

# Kate Clyde

Reveals the Domestic Infelicity Due to Bad Cooking. Tells of an Organization For the Correction of the Faults of the Members and Suggests Some Appetizing Lenten Tidbits.

**B**AD cooking is the cause of more divorces for incompatibility of disposition than you ever heard of," remarked old Mrs. Good Sense to me. "In my day," she went on, "there was no such thing as incompatibility of temper. Folks didn't take themselves so seriously. When two people came to the point where they either had to get along or fly at each other they usually discovered they had dyspepsia, and they took herb tea or changed the cook. Nowadays no one seems to have any plain common sense. 'I've been stopping at my daughter-in-law's, for instance, for the last month, and I never saw a couple quarrel like those two. I never could make out why until I'd been there a while. The first night dinner was awful late. John hadn't had any lunch, but that didn't make any difference. He just had to sit down and read the food advertisements in the back of the magazine until the real stuff was good and ready. 'Well, first there was a soup, thin and watery, and it was cold. I suppose it had been left on the back of the stove while the roast was getting done, but anyway, they might just as well have taken time to warm it, for the roast wasn't done anyway. It was all greasy on the outside and raw inside, and I saw John keep pouring red pepper sauce over it to give it some flavor. (I wanted to tell him that red pepper sauce was awfully bad for the lining of his stomach, but I didn't dare to, he looked so mad.)

**Not a Green Thing.**  
"For vegetables we had sweet potatoes and white potatoes and macaroni, and honestly, I felt like a chicken that has its crop full of cornmeal and can't get enough water in its bill to wash it down. You've seen them stretching their bills may be? Oh, if we could only have had a single green vegetable, a blade of grass even, but, no, the whole dinner was so hopelessly soggy. And guess what there was for dessert? An underdone apple pudding whose gluey white substance stuck our jaws at every chew!"

**Not Like His Mother.**  
"After dinner, I just couldn't help it. I had to lie down. With all that stuff in my stomach I just couldn't stand up. By and by I went to sleep, and I had a perfectly awful nightmare, and when I waked up I felt a little 'mussy,' but most of that tired feeling had sort of worn away. I have always had a good digestion—could eat nails—thank the Lord!"

**Physician, Heal Thyself.**  
Now that Lent is here I wonder if I couldn't drop a hint to Marion. She started the idea of the Improvement club. We were all to correct ourselves of one particular fault and come out quite perfect at Easter. It seemed to make the idea more palatable to sort of form it into a club. Of course Marion was made president, and she was awfully nice about helping me to find out my chief fault too. Only this is what worries me: I suppose because she was president no one thought of her finding out one of her own faults and starting to uproot it. She hasn't very many, I admit. She is very pretty and graceful and clever, but—very almost home when it dawned on me—she does make you feel uncomfortable at times, because she always knows it all!

There isn't a single subject you can mention but what she is able to give you points on it—and correct your mistakes. Usually she is perfectly right, too; but, oh, dear, it doesn't make you feel nice!

If you show her a gown you have paid an extravagant price for, because you were told it was an advance style, she has an old one in her closet the identical same thing which she bought in Paris the season before last.

You show her the new hat you have now, which everybody seems to think is very pretty, and she looks at it with her head on one side and says, "Yes, my dear, very neatly sewed, but you ought to bend it this way, and wear it this way on your head," and she leaves your poor little hat transformed. It may have more style, but you prefer it your own way, so you spend the next hour patting and pulling it back into shape again.

If you give a little lunch party she takes the opportunity to enlighten everybody about the latest wrinkles in table decorations for such occasions and the most up to date dishes. Of course she doesn't want to make you feel badly because you haven't them, and she tells "You ought to bend it this way."

**Some Lenten Tidbits.**  
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It is wonderful, by the way, what a number of attractive dishes can be compounded with fish and oyster crabs. One of the best is any white fish cooked very dry and then baked in little individual copper saucepans, after a thick sauce has been poured over it, compounded mainly of cheese and sherry mixed together in a yellow sauce. Two or three little oyster crabs are placed in each dish, and they add greatly to the delicate flavor. Of course, like all cheese dishes, this must be eaten piping hot.

**BE CHEERFUL AND POLITE AT MEALS**  
**D**ON'T come to the breakfast table telling everybody what a miserable night you spent—couldn't sleep a wink! Suppose you didn't. Have you any right to plaster your misery over everybody else?

Don't come to the dinner table in the evening detailing to the family every domestic trouble, making them take in along with their food the aura of your disappointment, anger and despondency. It's enough to have been disappointed and angry yourself without making everybody else suffer. The man or woman who will pour out the troubles of the day at the evening meal, no matter what those troubles were, ought to be choked off and laid away, to eat alone after the rest are done.

A greater sinner still is the person who sits down at the family table with a grumpy, forbidding, don't-you-dare-speak expression of countenance, as if he were a boss executioner and was prepared to strike off the head of anybody who talked or laughed aloud while eating. There is a frightful superstition in a few quarters that it is not seemly to talk and be merry while eating, but that in order to express proper thankfulness to Providence for the food put before us it is necessary to choke that food down in solemn, surly silence. Wherever a family, for its sins, is afflicted with this sort of unpleasant person as one of its heads, you will see the younger members of that family chilled into dead silence wherever the person appears, and they slide off one by one, this way and that, to some place where they can assemble and be free and merry without the presence of the family nightmare. I have seen fathers of families who were exactly of that kind, who glared in repressing all merriment among their children and casting a pall of freezing silence over the family meal. The result was—pity it was—the children had such a dislike and dread of the presence of their father that they got away from home so soon as they were grown, and some of them fell into evil ways. The old man then blamed it on Providence for afflicting him specially, when the unfortunate outcome was nothing but the consequences of his own grouchy ugliness at home.

I don't know actually which is the worse transgression, the grouchy, disagreeable father or the individual who talks of bodily ailments and horrible and disgusting incidents at meals. Some folk who consider themselves really well bred and refined will detail how they have taken medicine and what effect it had on them, or how this or that food disagreed with their stomachs and other particulars that are enough to turn a refined, well bred person inside out and upside down. Is it any wonder that nearly all the world is dyspeptic when we consider

that besides swallowing with our food quantities of chemicals that do not belong rightly there, we must also swallow the bad temper, coarseness, business troubles and bodily ailments of those who gather around the table to eat with us? The wonder is that any refined, sensitive persons are left alive at all.

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## A BROWN CLOTH GOWN.

The gown illustrated is of chequered brown broadcloth. The skirt is plain save for a panel formed with ribbon velvet, fastened at the ends with tiny gilt buttons. A like trimming adorns



the bloused bodice. A becoming collar and jacket of white lace relieve the brown tint at the throat. The sleeves are similarly adorned with straps of velvet. Very original are the girldie and sash of flowered gibbon.



RECEPTION GOWN OF GRAY SILK.

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Lucy Elizabeth Kemp-Welch, born in Bournemouth, England, is now thirty-six years old. She obtained her education at the school of Hubert Herkomer at Bushey. Force and power are the striking features of her work; horses are among her favorite models. When a child she did not do the conventional doll playing and doll dressing which are considered the strictly proper amusement for little girls. Instead she would lie upon the floor, hours, sketching imaginary animals with a pencil upon any old kind of paper she got hold of. Later she had a number of live pets, and with this animal menagerie at hand she entertained herself for hours making pictures of its animals. These were her first studies from life.

Connected with the studio at the back of her house is a glass inclosure in which are confined the horses and other animals her virile conception seizes on and her skilled hand transfers to canvas. One day a race horse got out and ran down the street. After him ran Miss Kemp-Welch and quickly "shooed" him back to his glass stable. Again, while painting sea gulls one of the birds bit her severely, but that was nothing when the artist was in pursuit of her famous picture of "Herring Gulls on the Coast of South Devon." While she was busy at this picture on the seashore at times the tide would come in and take her unawares, just at the moment the birds were in the most favorable position. Then Miss Welch simply took off her shoes and stockings and stood where she was till the rising waves threatened to sweep her off her feet altogether.

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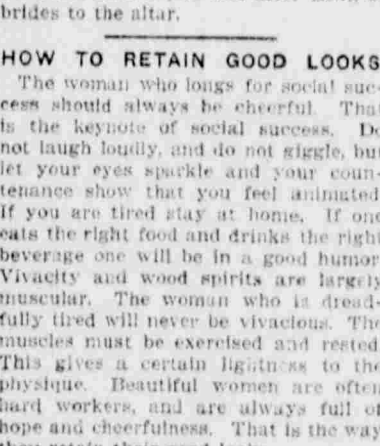
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A literary theater is the latest plan of that nesting place of ambitious schemes, the Chicago Woman's club. Nothing is degrading which a high and graceful purpose embraces, and often the most mental cease to be so the moment they are wrought in love. Noah's faith would not have floated him without his works.

Let's chase the sunshine an' the joy; let's fall in love with life.

Don't tell me that yer troubles come an' like-wise all yer tears Without yer rubbin' after them somewhat, fer it appears That what you want in this here world yer pretty apt to get. Yer joys don't come, I notice, if yer jes' stay home an' set! There's too much trottin' after pain an' rumm'g after strife. Let's chase the sunshine an' the joy; let's fall in love with life.

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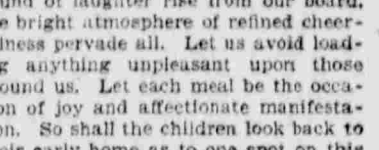
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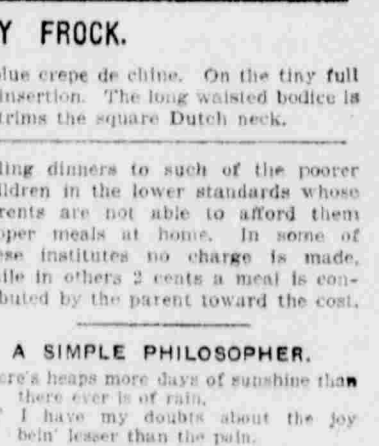
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The gown in the cut is of gray silk. The elaborately trimmed skirt has ruffles of silk and insertions and motifs of Irish crochet. This charming lace also forms the yoke and shoulder capes. Breeches of silk are arranged over the ruffled blouse.

Since Rosa Bonheur the most skillful painter of animal life is also a woman—which is rather odd. The lady is Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, a quiet, reserved English girl, whose home and studio are at Bushey, about an hour's train journey from London.

Lucy Elizabeth Kemp-Welch, born in Bournemouth, England, is now thirty-six years old. She obtained her education at the school of Hubert Herkomer at Bushey. Force and power are the striking features of her work; horses are among her favorite models. When a child she did not do the conventional doll playing and doll dressing which are considered the strictly proper amusement for little girls. Instead she would lie upon the floor, hours, sketching imaginary animals with a pencil upon any old kind of paper she got hold of. Later she had a number of live pets, and with this animal menagerie at hand she entertained herself for hours making pictures of its animals. These were her first studies from life.

Connected with the studio at the back of her house is a glass inclosure in which are confined the horses and other animals her virile conception seizes on and her skilled hand transfers to canvas. One day a race horse got out and ran down the street. After him ran Miss Kemp-Welch and quickly "shooed" him back to his glass stable. Again, while painting sea gulls one of the birds bit her severely, but that was nothing when the artist was in pursuit of her famous picture of "Herring Gulls on the Coast of South Devon." While she was busy at this picture on the seashore at times the tide would come in and take her unawares, just at the moment the birds were in the most favorable position. Then Miss Welch simply took off her shoes and stockings and stood where she was till the rising waves threatened to sweep her off her feet altogether.

# Among the Women Artists

**W**HAT Kate Greenaway was to English art illustration Grace