The Ways of Womankind

Patriotic Suggestions From the Breezy, Blithesome Bab.

After Descanting Upon the Spirit of Economy Which Now Possesses Women, She Tells How She Got Her Pseudonym.

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There is never a time when we women are so much inclined to be economical as when there are so many about. The consequence is that during this wicked, wicked war I mean nobody on the side of the Spaniards even blamed one of us who is covered good form is making over her old clothes, dischanging her mind, turning her own hats, wearing cleaned gloves and doing all those horrible things that really are self-denying in some cases, for we are out to the brave boys who are trying to get killed, and we add to the fact for looking after the wounded by going to a cheap dressmaker or drinking cheap coffee.

The other day I wrote to Jack that when I bought my summer hat I tried so nearly to do what was right that I was reminded of the story of the French woman who wanted a very quiet hat, one that was not too large and not too small, not too bright and not too dull, not expensive looking and yet not of common material. To her the bright milliner said, with a glance that was suggestively wickedness, "Ah, madame, I understand! You wish a hat that you can wear when you go out with your husband!"

Really, though, that story does recall some of the monstrosities forced on the loving woman who has no mental backbone and who, going to such a hat, is forced by the overcomplimentary milliner to take a combination of royal purple, mauve and pale blue. It is even too much for a French lady of the lake. Pres Fous wouldn't have looked at it, and yet there are American women who are fools enough to believe that such things are worn by French ladies. Why, ladies' maids would not look at them. The bourgeoisie would wear them, and they are usually assumed by the Frenchwoman who never leaves a hat at home, but who, coming up to visit a city cousin, carries enough green feathers to fill a couple of pillowcases and just before she reaches town takes off her beconing sheltan bow and assumes the monstrosity for which the feathers have paid.

Even Molly has indulged in a beautiful bit of economy, but I don't think she saved much money by it. She said, as does the dearest baby in the world, that she had her picture "taken in it" to send to Jack to show him that all the money was used for buying paper and ink and medicine chests for the soldier lads. You want to know what it looks like? The skirt is of pink lawn, which costs only 15 cents a yard. And it is trimmed with three narrow ruffles, each edged in that Frenchy way with black satin ribbon a fifth of an inch wide. Everybody is using velvet ribbon. It's only those who absolutely know that use the satin. Then the bodice is made of sun gingham, and around the neck, which is cut with that discreet line which shows Mistress Molly's beautiful throat and shoulders to advantage, is a band of pink moire, while the long sleeves, fitting around the arms snugly, are slow of gathers and finished with a frill of chiffon. There's a crush belt and rosette of pale green taffeta, and Molly wears one big pink rose in her hair. I never knew a cheaper frock. This is the way we counted it up: Ten yards of pink lawn at 15 cents, $1.50; ten yards of silk for lining at 50 cents, $5 (the Molly said, "What self-respecting women would buy a lawn dress with anything but silk?"); five yards of moire ribbon at 15 cents, 75c; velvet for belt, 10c (because, as Molly says, "Who ever knew velvet when velvetee would look as well?" and we all agreed with her); for making dress, $3; total, $10. Mme. Fuss-and-Feathers said she would have made this as cheap for anybody except Molly, who had "no brave gentleman" fighting for "Old Glory."

Of course Molly could have got a cheaper dressmaker, but, as she said, when you have bought cheap materials you must have somebody who can give them "an air" to make them look right. So for the rose to be worn in her hair was that a bit of sentiment. She said Jack never felt she was well dressed for evening unless there was a flower in her hair, and she wanted him to see how today's flower had to be. She thought it cool, though, to get a good imitation instead of a fresh one every day for the bodice.

After seeing the picture of sweet Molly in her cheap frock Jack thought she must look "too sweet for anything," and that's what Molly thinks because she had to give up all the new things that she was sure to be put for dressmaker.

There's no doubt about it, women do deny themselves a great many things. By the way, during the last week when I haven't been cleaning for the brave boys of the Spanish war, who have been showing what we can do when we put our all thinkers and street-sweepers, I have been thinking about your friend, Miss Jane. I wonder what for her there was that was when the man who was in the world to her made one of his great speeches. She was not a beauty, she was not a great will, but she loved this man with all the intensity of her soul, and, more than that, she believed in him.

The story goes to a 50-year-old, her a young woman, and, when she died, recently, said it to me. It is said to have this one paragraph: Mr. Gladstone had been making a great speech in a small town, and, during this speech he touched a little upon the Irish question. Now, if ever there lived a man whose life was pure and good, it was that of William Ewart Gladstone. At most, during the speech Mr. Gladstone was in the front row of benches, and after it was over some ladies collected about her and began to talk. The principal point was taken up. A very courtesy-some looking person said, "After all, there is one place who will decide for all of us." "Yes," cheerily answered Jane to the very left hand of the lord, and the hand that is the ministry is that which was so kindly called over to years ago to make of Irish. Now, dear, we are bound politely to Dudley and Dudley's employer for her to be and we are talking about an Anglo-American alliance. It is the right thing. We speak the same tongue, we the people, and, if ever the time shall come when we need a friend, we shall be sure of Uncle Sam's sympathy. The English wife is a little more than a little proud of the success of the home, but the English mother is this. The mother has children enough to go, to point to everywhere and, although she was buried and cried over, she was buried and cried over them as no American woman ever did, unless there perhaps underneath the sense of sadness's shadow. Yet she is very proud, especially as a young mother, she is wonderfully gentle of child, the mother, the queen-God bless her—and the child, the queen-God bless her—and the child, the queen-God bless her—and the child