Feminine Facts and Fancies

DAISY MAY'S IDEA OF GOLF.

Under Certain Conditions She Regards It as a Mighty Pleasant Game.

[Copyright, 1898.]

I have been round the links with Jack all, the car old school friend Will. I sing of arms and a man. Golf is of course the real thing, and every woman must rave over it or she is lost. This is a woman's championship, you see, and a woman's champion, and if an image be a Miss Hart one must admire her, and, emulating the example of the man who was kicked by Lady Jackson, stop in toting how one had the honor to be bogied by her or some other petticoated gutlemaniac now or time.

Briefly between ourselves, however, I did not take very kindly to golf at the start. "Chasing a quinine pill around a sea-sick lake" as some one has very aptly described the sport, did not make me wish to camp out on the links, and this was especially true of the cold weather chasing when the quinine pill used not only to chased and overtaken, but tilled as well after each game to ward off an attack of pneumonia. I have about it, of course, and I talked golf sticks and brassies and niblicks and bunkers and caddies and lodges and rounds and foursomes and attlicks until my tongue was tied in a double knot that only a shoelaceaff would loosen, until the sweet sky seemed a vast Scotch mist and until, as our Michael below would express it, I felt "kilt entirely."

Talking on the clubhouse veranda or on the green, however, was much easier than walking weary miles after the pesky pill under a fright making and double-frightening sun, and of the two rounds I usually chose the latter. Consequently an invitation to go around the links from Willie Bulger Kettlebix or Reginald Dunnie was invariably accepted with an outward smile and an inner groan. What possible fun can there be, thought I, in tramping a torrid mile or so in a J. A. shoe when one really ought to be wearing a C, in getting tired and gross and sunburned and freckled and in climbing over stone fences when there isn't a single man looking at you that you care the snap of your finger for?

Bit a cit, not a little, was bit, was my mind moreover.

I am exactly in this frame of mind when Jack proposes—isn't that a sweet word—proposes that we go round together, but golf and Jack and golf and Willie Bulger Kettlebix are two very different propositions, don't you see? He has been away such a long time, you know, and he does fill his knickerbockers so adoringly! So when Jack proposes—that's my word, I saw it Sly—that we go round the links, my hairy brains to throb a trifle faster, the tassels and the footies, and the footlins are in part actually robbed of their terrors, and evin the bogies no longer seem horrified.

The birds of pulchritude are at luncheon, the links are practically deserted, and the only blot on the landscape is our caddie. Why, oh, why, was the caddie ever invented? Why, oh, why, if it was really necessary to invent him, was he not made deaf, dumb and blind? All caddies are nuisances and weeds than noxious, but on this occasion Jack and I seem to be fortunate in our selection. Our caddie is really a very deserving fellow. He is always at least ten minutes in finding the ball when it goes over a hill or beyond a fence, and, unlike Lot's wife, he is absolutely guiltless of rubber necking. There's a caddie for you! I wonder how much it costs Jack?

As we cross that little stream beyond the first tee Jack helps me over like a gallant fellow and then—what simpletons some men are!—he clings to my hand and pats it and tries to—well, tries to get it near his mustache, but I draw it away.

After all, golf is not such a bad game, don't you know, or wouldn't be if men were not so foolish.

I step under a magnificent oak to reprove Jack for his conduct, and while I am engaged in lecturing him the rascal catches my hand again and does what—what he has been trying to do before I can prevent him. Men are such blunderers; they have no tact—they never do the right thing at the right time. The idea of a great, handsome fellow like Jack kissing a girl's glove, don't you know, when—when—

But really I think I may have been a trifle unjust to golf. When the male is off the links at luncheon, the game appears in a much better light, don't you know, and as for the caddie, giving says of the "gentle craft," what is there on earth that gives a girl a better appetite than a quiet stroll into the Hesperides outside that is exactly what golf amounts literally to—a quiet flirtation. When your real gallomaniac is driving or putting, utter bah a word, a miserable, little, meek and inoffensive nonentity even, and off goes your head. Bliss and life of it is the only thing that will win the approval of a gallomaniac like Willie Bulger Kettlebix, who, pouring nectar with Jack under an oak tree gossiping with the picturesque tints of autumn, while one's submitted caddie is operating a quiver of an hour in a vain hunt for the ball beyond the hill, gives one an opportunity for an exhibition of "gentle craft" that is really great.

But here I am digressing at length while Jack is still holding my hand, while Jack is whispering adjectives of the superlative degree in our ear.

"Dearest," he says, "dearest, I"—

Jack isn't an expert. He hasn't even the making of a good player. He says things, you know, while he is playing.

I remain extreme possession of my left glove. I frown, and I say, "How dare you?" We of our sex all say, "How dare you?" in exactly the same tone. It is the first phrase we commit to memory after our hair goes above our shoulders and our skirts go below our ankles. We say it to feminine devoutness in our tone, intimation in our air and invitation in our eyes. So Jack says.

"How dare you? I love ye, girl. This is no private lesson in golfology," I say with withering scorn, and despite all his eyeglass Jack withers, foregoes polishing for the time being and departs all of ten feet.

Golf is really becoming rather interesting, but just at this juncture the moonlight, farsighted or sightless caddie—may his particular tribe increase—finds the ball, and with ten strokes each we holes the hole ahead and proceed to the second tee.

We both drive the ball over the stone fence ahead. The caddie dives over the fence after them and disappears from mortal ken with Jack's small change rattling in his pocket.

"Dearest," Jack says, "dearest"—

"That's exactly the word for it," I say enthusiastically. "This is just the dearest make I have ever seen—the very dearest!"

Jack looks disappointed. He shaves his mustache. He violently beheads a daisy with his club. He does not swear. It would not be polite. Besides, Jack never swears. I know it, for his mother told me so.

"Do you know what a fowle is, Jack?" I ask sharply. Jack knows. He has just made one, but not with his club.

He looks inquiringly and, as if his finger were cold or as if his pipe had gone out and the nearest match were miles away. How terrible it is to see a strong man suffering! He looks at me with a world of reproach in his fine brown eyes. I meet his gaze unflinchingly, and he withers again. Who says that woman's is the weaker sex?

We reach the stone fence, and Jack shoves up a bit. A liquid "stone fence" has shooting qualities to the average man, but a solid and high stone fence is even a greater jet poulinary to him. Give the average man a stone fence and a pretty girl and a caddiless solitude, and he's as happy as a little boy with his first red engine. A pretty girl, you see, cannot go through a stone fence. She must go over it, and when she goes over it the average man must assist her with all his strength and clearness and politeness. He must take her by the arm or hold her hand or catch her when she comes tumbling down like a sky, sweet bird from the dizzy heights.

Matchmaking mamma, give ear! When all seems lost, try a high stone fence and a caddiless solitude.

Jack mounts the fence at a single bound, then remains and extends his hand to me. Aided by an arm that rocked a Tom rose in victory, I jump with up the side of the stone fence and stand poised upon the very top. How strong he is! He leans down on the other side, extends his arms upward toward me and invites me to jump.

"I will catch you," he says.

"You will not!" say I.

"Then suppose you remain there."

"Thanks, the view is fine."

Then there is silence, and silence, and pieces of it.

Jack frowns at me. I gaze intently beyond him.

"Jack, who is that man?"

Jack turns. I jump. There is no man, Jack says. Golf is quite a game after all.

The caddie reappears from somewhere and announces that he has located the balls, and we play nine holes. Jack looks grieved and is a trifle inclined to sulk. He isn't at all nice when he sulks. He says I am his "dearest," and I say I am not.

And then—and then under another old oak, glorious with the tints of autumn, Jack proposes—proposes that we go round the links of life together, and I reply with a little word of three letters, and we are so happy—so happy!

Ah, after all, golf is a great game, a great game.

Daisy May

A Queen Who Loves Animals.

The queen of Belgium is known to be devoted to animals, and the following episode illustrates that fact: One burning hot day last summer a dog was drawing a milk cart outside a house near Ostend when the thirsty animal, not accustomed to the heat and unused to the hard pavement, ran away. The dog, utterly exhausted, was struggling and barking under his load, but the woman remained callous to his sufferings and began to beat the poor beast mercilessly to make him go on.

At that moment the queen in her pony chaise drove out of the park. Seeing what was going on, her majesty got out of the carriage and severely admonished the woman in Flemish. She then sent her servant to the house to fetch water for the dog and insisted on the peasant getting out and walking, remaining herself standing in the middle of the road to the wayside until the milk cart was out of sight. She then entered her carriage and proceeded to drive off. The milkwoman seemed ignorant of the identity of the queen and grumbled at being thus interrupted in her cruel course. At the same time she dared not disobey.

Mothers of Great Men.

Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability.

Chopin's mother, like himself, was very delicate.

Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music.

Rossini's mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician.

Milton's letters often allude to his mother in the most affectionate terms.

Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son.

Raleigh said that he owed all his greatness of deportment to his mother.

Goethe gave several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother.

Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartee.

Addison's mother was passionately fond of reading and encouraged her son to follow her example.

Charles Darwin's mother had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.

Patiences in the Home.

It is significant to observe how some men fail to know how to treat their wives and sisters when they meet them. It seems to them quite unnecessary to lift their hats or to give their nearest and dearest the courtesy they would freely render to any woman outside of the domestic circle. This should not be, and the need of a revolution is accomplished the better. The silent and most persuasive treatise on the etiquette of the home will not be able by itself to work the change, although it would be helpful toward that end. What is needed is the right training of boys and girls. Courteous behavior should be enforced by parents in the same way as other good qualities are taught.

One of the most successful instructors of the young in our day bears this testimony: "People complain of the way children behave and lay the blame of their behavior on the day school, but if they would only make the children do at home as they are required to do in school, matters would be different. They laugh at the child when he lifts his hat or says 'Please' or 'Thank you,' forgetting that others are trying to make him do the reverse of duty." This word in season should stir up parents to a sense of the importance of cultivating by precept and example the requirements of domestic etiquette.

Oriental Husbands.

Some girls and women seem to be extraordinarily reckless in the matter of contracting marriages with foreigners, or, rather, orientals.

Numberless are the stories we hear of English girls courting students, who invariably return to themselves as Indian princes, but turn out to be persons of no importance, and, as the West Africans say, "go faster," immediately they return to their native land.

The idea of an American girl marrying a Chinaman is extremely repugnant to most people, even if it were possible to imagine for one instant that she could ever live happily with him, but when the almost inevitable result of such a union is desertion at Shanghai, under brutal circumstances, the whole thing verges on the tragic.

Even under the most favorable conditions such marriages are more than objectionable, and, at any rate, before entering into them girls should make the most minute inquiries into the conditions of women's life in the countries from which their would be husbands hail and also into the status of a girl according to law in those lands.

The simplest thing, however, and one which would effectually put an end to all such difficulties, is never to listen to an offer of marriage from an oriental.

Leather Work.

How is leather work accomplished? Its simply that the veriest amateur may essay it. The leather, with a design traced on paper laid on its upper surface, is affixed by drawing pins to a wooden board. The design is then indented by passing a tool not unlike a knitting needle over the whole of the tracing or cutting it in with a short, sharp knife. Next the leather is removed from the board and sponged with a damp sponge on the reverse side of the leather. The pattern is then raised or embossed from the back by judicious scraping and pressure and finally modeled and softened down on the front by laying the leather on a slab of slate, glass or marble and working tools over the face of the leather. The embossed surface can be filled at the back before modeling, if the relief is to be high, by using wax or a mixture of rye meal and damp sawdust as a paste. When dry, the pattern may be colored or not, at the will of the worker, with stain or indelible ink.

Directories For Finding Heiresses.

There is more of the up to datedness about the modern Frenchman than he has generally had credit for. It used to be thought that in regard all things a Frenchman was the soul of love and gallantry in his dealings with the fair sex, but what is one to think after seeing the Heiress Directory, which has recently been published in France?

In this useful and important volume dashed at from the money grasp of view who is seeking a wife with money; there to given a full list of the girls of all classes in France who have money of their own, or "expectations," and there are added the amount supposed to be commanded by them, their age and a short description of their personal looks, figures and other characteristics.

Doubtless this directory has been found useful and requisite, because, in France, marriages are arranged in most cases upon strictly business lines and are a matter for the relations of the "happy couples" rather than for those "unlucky" people themselves. At any rate, the book is having a good sale, as its publishers are well satisfied.

Speaking of this directory recalls that it is not quite a novel idea, since in some parts of Italy, especially Genoa, there have been for some years men and women called "marriage brokers" who make a specialty (and a good living) of bringing young people together with a view to their finding life partners. In this they are very successful and publish regularly a list of the "eligibles" of both sexes in order to facilitate matters for their clients. Very large commissions are often paid by those who are thus introduced to each other if a marriage follows, as it frequently does. In fact, a cynic has said that the couples are quite as well matched and quite as happy afterward by this method as by our own—and often a great deal more so.

In England such directories of heiresses are not entirely unknown, though not published for general sale as in the instances quoted above. But the writer has seen more than one list sent out by people trying to emulate the Genoa system and become similar "marriage brokers." Only while giving the amount of the income of each heiress—more or less correct, generally the latter—these lists have not descended to the minute particulars which are to be found in the French directory. On receipt of a stipulated sum, however, the person sending the list promises to forward more details, and in one case, at all events, there was an offer to send us, if required, a photo of any of the ladies mentioned as "eligible heiresses."

HANDSOME HOUSE GOWN.

THE LATEST PARIS HAT.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Diamond and pearls are considered a medicine of great potency by the Chinese, and beautiful art work in mother of pearl has long been executed both in China and Japan. In the Philippines windows are made of mother of pearl and in Cochinchina it is used for inlaying inscriptions on tombstones.

Great efforts in Paris, according to official accounts, has been given at an expenditure over receipts of 4,000,000 francs in five years, an average loss, that is, of 800,000 a year. The subvention of 80,000 francs a year reduces the annual deficit to 720,000, but there is a further yearly deficit of 40,000 on the opera concerts.

Queen Victoria is six months younger than Mrs. Gladstone. Madame Bartet-Guitte is five years older than the queen. Lady Louise Tighe, who was at the ball the night before the battle of Waterloo, now a young lady when the queen was born.

Marriage, according to Dr. Schwartz of Berlin, is the most important factor in longevity. Of every 100 persons who reach the age of 15 years 25 are married and 75 unmarried. At 60 years the proportions are 41 to 59; at 70 years, 37 to 63, and at 80 years, 3 to 5. Fifty centenarians had all been married. The doctor asserts that the rate of mortality for bachelors and wives between the ages of 15 and 45 is 10 per cent, while that for married persons is 28 per cent.

In former days—in coffee houses—a box was attached to the wall, shaped like the usual alms or collection boxes of today, and over it was the legend, "Tu Inter Propinandum." This, in course of time, was rendered by the initials "T. I. P." and hence the toast we use.

The value of the jewels in the British crown is about £1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the crown of Portugal, which is estimated at £5,000,000. Four rows of diamonds, very, in size, equal to those worn in her crown and more by person being not less than £2,000,000.

Dancing comes first of all the public arts. It includes music, singing and sculpture.