomer by the older resident without waiting for the formality of an introduction. It is returned within ten days. If the acquaintance proves undesirable, it may cease after the first interchange of

The fashionable calling hour for ladies is from 11 to 12 and from 3 to 5. For men, from 8 to 10 when the day is

A formal or first call lasts fifteen minutes, a friendly call twice as long A man must ask permission before he may call, or bear a letter of introduction from another city. An invitation to any entertainment,

whether accepted or not, necessitates a call from the recipient within a month.

Calls should be made on the hostess' day, if she have one.

The guests of a dinner call upon their hostess within a week. A bride does not call upon her friends

until they have called upon her after the wedding receptions. Persons in mourning receive but do

not return calls during the first year after their bereavement. Calls of congratulation are made on the young mother, the fiancee or a friend

### to whom unexpected joy or success have come. A ROAST ON THE KAISER.

[From the London Chronicle.] The telegrams which announce the hollow splendors of the kalser's visit to the sultan are painful reading, especially when we judge them in the light of the amazing extracts from the Post and other influential papers which are telegraphed to us from Berlin. An emperor who rules over a country less

European tradition and gone conspicuously out of his way to do honor to a barbarian whose crimes against humanity are as notorious as they are horrible. At the very moment when the ambassadors of the other powers are at last giving effective expression to their contempt for this "unspeakable" tyrant, the master of the most powerful army in Europe declares himself his familiar friend, and allows his empress to walk through Constantiempress to walk through Constantinople "on the sultan's arm." It is not the first time in recent German policy that a cynical friendliness for Turkey has been displayed. But the present demonstration, by the very fact of its dramatic singularity, surpasses in effect all the former diplomatic favors

Boys and Girls.

# 

A Winter Sing-Song. Sing a song of snowflakes Flying in the air, Sing a song of sleigh-bells, Tinkling everywhere,

Sing of feath'ry enowbanks, Earth in dazzling white. Sing of gleaming ice-fields, Sparkling in the light.

Sing of merry maidens, Sing of blithesome boys, Skating, sliding, coasting, Full of fun and noise! -E. Louise Liddell.

### How a Doll Saved a Kitten. [By Alice M. Weeks.]

Donald and Dorothy were twins, and lived on a farm. It was a large farm, and the children had a great many pets. There were the two white lambs that papa had given them on their last birthday; Donald's six rabbits with pink eyes; Mrs. Cackle and her ten fluffy chicks (which were Dorothy's own); the two dogs, Jack and Gyp; and last, but not the least important in this story, Mrs. Muff, the large white cat, and her kitten, Puffball, or Puff

for short, who looked just like her mam-Dorothy also owned a large family of dolls, but Donald, though he could sometimes be coaxed to play doctor, and give bread pills to them, openly despised dolls, and Dorothy often mourned because she had no one to 'play house" with her and the dolls. There came a time, however, when Donald's respect for dolls suddenly increased, for Polly, Dorothy's big rubber doll, saved Puff from drowning. She actually did, for Donald and Dorothy both saw her; and this is the way it

There was a great horse-chestnut tree down by the creek, and under it the children's play-house was built. Here Dorothy had been giving her dolls a tea-party, when Polly, who had eaten a great deal too much cake, was suddenly taken very ill. Her small mamma carried her out into the air and laid her on the grass as carefully as possible, then ran to find Dr. Donald and bring him back with her before

Polly grew any worse. Dorothy was hardly out of sight when Mrs. Muff and her kitten came stepping daintly through the grass toward the play-house. Seeing Polly, apparently asleep, lying motionless, Mrs. Muff walked over to her, sniffed at her, then cuffed her gently with her paw. Meeting with no response, Mrs. Muff felt safe in bidding good kitten and be careful not to go too near the creek, while she herself took a quiet little "cat-nap." She went into the play-house, jumped lightly up into the chine dell's had and into the china doll's bed, and was soon fast asleep.

It was a pretty dull time for Puff, and, after chasing a stray butterfly or two, and running around after her small white tail till she was dizzy, she sat down and wondered what she chould do next.

You know when little folks (and kittens, too) have nothing in particular to do, they sometimes get into mischief. This was exactly what hap-pened to Puff. She commenced by dancing around Polly, making short runs and leaps at her, and playing with the tiny red tassel on the doll's cap, as the breeze stirred it invitingly. making one of these playful springs the kitten caught her little sharp claws in the cap itself, and, before she could set herself free, had drawn Polly along a short distance over the grass. This was both surprising and interesting. Was Polly join-What had happened? ing in the sport? Puff decided to try again-with the same result. It was an easy matter for the kitten to drag the doll with her, for, though large, Polly was made of rubber, and, as all little girls know, was therefore hollow and very light. So Puff frisked along, pouncing on the tassel, and dragging the cap, and Polly with it, nearer and nearer to the bank of the creek, which che, in her play, had quite forgotten. Alas and alas! Before she had time to save herself, she made one spring too many, and over the bank they went, doll and kitten together, right down into the cold water! Poor Puff was badly frightened, but she clung desperately to Polly's woollen dress, which she had clutched in her fall. Neither Polly nor Puff could swim, but Polly floated, and the kitten dug her claws deeper into the dress, and mewed

Just at that moment Donald and Dorothy came back to the play-house, They heard the kitten's cries, and, rushing to the edge of the bank, eaw Polly, flat on her face, floating on water, with the miserable scared little

kitten clinging fast to her. How to get them out was the question. The bank was steep just there, the water pretty deep, and there was clearly no time to lose. Back to the play-house Donald dashed, and in a very short time had caught up the board which formed the front walk, dragged it over to the bank, and slid it down carefully, with Dorothy's help, until one end rested on the creek bottom, while the other hay against the

bank He crept very cautiously down the board till within reach of them, then gently picked up Puff and Polly together-for even then Puff would not release her hold on the dress. With the two held carefully against his breast, Donald then crept slowly back up the board and handed them to Dorothy, who stood waiting breathless-ly on the bank, while Mrs. Muff, who had come running on hearing her kit-ten's mewing, raced excitedly back and forth, very much alarmed by the mis-hap which had befallen her baby.

Finding that neither the doll nor the kitten was seriously hurt by the wet-ting, the children hastened with them to the house, where Puff was warmed, fed, and comforted, and Polly was praised and petted by her fond mamma to an extent that would certainly have spoiled an ordinary child. Polly however, only smiled serenely, and seemed to be in such good spirits that Dr. Donald said a cold bath was the very thing he should have prescribed

As for Puff, she was not a bit the

worse for her adventure, though for a long time she would not go near the children's play-house; and when she was older, she related the story to her kittens, as a warning to them always to remember their mother's advice, and never to disobey and go near the edge of the creek.—Outlook.

### A Friend in Need.

This friend was a tame stag who belonged to a lady living near Manila in the Philippine Islands. He was a great pet and allowed to roam around at his

The ponies did not have the same freedom. When they were taken out, they must be tethered. One day the man who fed the ponies tied one of them with a very short rope, and then carelessly put its bunch of hay be-

yond its reach, The poor little beast strained at his rope to reach his meal in vain. His owner, watching from the window, was about to go to his help, when she saw the stag standing by taking in the situation. She waited to see what would happen.

The stag soon found a way out of the difficulty. He bent his proud head, lifted part of the hay on his antlers, and put it down under pony's nose. Then he went back for more; in a few minutes the grateful little pony had his full meal before him, and was making a hearty break-

### A Difficult Question.

He passed his plate. "Oh, Teddy!" 'How many times have you had 'more pie'? He thought an instant, and then gravely spoke:

"I'm sure I can't tell. My pieclometer's -St. Nicholas.

### A Smile: A Laugh.

KERKERKERKERKERKERKERKE

In a car a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: "Pleathe charge it to my papa; I've thwallowed the money."

A very just complaint was brought before a bishop that a certain clergyman in the diocese was wearing an Oxford master's hood, when, as a matter of fact, he had no such degree. "I call it, my lord," said the complainant, "wearing a lie on his back." "We need not use quite so strong a word, Mr. Smith," the bishop replied in his blandest manner; "call it a falsehood."

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the cheek and applied a soothing poultice to the damaged eye. "Got hit with a stone," replied the matient.

"Who threw it?" "My-my wife," was the reluctant answer.

"Hum! It's the first time I knew a woman to hit anything she aimed at," muttered the surgeon.

"She was throwing at her neighbor's explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."-Detroit Free Press.

The following is an exact copy of a letter received by a young lady, who, possessing a piano and being about to move to a small country town, advertised for room and board with a family "musically inclined": "Deare Miss we think we kin sute you with room and bord if you peefer to be where there is musick. I play the fiddel, my wife the orgin, my dotter Jule the akordion, my other dotter the bango, my son Hen the gittar, my son Jim the floot and koronet, and my son Clem the base drum, while all of us sings gospell hims in which we would be glad to have you take part both coral or instrumental if you play on anything. We play by ear an when we all git started there is real musick in the air. Let us know if you want to come here to

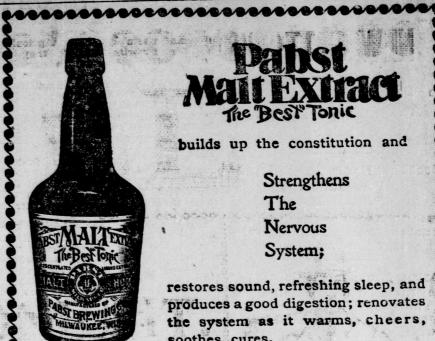
bord. A clergyman was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening, when he saw one of his parishioners very busy whitewashing his cottage. The parson, pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness, called out: "Well. Jones, I see you're making your house nice and smart." With a mysterious air, Jones, who had recently taken the cottage, descended from the ladder, and slowly walked to the hedge which separated the garden from the road.
"That's not 'xactly the reason why I'm a-doing of this 'ere job," he whispered; "but the two last couples as lived in this 'ere cattage 'ad twins; so I says to my missus, I'll tak' an' whitewash the place, so as there mayn't be no infection. Ye see, sir, as 'ow we got ten of 'em already." Whether the white-washing was effectual or not, I have not been able to ascertain.

That a brilliant array of facts calculatingly displayed may be made to pale before one of little or no light, handled haphazard, is amusingly shown by the following from the New York Tribune:

When a young man, a well-known civil engineer, surveyed the route of a proposed railroad. An old farmer with whom he stopped for a time admitted one day, when he saw him figuring in the field, that mathematics always seemed a wonderful thing to him. Being young and enthusiastic, the began to enlarge upon its engineer wonders, telling him how we could measure the distances to different planets, and even weigh them; how we could foretell accurately the coming of a comet or an eclipse years in advance of its actual occurrence, determine the velocity of the fiercest projectile, ascertain the heights of mountains without scaling them, and many other things meant to astonish him.

'Yes, yes, them things does seem kinder cur'us," the old farmer replied; "but what allus bothered me was to understan' why ye have ter carry one for ev'ry ten. But if ye don't," he concluded, with conviction, "the plaguey thing won't come out right."

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### **0+0+0+0+0+0+00+0+0+0+0+0+0** The Poets.

### <del>,</del>

Master. Master went a-hunting When the leaves were falling.

We saw him on the bridle path, We heard him gayly calling: "Oh, master, master, come you back, For I have dreamed a dream so black!" A glint of steel from bit and heel, The chestnut cantered faster; A red flash seen amid the green, And so good-bye to master.

Master came from hunting. Two silent comrades bore him; His eyes were dim, his face was white. The mare was led before him; Oh, master, master, is it thus That you have come again to us?" I held my lady's ice-cold hand,

They bore the bundle past her, should they go so soft and slow? It matters not to master. -A. Conan Doyle, in Littel's Living

### ferra Domus.

Above the deep-set valley, The mountain ranges rise, Above the clouded summits, The boundless skies.

Age.

Beyond the crested surges, Broad plains of ocean are, Beyond the dim horizons, The evening star.

Beyond, above, the limits Of toil and pain and strife, Gleams like a fitful beacon The blessed life.

Beyond Earth's quick mutations, Bright hopes and glooms of fear-Ah! but high heaven affrights us-Our home is here!

### -Lewis Morris in Literature.

From a Far Country. What shall I say if he, some day re turning, Shall seek thee, knowing not? Tell him I waited-till pale Death remembered The life that Love forgot.

If he should ask to know thy place of Ready Reference Guide of Londwelling. What shall my answer be? Give him the ring of gold from off my finger, Give it him-silently!

But if, as with a stranger, he still questions, Say what then shall I do? Speak to him very gently, as a sister,

And if he ask why silent ond deserted The halls so bright before? Answer no word, but show the lamp extinguished,

Perchance he suffers, too!

The widely opened door. And lest, perchance, he ask of that last hour— What message must I keep?

Smile in his face, and say I parted smiling! Yes, smile-lest he should weep! -Austin South.

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