

"OF PEACE AND LOVE."

A RECURRENT VALENTINE

By ALOYSIUS COLL

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I brought it forth in tenderness today—
That old time valentine he sent to me—
A fragile thing for decades laid away,
A lace of flowers and paper filigree.

Across the ragged marge a courier dove
Is flying, with a message from his heart:
"I send this messenger of peace and love
To hover over thee where'er thou art."

"Of peace and love!" Could he have looked into
The Present from the dim, uncertain Past,
To know how sure his prophecy, how true
The dove would bear his blessing to the last?

The paper bird has lost a fluttering wing,
And I have lost some beauty and some youth;
Each year the dove, returning, seems to sing
Its message, and, O heart, it tells the truth!

Each year the bird grows tattered, torn and less,
Each year I step some nearer to the grave,
But more and more I fondle and caress
The dying dove, the message that I save.

"Of peace and love!" For forty wedded years
That dove has brought the selfsame note divine,
In cloud and sun in laughter and in tears.
O love, I ask no other valentine!

have seen partial suffrage for women introduced into twenty-one states and full suffrage, even to voting the national ticket, bestowed on them in four—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho. They have seen recently an official document issued by the legislature of Wyoming to the governor of every other state setting forth the good results of woman suffrage there and recommending its adoption throughout the Union.

The term "new woman" from being used in derision has come to be one of respect and compliment. Therefore the committee has arranged a new woman evening as part of the programme. Not to make discrimination on account of sex, they have also placed an evening at the disposal of the new man, the woman suffragist's new man.

LETTIE BURBANK.

RESTORING BURNED HAIR.

The eyebrows, the lashes and sometimes the hair of the head may be severely burned by accident. Complete loss of hair in the part is an occasional consequence. This is not always owing to an identical injury. There may be absolute destruction of the hair roots or inflammation may follow the burn and the roots perish or the nerve supply of the part may be injured by the shock of the burn. The utmost that one can say of all cases is that if the roots have been killed the part will remain bald and that if they are living the hair can be made to grow.

In the case of the head and that of the eyebrows the part should be shaved closely to cleanse the skin. A mild "continuous" electric current will aid nutrition.

The following formulae will be found useful:

Eyelashes.—Lanoline one part, boiling water four parts. Beat these to a cream and use cold. Also glycerin one part, water two parts. To each teaspoonful of the latter add one and a half drops of tincture of jaborandi. This will be twelve drops for each ounce.

Eyebrows.—These may be treated with the above solution. It is really not safe to use anything that would hurt the eye if it found entrance.

The Head.—The lanoline cream will be serviceable. Also mix glycerin two ounces, tincture of cantharides one dram, tincture of jaborandi two and one-half drams, water to make ten ounces.

A raw cut onion may be rubbed once over the skin daily. Olive oil containing sulphur in perfect solution is very nutritious.

TO ENGAGED LOVERS.

Do not be selfish, but rather let your own happiness make you desire the happiness of others. If it be true, as George Meredith says, that "the love season is the carnival of egotism," let your case prove an exception to the general rule.

Do not desert or neglect your old friends and acquaintances. Remember that it is not always necessary to be off with an old love because you are on with a new.

Both lovers should make up their

SMALL TALK

OF

WOMEN AND FASHIONS

UNDERSTAND that gowns of point d'esprit are the latest things for evening wear. I have just been to Mme. Argentine, my dressmaker, and she says so; point d'esprit, of all shades, of course, but principally black or white. I must say the white gowns are particularly effective. There is one, for instance, which Madame is making to be worn at a dinner dance at Delmonico's. The waist is frankly décolletée and falls off the shoulders to such a degree that it is a wonder it stays on at all. About this décolletée is carefully draped a fish with the ends crossed in front and then looped up into rosettes with short tabs. The tiny pretenses of sleeves are of the point d'esprit unlined. They reach to a point half way between the shoulder and elbow, where they are edged with a narrow, fluffy ruffle.

The rest of the waist is very simple. It is bloused both back and front and gathered into a smart belt of white velvet. I forgot to say that the waist is banded with this same velvet.

The skirt is most babyfied. It is slightly gathered over the tight fitting tulle lining, and on the inevitable gored flounce there are rows of graduated velvet ribbon. Perhaps you think this gown is for a debutante? Not a bit of it. It will be worn by a young matron, which only shows you that the day is past when point d'esprit suggested the graduation gown and sweet sixteen.

The White Tulle Bow.
Have you changed the location of your white tulle bow? It is no longer worn at the back of the neck close up against the hair. You must now tack it

directly beneath your chin, where it will give you a decidedly plump and angelic look and will bring out beautifully the pink and white lights of your complexion. If you haven't any pink



A BLACK AND WHITE EFFECT.

and white lights, there's the powder box and—well, other things.

There are any number of delightful new fashions in the stores, and they are all of delicate silvery tones, which ought to be immensely becoming to both blonds and brunettes. Wood tints, china blues and the pale blue greens are the newest shades, if there can be anything new in foulard colorings. The patterns are mostly blurred in and indistinct, which is fortunate, as they are even larger than last season.

Now, I am going to give a hint to the girl who makes her own gowns. Buy a number of yards of one of the last year's patterns of foulard, which are sold at present for very little. Choose an inconspicuous design—black or blue with a small pin dot or figure. Make from this a tucked blouse waist, unlined, and a tucked skirt with a couple of flounces, also unlined. You will find this gown most valuable for morning wear, for shopping on hot days and for any informal occasion. You will also have the satisfaction of being much more smartly attired than your shirt waisted sisters, for let me whisper in your ear, the shirt waist will be worn as little as possible this coming summer.

Black Chiffon Boas and Muffs.
A number of women have lately been affecting black chiffon boas and muffs

for street wear. These are undeniably smart and are a great relief from the eternal mink, sable, fox and chinchilla; besides, they are economical, for they may be worn all spring and summer. I saw a very smart woman walking down Fifth avenue the other day, and she wore a black tailor made, a black chiffon boa knotted here and there with velvet, a muff of the same, very full and fluffy and—crowning touch of all—a black chiffon and velvet hat trimmed with black silk roses and velvet autumn leaves exactly matching the tints of her hair. A very stunning combination of her hair.

It occurs to me that women, American women especially, are studying themselves much more than they used to do. They all have a style of their own and are wise enough to cling to it. Nowadays a woman cares more about being picturesque than beautiful. She understands the wisdom of the saying that it is better to be able to look beautiful than to be beautiful.

Black and White.

Here's a case in point:
As I was entering one of the great shops I noticed a victoria near by. In it sat a very dark eyed, black haired woman. She was dressed entirely in black—beautifully fitting, clinging black. The seat against which she leaned was also black, but here comes the striking part of it—overshadowing her face on her black velvet picture hat was a huge white breast. Around her neck was a big fluffy white fox fur and her tiny black gloved hands were thrust into a perfect snowball of a muff made of the same fur. She gave the impression of being a truly royal brunette. When you looked at her features closely, she was not pretty at all. Would any one have glanced at her twice if she had worn brown or black fur like hundreds of other women? No indeed. It was the black and white effect to which she owed everything.

Speaking of striking methods of dress, I am glad to say that there is a horror one does not any longer see in the streets of this town—twins. I don't refer to innocent children, whose misfortune it is to have doubles, but to the foolish habit women have had in times past of dressing alike, and it wasn't so very long ago either. You would see two women exact duplicates of each other in every detail of their costume, and the fun of it was that half of these "twins" were not twins at all; only intimate friends who out of silly sentiment had chosen to buy identical things of the same colors and to wear them at the same time. A more stupid fad it would be hard to find, for of course one woman was bound to look worse than the other—a little less elegant, a little less chic—and there was her companion wearing the same costume to point out the difference, as it were. But now that "originality" and "individuality" have become cant phrases with most women such fads have been relegated to the past.

And it's a good thing too.

Kate Clyde
New York.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

On a certain afternoon when every self supporting young woman in town was enjoying the lot of the "simply clinging" female a stout, elderly lady somewhat resembling a violent silk balloon, waddled out of her carriage and entered the postoffice.

The "young persons" behind the stamp window kept the stout lady waiting for nearly a minute and a half before one of them was at leisure to weigh her parcel, reply to a dozen questions and issue the needed stamps.

In consequence of the unseemly delay the stout lady (who kept her coachman waiting by the hour while she killed time in superfluous shopping) was naturally annoyed.

"And do you expect me," she asked arrogantly, "to put the stamp on myself?"

"Why, no, madam," replied the post-office girl demurely. "I'm afraid we could hardly send you by post for 2 cents."

Mrs. Corrigan's Neighbors

MRS. CALYANDRA CORRIGAN has the kindest neighbors in Christendom. When they try their hand at a new kind of cake or pudding, they always send of her hair. Mrs. Corrigan is equally kind. Sometimes when the cake and pudding experiment is in quite a new field as much kindness is required to accept as to offer the gift, but Mrs. Corrigan is equal to each occasion.

When she is in the least degree ill, nearly ladies flock to her with offers of tender assistance and sympathy and, most of all, with rare and thrilling tales of those who have been similarly afflicted. Especially if the afflicted one failed to recover is Mrs. Corrigan cheered with the pictures of the final fatal symptoms and resultant demise. This is calculated to soothe and encourage her.

Recently as she sat sewing Mrs. Corrigan paused and placed her hand upon her side. A slight shade of annoyance, not to say suffering, passed over her face. Mrs. Cosley, her nearest neighbor, saw through the window both the movement and the expression and hurried in.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

"Oh, a little pain in my side; that's all," replied Mrs. Corrigan.

"But a pain in the side is not to be neglected. It may lead to appendicitis," rejoined Mrs. Cosley. "I'm going to send for Melvyn Griggs anyhow. She's a master hand."

Melvyn Griggs came and applied a mustard plaster. Mrs. Maltroy saw Melvyn coming, and she, too, hurried in to see what was wrong with their neighbor. Mrs. Smithy saw Mrs. Maltroy, and she also quickly followed. Next came Mrs. Jonesey and Mrs. Rodney, and a guest of Mrs. Jonesey. They were full of sympathy, every one eager to alleviate Mrs. Corrigan's suffering, which under all this friendly encouragement really began to amount to something. Mrs. Jonesey said:

"Oh, you dear Mrs. Corrigan, if it actually should be appendicitis, what should we do? I hate to talk of it, it is so d-r-readful. But there was poor Susie Hoppet that Dr. Slicer operated on last week for appendicitis, and she was doing well till she had to sneeze, and that did something to her, and now Dr. Slicer says it'll be six months before she is well."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Jonesey's guest, "down in our neighborhood there was Elphaleet Huling, a great, strong young man and a farmer, never sick a day in his life till he got the appendix and had to be operated on. He did not come out from under the operation right, and now they are afraid he'll die."

"Oh, oh!" groaned the ladies.

By that time Mrs. Corrigan was feeling very bad in her side.

"I'm afraid—I think I'm worse than I thought I was," she said faintly. "Can't you do something for me?"

The ladies assisted her to her couch, loosened her stays, darkened the window and put a hot water bottle to her feet. Mrs. Corrigan moaned.

"We must have a doctor for the poor dear," said Melvyn Griggs.

"Yes, yes, we must have a doctor!" echoed Mrs. Jonesey's guest. And all the others assented.

"There is Dr. Elizabeth Bradish," began Mrs. Maltroy.

Melvyn chopped her off short. "A woman doctor's no good for appendicitis. We must have a man."

"But Bradish is nearest, and we mustn't lose a minute," said Mrs. Smithy. Melvyn gave in at that, and the lady physician was called.

Dr. Elizabeth Bradish was a tall woman in a felt hat and a suit of oxford gray, with skirt and half length coat to match. The coat had plenty of pockets, and Dr. Bradish wore her skirt rainy day length the year round.

She said the patient had an infinitesimal touch of muscular rheumatism, but would be well in the morning.

"But isn't it appendicitis?" asked the three ladies at once.

"The appendix vermiformis is not on that side," answered the doctor.

ALICE A. BROWNE.

GOLD AND SILVER DRESSES.

The costliest dresses in the world are worn by the women of Sumatra. They are made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into fine wire, which is woven into cloth and afterward made into dresses.

IMPORTANT CONVENTION

OF

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS

THIS is the twenty-first annual national woman suffrage convention," said Rev. Anna Shaw, speaking at the meeting in Washington in 1889, "and they tell us we are no nearer a vote than we were when we began. Yes, we are. We are exactly twenty-one years nearer it than we were when we began. It and thereat much applause followed. On the same principle the women of the United States are now thirty-four years nearer to suffrage than they were when they began their meetings at the national capital, for the convention at Washington this February is the thirty-fourth of the National American Woman Suffrage association.

The ladies have been busy preparing to make this convention the most important in the organization's history. They planned that it should partake largely of an international character, and delegates from all the civilized nations were invited to attend actions to report on the progress making there.

Belgium is unique in one respect, and it is that her advocates of woman suffrage are largely men. The political Liberal party there has declared officially that so soon as full manhood suffrage is established complete citizens' rights for women shall also be taken in hand and no pause made till they are wrested from the conservatism of the centuries. Fat little Holland, with its pretty and popular young queen, also sends delegates to the American republic's congress for the equal rights of the sexes.

The convention continues in session from Feb. 12 to Feb. 15, inclusive. The international woman suffrage conference, at which foreign speakers might exploit themselves without being interfered with by the native article, has one whole day allotted to it by the programme committee.

The suffrage societies of Great Britain send as their representative Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller, of Canadian delegates there is a considerable list, and a prominent male citizen of Toronto is one of them. He is James L. Hughes, public school inspector for Toronto. He is distinguished both in Canada and the United States as an educational writer and speaker. He has been engaged many years in reform work along educational lines, and his investigations and experiences have made him favorable to female enfranchisement.

Canada also sends to the gathering two practicing women physicians. Dr. Amelia Yeomans comes from Manitoba, and the fact that she makes the winter journey from Winnipeg to Washington to attend the convention sufficiently attests her enthusiasm for the cause. The other Canadian woman physician is Dr. Amelia Stove Gullen, whose mother before her was a medical woman, the first in Canada. Dr. Gullen was appointed some years ago demonstrator of anatomy, then a professor, in the Woman's Medical college of Toronto. From New Brunswick comes Miss Mabel Peters.

From faraway Australia have sailed strong women to meet this gathering of the faithful. In Australia the demand for woman suffrage is more general and enthusiastic than in the United States, and it is worth noting how this has grown out of the needs of the time. In Australia the most earnest advocates of feminine rights are country women, or, as they are called there, "bushwomen." The better class of farm women there are more thoughtful and more intelligent as to public questions than the average city woman.

The Australian bushwomen know what it is to live alone with her children or perhaps without anybody at all at the home while the men of her family are away herding and driving. Hanging over her is always the dread that the rabbit pest will descend in a night and destroy her crops for next year, or perhaps the dirt roads are in such wretched condition that she cannot get food supplies from the towns because the slow moving horse and bullock trains are "bogged on the track." These deprivations press upon her and enter her heart of hearts: Does not she as well as her husband need railways to convey provisions and clothing into

the bush? Road and rabbit legislation—that is what the bushwoman wants most of all, and she knows it, and she talks up for it and wants a vote so she can back her demands like a man.

How much she wants a vote is illustrated by the action of one young woman who rode alone several miles on a dark night to attend a political meeting and returned in the same manner after it was over. Her brothers were away attending live stock, and she, alone in the bush, thus attested her interest in politics, which to her meant something far more vital than a division of the spoils.

Such intelligent and earnest interest manifested by women in the public welfare has had its weight, and Australian delegates to the convention report that



MODEL OF NEW SPRING HAT.

the provinces and the federal government are alike committed to woman suffrage. On the face of it it looks as if the women of Australia will be enfranchised before the women of the United States are generally.

The programme committee of the suffrage convention has assigned one evening to pioneers in the movement, that is, hienhearted old octogenarians, some of whom began to speak up for equal rights half a century ago, might come and tell a younger generation how Susan B. Anthony was assailed with stale eggs at her meetings in the old days, which were not good days; how Lucy Stone had a stream of ice water played down the back of her neck from a hose through a window behind her when she tried to make a woman suffrage speech; how women were ridiculed in the newspapers and hissed and hooted at and told they were hens trying to crow when they tried to speak in public at all. The eldest of these pioneers is Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She was eighty-six last November and is still writing for the press. The other octogenarians are Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Caroline Halliwell Miller and Henry E. Blackwell.

Since these began their work they

minds to get on well with the relatives of the other and to treat their faults, failings and foibles with at least as much charity as they would accord to those of their own kith and kin. Remember that after marriage the relatives in "law" have to be considered, so it is best to make yourself acceptable to them beforehand.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISING.

The Land of the Rising Sun is evidently not averse to matrimonial advertisements, the following having appeared in a recent Japanese newspaper: "I am a beautiful woman. My abundant undulating hair envelops me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well educated and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble." It would be interesting to learn the sequel. One can only hope that so fair a maiden was able to find a gracious lord who came up to her requirements.



CHINCHILLA TRIMMED VELVET COAT.

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN.

Shopping or club bags are useful gifts and can be found at all prices in the leading stores.

A high evening dressing has a single far shaped flower resting almost upon the brow, with the hair most becomingly disposed in loose, easy draping.

A recent fad among clubwomen is to wear the insignia of the clubs to which they belong on the left side of the skirt

just below the belt. Coats of arms, seals and other insignia of the United States are worn in like fashion.

Loose fitting bodices are going out of favor, and, as a rule, the bodice and skirt are made of the same material.

The adjustment of hair most affected by women who know is a sort of elongated S, one pitched just a shade higher for day wear, while with full even

ing dress the short curl on one shoulder is a frequent completion to this coiffure.

Few wardrobes but can stand the addition of another dainty cravat collar, and this season the choice is really endless in this regard.

Sleeves are one of our greatest modistic salvations at the present. They are a peg whereon hangs much of the style of a gown or a coat. A really good sleeve with something distinctive

ly novel about it is replete with conviction.

Another assistant to a well coiffured head is the "crepon," in itself so beautifully arranged that the merest vest of hair is needed to draw over its already ornamental waves. For that hair in front and at the sides must be bouffant is quite an accepted law.

A self colored flannel shirt adorned with tuckings and stitchings and lace, with soft, black mousseline ribbon,

makes exceptionally smart morning wear for country house visiting.

Each and all of the bows, bandeaux, hairpins, combs, used in hairdressing should bear the hallmark of best style and taste. The ingenuity of the wearer can best discern how and where these are most becomingly placed.

Beige is a dress fabric of smooth texture produced by using yarn in which the colors are mixed.

Garnitures of flowers and ribbon are

much worn on evening frocks. These start on one shoulder, are caught again at the waist and then fall on to the skirt.

A novel and popular apron is planned on the lines of the erstwhile popular fishwife skirt, the upturning edge creating a capacious pocket.

Now, when the line of the rouneau or bouffant is carried back in becoming undulations to meet the low dressed knot of hair, it is a very different and

far more artistic story, and, given a prettily shaped head, there is no question as to the classic elegance of a new dressing.

The fancy which prevails in coiffures at present is to form a bouffant running around the edge of the head, an effect that is all right from the front, but extremely ugly from the back, where a perfectly flat space is presented saving only for a twist or knot.