

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B.



Women in the Public Eye.

Mrs. Maurice Egan is the wife of the American minister to Denmark. She is at the present time in this country and will probably leave for Copenhagen in February. She has scores of friends in the capital city that regret her departure for Denmark. Mr. Egan was for several years president of the board of regents of Trinity College, and she has accomplished much toward the advancement of that institution. After the Roosevelt visit to the White House the Egan family were known among the coteries of personal friends whom the president delighted to entertain informally and to visit occasionally.

Through Dr. Egan's influence, Roosevelt became interested in the Irish Historical Society, because a member of that organization and has since contributed many valuable papers. He and Mrs. Roosevelt took special interest in all that concerned the Egan family. He warned the two young daughters not to lose their hearts in a foreign land, but to marry good Americans, which advice the elder of the Egan daughters, Miss Patricia, faithfully obeyed.

Mrs. Egan was before her marriage Miss Katherine Mullin, of Philadelphia. Her parents were well known in the Quaker City. She was educated at the Convent of the Immaculate Heart in that city, and she afterwards took a college course. But she gave up her studies when Dr. Egan, then a young journalist of New York, appeared on the scene. Three children made up the Egan family. The eldest is Mrs. Jerome Elmer Murphy of California. Mrs. Murphy and her sister, Mrs. Carmel Egan, were educated in Washington, but both spent several winters in Copenhagen. The only son, Gerald Griffith Egan, graduated from the Georgetown University several years ago and is now engaged in journalistic work in Washington. Mrs. Egan returned to America from Denmark during the summer.

The Egan family has resided in Washington for the past ten years before Dr. Egan was offered the post of minister to Denmark by President Roosevelt. Dr. Egan held the chair of English at the Catholic University, and he has attained a high reputation for scholarship and for his special accomplishments, a reputation to which he has added during his sojourn in Denmark. Regarding her life in Denmark, Mrs. Egan says:

"I have found Copenhagen one of the most charming cities in the world in which to make a home. Apart from the historical interest there are so many other considerations. Denmark is a country where the home and home life is held in the highest veneration. The women continue to be domestic and to be content with the natural duties which make a woman's happiness. I think that the royal example aids this feeling a great deal, for naturally the



people of monarchial countries take their keynote from the rulers. "During the short but brilliant summers all Denmark is at fresco. Nothing seems to tempt the average Dane to pleasure unless it is a pleasure that can be shared by all. Hence, we find home-makers the most careful in preparation of their banquets. Every small detail is planned by the hostess, even the arrangement of the food on the dishes forming a careful consideration. The devotion which exists among members of a Danish family and the loving care bestowed upon the little ones endears the people to the strangers within the country's gates.

"As for housekeeping, of course, it is difficult to establish a home in a foreign country, but Copenhagen seems to have fewer obstacles than the continental city generally. The business ways are simple and direct, and the servants are all excellently trained. The King and the Queen of Denmark are among the most democratic of the European royals. They walk the streets familiarly and bow and smile to the passers-by most amiably. Often the King will stop an acquaintance and chat with him as with one of his subjects. The chief interest in Copenhagen after the King and the members of the reigning family, is the vast number of royal relatives always visiting at the place.

By remaining in the Danish capital two or three years, one gets to know, at least by sight, all the potentates who at present loom so large in the history of Europe. The Queen of England and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, come to their

deared and that it must look firm and smooth after the washing, as well as before. One of the secrets of good lettering is the padding or under surface. The best material for padding is soft darning cotton. Most monograms are worked in satin stitch and this must be done close together. The monogram on a chemise or corset cover is either placed slightly below the left shoulder or a little to the left of the waistline. The letters should be simple and the block and script styles are always in good taste. With a skilled embroiderer the work is very easy to do, once the selection of the monogram is made and the letters designed. When working the monograms it should be remembered that the goods must be lan-

dered and that it must look firm and smooth after the washing, as well as before. One of the secrets of good lettering is the padding or under surface. The best material for padding is soft darning cotton. Most monograms are worked in satin stitch and this must be done close together. The monogram on a chemise or corset cover is either placed slightly below the left shoulder or a little to the left of the waistline. The letters should be simple and the block and script styles are always in good taste. With a skilled embroiderer the work is very easy to do, once the selection of the monogram is made and the letters designed. When working the monograms it should be remembered that the goods must be lan-

dered and that it must look firm and smooth after the washing, as well as before. One of the secrets of good lettering is the padding or under surface. The best material for padding is soft darning cotton. Most monograms are worked in satin stitch and this must be done close together. The monogram on a chemise or corset cover is either placed slightly below the left shoulder or a little to the left of the waistline. The letters should be simple and the block and script styles are always in good taste. With a skilled embroiderer the work is very easy to do, once the selection of the monogram is made and the letters designed. When working the monograms it should be remembered that the goods must be lan-

dered and that it must look firm and smooth after the washing, as well as before. One of the secrets of good lettering is the padding or under surface. The best material for padding is soft darning cotton. Most monograms are worked in satin stitch and this must be done close together. The monogram on a chemise or corset cover is either placed slightly below the left shoulder or a little to the left of the waistline. The letters should be simple and the block and script styles are always in good taste. With a skilled embroiderer the work is very easy to do, once the selection of the monogram is made and the letters designed. When working the monograms it should be remembered that the goods must be lan-

dered and that it must look firm and smooth after the washing, as well as before. One of the secrets of good lettering is the padding or under surface. The best material for padding is soft darning cotton. Most monograms are worked in satin stitch and this must be done close together. The monogram on a chemise or corset cover is either placed slightly below the left shoulder or a little to the left of the waistline. The letters should be simple and the block and script styles are always in good taste. With a skilled embroiderer the work is very easy to do, once the selection of the monogram is made and the letters designed. When working the monograms it should be remembered that the goods must be lan-

PROPER CLOTHES

Some women seem to be born with "clothes sense." Others acquire it through long and expensive experience. And some never have it. Learning to buy the proper clothes is a great training for developing judgment and discrimination. There are very few women who are not amenable to the temptation of bargain. And the bargain in the hands of the woman of judgment is a great aid toward dressing well on a small sum.

On the other hand, it is often a great stumbling block in the way of one who has not learned discrimination. Merely because a thing is cheap is no good reason for its purchase. It is best to study the needs of the wardrobe. Plan it carefully before the season opens and know just what is best to purchase. Then refuse to be tempted by things that ought not to be bought, no matter how cheap they are. In planning the wardrobe make out a list of what you already have on hand. Then in buying the new things see that they harmonize with the older clothing you wish to wear them with. For instance, if you have a blue tailor-made suit, do not get a purple hat and brown shoes. The thing to do is to get both the new dress and hat in a shade of blue to harmonize with the old suit. Women who buy like this are always well dressed, and they spend far less money in the process than women who buy indiscriminately without regard for fitness or color.

In keeping ribbons do not place odds and ends in an indiscriminate mass in a box. Have either different boxes or envelopes for the different colors and they will be compact and easily managed.

When a Woman uses Ingenuity

When the housewife has to contend with difficult on account of lack of a place to put the soiled dishes as they come out after each course, she should purchase a small cutting table. The legs should be saved off in order to permit its passing under the kitchen table with ease. A kitchen chair should also be purchased. The back should be saved off, so that it can be slipped under both tables. Thus the dishes can be placed on the cutting table and did in under the kitchen table until needed and the chair can be placed in or out, as desired.

On a convenient nail in the kitchen hang a pair of sharp, medium-sized shears. With these can be trimmed the rind from the bacon. The outer edges of the rind being trimmed as the meat is sliced, allows it to fry and prevents curling. Trim the edges of the steak before cooking and cut out the bones, especially the wings with narrow incision. All these can be cut in the oven. When using the pans with pastry from the margin with the shears; also cut openings in the top crust to allow steam to escape. Cut the "lettuce" from meat for meat pie into strips or cubes, thus saving many a sharp on the fingers, as is often done with a cut knife when hastily used. The shears should always be used when cutting celery for salads, etc.

Many uses are filled nowadays by cretonne. The latest idea is to line a suit case with this material. These cretonne-lined suit cases are very attractive, the outside being of woven wicker, shelled or dark brown, which harmonizes well with the leather corners and handle. The lining



may be in any color that one prefers. There is no reason why the suit case lining should not match the owner's lingerie. Unlined bedclothes should be carefully packed in dry goods boxes, and these boxes should be lined with old cloth throughout, the right side of the material being tucked next to the wood. This keeps the bed free from all dampness, and the bedding will always have a fresh, clean odor when not kept in a box where dust can collect. Dampness of course, is a most annoying and valuable enemy. If bedding is packed in a box lined with lavender leaves the bedding is kept in a splendid condition at all times.

"What's the matter with you, Blossom?" he snapped back. "You sit in your seat and keep quiet."

"I mean what I say, Homer!" answered Mrs. Justwed, grimly. "Either you give me your seat, or I will. She's older than I am and—"

"All right," roared Mr. J.—that is, in as near a roar as a man can make of a hoarse whisper. "You give her your seat. You just give her your seat!"

With one last, reproving glance at Homer, Mrs. J. rose with dignity and addressed the lady in front of her.

"Won't you take my seat?" she said sweetly. "I'm not one bit tired and I can see you are very fatigued."

Mr. J. was thunderstruck. The pompous individual smiled—sardonically.

"The ultra-exclusive lady seemed to understand Mrs. Justwed's offer, and she, by a subtle feminine telepathy, for she smilingly and graciously accepted it and sank down into the seat with a withering glance at Mr. J."

Mrs. Justwed caught hold of a swinging strap and never even glanced at Mr. J. But her eyes snapped and glittered with the intensity of her pent-up emotions.

Homer, recovered from his surprise fairly howled within. Give up his seat? Never in this kingdom! He'd be first! So he drew from his pocket a copy of the evening paper and pretended to bury himself in its columns.

The car sped on and on and presently reached the Justwed's corner. Mrs. J. pressed the button. The car stopped. She got off.

Homer-dear folded his paper leisurely and glanced around. The car started. Homer-dear pressed the button for the next corner. As he rose from his seat he looked at the pompous individual sitting in the eye as though to say "I dare you to even smile at me!" But the latter never moved an eye nor changed his bored expression an iota.

The Justwed met at the door of their apartment for Mrs. J. had forgotten her key and consequently had to wait for Mr. J. to open the door.

"I never thought—thought a wife of mine would—!" began Mr. J., fairly abashed with rage.

In the ideal kitchen the walls are covered with old cloth and the floor has a covering of linoleum, which is far easier to clean than a hardwood floor. There are spice cabinets, salt boxes, cake and bread boxes, a glass basket with a lid for butter, a cheese box and a large round tin can for flour and sugar, and glass jars for cereals, tea and coffee. Over the sink, which should have granite shelves instead of wooden, are hung a row of hooks for small kitchen utensils and a rack for lids should be placed in a convenient place. A cabinet with doors of fine copper netting is quite handy for left over articles of food that do not need to be placed in a refrigerator. A gas stove with oven overhead and a comfortable rocking-chair, and last, but not least, a fireless cooker completes the ideal kitchen.

When clothes are sprinkled for ironing the basket should be covered with a heavy blanket. This will keep them moist and prevent mildew in even the warmest weather or kitchen. Place the basket in a cool place, especially if the articles are unsprinkled at night to be ironed the next day.

HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE.
First Manufacturer—This little thing for the household is the latest thing I've taken to manufacture. Clever, isn't it?
Second Manufacturer—Fine, but you can't hold a candle to our goods.
First Manufacturer—What do you manufacture?
Second Manufacturer—Dynamite.

"I never thought—thought a husband of mine would—!" retorted Mrs. J., equally incensed.

"I was never so humiliated in my life before!" snarled Mr. J.

"And I dare say you didn't humiliate me!" cried Mrs. J.

Mr. Justwed flung open the door and stormed in, followed by Mrs. Justwed.

"Now, see here!" he exclaimed. "I had good reason for not giving that lady my seat. That pompous, fat-headed molly-coddle with her just boomed into that car and plunked his tired old rear in front of me, as much as to say: 'Here you come on, get up and give this lady the seat!'"

He wasn't going to walk over me like—"

"Nothing of the sort!" retorted Mrs. J. "When he put his suitcase down on the floor, he happened to place it on my foot and apologized for doing so—as any real gentleman would!"

The upshot of the whole controversy was that Mr. J. vowed never so long as he lived would give his seat to a woman when with Mrs. J. in the car. He'd show her that, rather than having taught him politeness, she'd given him a lesson that had made him realize the need of disciplining. Naturally, Mrs. Justwed got in the last word.

The very next evening, as the Justweds were riding in the car to the home of the Smith-Jones for an evening at bridge, Mr. J. reminded Mrs. J. of his vow and implied that she might offer her seat to any blame woman she wanted to. And the car was crowded, too.

Just when the car stopped, the doors flew open and a woman and a man entered. Mrs. J. looked at Mr. J. appealing. Mr. J. looked at the floor, frowning. Finally he looked at Mrs. J. defiantly.

Of a sudden Mrs. J. was almost startled out of her wits to hear Homer-dear exclaim in a hoarse whisper, "Her your pardon! I didn't see you standing. Do have my seat, Jeannette! How are you?"

Jeannette was so pretty and winsome and demure and, besides, an old flame of Mr. J.'s before he married Mrs. Justwed!

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

Mr. Justwed keeps his Seat.

The Justweds had an odd experience in a crowded car the other afternoon, that was enlightening to both of them, besides being illustrative of the foolish, foolish quarrels married people can and do indulge in from time to time. "Was Mr. J. sitting in the first place—he was wrong, dead wrong. But that scarcely justified Mrs. J. in acting as she did—she should have the old adage: 'Two wrongs never make a right!' Of course, if you claim a right, it must be disciplined occasionally. Not for a minute! He's older than I, but the lady would have to stand."

"Why, Homer, whispered Mrs. J., looking around suddenly to keep a lady in front of me hasn't a seat?"

"No," growled Mr. J., "and she isn't going to get mine, either."

Mrs. Justwed was speechless with surprise. Finally she managed to find her tongue.

"Homer," she exclaimed in a tense whisper, "what is the matter with you? Are you deaf?"

"No!" muttered Mr. J. under his breath. "She isn't going to get my seat!"

"Well," gasped Mrs. J., astounded. "I never dreamed you could be so rude!"

"Be quiet," whispered Mr. Justwed. "I'll explain to you later."

But it wasn't right then and there Mr. J. got mad.

"I have never ridden in a car with so rude a man before in my life! He put me out in a tone audible to the pompous man and the ultra-exclusive lady above the rumble and clatter of the car. 'I am ashamed of you!'"

Homer-dear looked daggers at her. But Mrs. J. was not to be deterred.

"Homer," she exclaimed, decisively, "if you don't get up and give that lady your seat I'll offer her mine."

And, exclaimed, "I beg your pardon!" At the same time he looked at Mr. Justwed as much as to say: "Here you come on, get up and give your seat to the lady with me!" At least Homer-dear interpreted his glance to mean that.

There was something about the man that hit him. And right then and there, he vowed that a conceived ass like that couldn't walk over him and make him jump to his feet like a second footman! Not for a minute! He's older than I, but the lady would have to stand."

"Why, Homer, whispered Mrs. J., looking around suddenly to keep a lady in front of me hasn't a seat?"

"No," growled Mr. J., "and she isn't going to get mine, either."

Mrs. Justwed was speechless with surprise. Finally she managed to find her tongue.

"Homer," she exclaimed in a tense whisper, "what is the matter with you? Are you deaf?"

"No!" muttered Mr. J. under his breath. "She isn't going to get my seat!"



deed, Homer-dear was real nice about such things—and Mrs. J. was proud of him for it.

The car stopped at a corner and a big, blustering, pompous-looking man climbed aboard. He wore spats, a monocle and a bored expression. A middle-aged, ultra-exclusive appearing lady followed him. The man plunked his suitcase—he was evidently a traveler—down in front of Mr. J. and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon!"

At the same time he looked at Mr. Justwed as much as to say: "Here you come on, get up and give your seat to the lady with me!" At least Homer-dear interpreted his glance to mean that.

There was something about the man that hit him. And right then and there, he vowed that a conceived ass like that couldn't walk over him and make him jump to his feet like a second footman! Not for a minute! He's older than I, but the lady would have to stand."

"Why, Homer, whispered Mrs. J., looking around suddenly to keep a lady in front of me hasn't a seat?"

"No," growled Mr. J., "and she isn't going to get mine, either."

Mrs. Justwed was speechless with surprise. Finally she managed to find her tongue.

"Homer," she exclaimed in a tense whisper, "what is the matter with you? Are you deaf?"

"No!" muttered Mr. J. under his breath. "She isn't going to get my seat!"

"Well," gasped Mrs. J., astounded. "I never dreamed you could be so rude!"

"Be quiet," whispered Mr. Justwed. "I'll explain to you later."

But it wasn't right then and there Mr. J. got mad.

"I have never ridden in a car with so rude a man before in my life! He put me out in a tone audible to the pompous man and the ultra-exclusive lady above the rumble and clatter of the car. 'I am ashamed of you!'"

Homer-dear looked daggers at her. But Mrs. J. was not to be deterred.

"Homer," she exclaimed, decisively, "if you don't get up and give that lady your seat I'll offer her mine."

And, exclaimed, "I beg your pardon!" At the same time he looked at Mr. Justwed as much as to say: "Here you come on, get up and give your seat to the lady with me!" At least Homer-dear interpreted his glance to mean that.

A CORNER FOR MEN

A Story and Half Bungalow, Costing \$3,000.
DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGEWICK, ARCHITECT.



The left-hand side back of the living-room is the dining-room, connected through a wide colonnade arch. The dining-room opens through the pantry into the kitchen. The rooms are all good size.

There is one main chimney in front with a fireplace in the living-room and a small kitchen chimney. There is an enclosed stairway to the second half-story; this floor may be arranged with four chambers. A chap who's been working hard all day is justified in refusing to offer his seat to a woman who's been doing nothing but galavanting around the stores. Yes, in-

deed, Homer-dear was real nice about such things—and Mrs. J. was proud of him for it.

The car stopped at a corner and a big, blustering, pompous-looking man climbed aboard. He wore spats, a monocle and a bored expression. A middle-aged, ultra-exclusive appearing lady followed him. The man plunked his suitcase—he was evidently a traveler—down in front of Mr. J. and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon!"

At the same time he looked at Mr. Justwed as much as to say: "Here you come on, get up and give your seat to the lady with me!" At least Homer-dear interpreted his glance to mean that.

There was something about the man that hit him. And right then and there, he vowed that a conceived ass like that couldn't walk over him and make him jump to his feet like a second footman! Not for a minute! He's older than I, but the lady would have to stand."

"Why, Homer, whispered Mrs. J., looking around suddenly to keep a lady in front of me hasn't a seat?"

"No," growled Mr. J., "and she isn't going to get mine, either."

Mrs. Justwed was speechless with surprise. Finally she managed to find her tongue.

BUILD HOUSE IN ONE DAY

It is now claimed by architects and contractors that it is possible to build a modern house in one day. The plot of land selected for the home need not have a single stick of timber or other material on it at 7 o'clock in the morning. In the erection of the dwelling 15,000 nails are used, 11,000 feet of lumber cut and fitted, 12,000 shingles placed on the roof, 6,000 laths used in making the walls, 575 yards of plaster spread and many gallons of paint used.

It is claimed that with 25 carpenters the work can be done, with 18 working 10 hours and the remainder 11 hours.

THE CZAR, HIS WORK
The Czar of Russia probably does more work in a day than any other ruler of a country. He gets out of bed at 8.30 each morning and spends about half an hour at his toilet. His next move is to sit down to his writing desk and get rid of matters needing attention at once. From 10 o'clock until about 11 there is a pause and the ruler partakes of a light luncheon.

He then sets to work again reading documents, signing bills and examining reports of ministers and governors. At noon the Czar usually drinks several cups of strong tea, then goes to work again at once. From that time until four in the afternoon he remains at his desk. At four he usually takes a walk in the palace grounds with his family. Work is again taken up until seven, when the ruler returns to his family. He goes to bed at 12 o'clock each night. He is carefully guarded throughout the entire night and day.

USE NEW MONEY.
There is only one city in the United States where new money is used more than any other kind. That city is Washington, and the 30,000 government employees are paid each month in bright and shining new notes. These employees distribute their money for the necessities of life and therefore much of it is in circulation. In Washington more notes than silver money is used, and very little gold is found in circulation.

