The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Hall of Fame Party

A new entertainment for young girls in their teens who are following school classes in literature and history is a "Visit to the Hall of Fame."

To get it up, the parlor or some other room of ample dimensions should be cleared of furniture, and on the walls are tacked up numerous portraits of celebrities of all ages, either clipped from magazines and newspapers or obtained through the penny prints.

By using art cardboard in brown, green, or gray for mounting the prints, even the cheapest of these can be given quite an artistic effect. A few good engravings or photographs of celebrities executed by masters may be framed more substantially or passepartouted and included in the gallery, to be distributed at the conclusion of the game for prizes.

Names which occur on any of the portraits must be clipped off or covered up, and all must be numbered in sequence.

Now for the decorations of the Hall of Fame other than its exhibits. In the centre of the gallery have a pedestal made of an clarge grocery box or two or more small ones, covered with white muslin. On this should stand a girl representing a statue—the Goddess of Renown.

She wears a white gown of Grecian style (loose and belted above the waist line) made of white cheesecloth. Her arms are bare, and in one she holds a laurel wreath. Her hair is dressed in Grecian style with a fillet.

Have the portieres between the two rooms slightly drawn aside, and posed beyond them have another statue representing the Flight of Time. This statue, too is of Grecian suggestion, and she leans upon a scythe, the other hand holding an hourglass.

On the pedestal at her feet is a basket covered with an evergreen wreath or a receptacle woven from the evergreens themselves. This is filled with little tablets, the margins of which show all the numbers that appear on the photographs or pictures in the art gallery.

In the corridor or on the stairs as they arrive guests are greeted by four girls dressed as the seasons, who conduct them to the hall of fame and present them with the tablets and pencils. These, by the way, may be of bone and erasible, so that after the game they may be cleansed and retained as notebooks and souvenirs of the occasion.

In the invitations guests are requested to come very promptly at the hour appointed. This is in order that they may all see the pretty statues before they descend from their pedestals, as the poses cannot, of course, be held long.

The game of guessing the celebrities lasts from an hour to an hour and a half, after which all the players drop their notebooks back into the evergreen basket. One or more of the seasons then come forward to conduct them to the supper room.

The supper table might carry out the idea of the afternoon or evening very prettily. For instance, the dainty holders for flowers or bonbons which come in the shape of statues holding urns, shells, etc., might be used as decorations, and the favors might be little bronze or plaster busts of celebrities. Where these last are introduced each girl should be given the name of the celebrity whose effigy she is to find at her cover, and in order to find her seat she matches the name written on her card with the little bronze or plaster figure on the table.

Where the little busts are not used have at each seat a card on which half the name of some celebrity is written and distribute other cards with the matching halves just before guests enter the dining room. By matching the halves each discovers where she is to sit.

For the repast itself serve broiled oysters on toast and coffee, then a dainty salad, perferably a tart one, such as grapefruit, with crackers and cheese, and, last of all, ice cream molded in the shape of statues, cakes and sugar plums.

After supper the seasons again lead the company back to the hall of fame. By this time the lists made by the competitors will have been examined and the awarding of the prize decided.

On the person who has succeeded best in naming the celebrities the goddess of renown then bestows a tissue paper laurel wreath or one of the actual leaves. She hands her at the same time a little jewelry box, which contains a brooch in the form of a laurel wreath.

Renewing Usefulness of the Carpet.

Many a good carpet becomes shabby and worn looking without being actually old. The figures lose their brightness, and the grain is rough and unkempt looking. Here is a simple process by which the carpet or rug will once more look presentable and as good as new:

Cut an ounce of yellow soap into small squares, add with them make a lather with a pint of clear boiling water. Add to this lather a quart of hot water to which has been added an ounce of borax. Place the mixture on the stove and bring the entire preparation to a boil. Remove it, set it to cool, and when quite cold add one ounce each of alcohol and ammonia and half an ounce of glycerin. Wipe over only a small portion of the carpet at a time and rub vigorously with a clean flannel dipped into the mixture until, finally, all the spots are removed and the color revived. The result will be surprising, for the change and improvement are remarkable.

Another good method is to shave half a pound of soap and boil it in a quart of water until dissolved, then add a gallon of hot water and one ounce of salts of tartar. Mix thoroughly. Use a stiff brush and scrub the carpet with the mixture, which should lather freely and clean the carpet without making it very damp. As you clean a breadth wipe it hard with a cloth wrung out of cold water. If there is much green in the carpet put a cup of vinegar in the cold water. This quantity will clean a large carpet, and the process is approved by those of long experience.

A housekeeper who has tried the following method says this fluid is a success for cleaning a carpet: Put one cake of white soap, two tablespoons each of ammonia, borax and sal soda into a saucepan. Boil it until it is dissolved, then add soft water enough to make three gallons and let it come to a boil, and then set aside to cool. When cold apply to the carpet with a stiff brush, rinse the carpet with a cloth wet in cold water and wrung out partially dry.

Before washing rugs lay them out straight and brush with a stiff, dry scrubbing brush. You will be surprised at the amount of dirt to come out in this way, which is much better than shaking or beating them.

GRACEFUL GOWNS IN SILK CACHEMIRE, SATIN FEUTRE AND VOILE. L'Art de la Mode.

A Social Function

It was such a sleety, sloppy day, and you picked your way from one dark, floating island of pavement to another and sighed for a boat—that is, if you happened to be walking. Some went in their carriages and machines, and a good many equipages of various sorts were drawn up in front of the old John Marshall house on Tuesday, bad weather though it was, and as many other functions as were given on that date. Carriage followed machine in rapid succession in the line in front of the door of the historic residence. Beautiful gowns were worn by many beautiful women, who got out and passed up the steps and into the hall.

It was a great occasion—this opening of the John Marshall house by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities—and a large crowd had gathered. The old place is situated in a part of the town that was once the most fashionable residential section of Richmond. At present it is monopolized by the big, new High School and the very wobbly and moth-eaten-looking old one, with a fair scattering of boarding houses and one or two old homes, whose families have refused to follow the mandates of fashion and move further west. The neighbors were frankly interested, and their curiosity had shamelessly reached the limit of the parlor blinds, and most of them were gathered in groups on the porches to see the people go in.

As I said before, I was crossing the street in clean places, and stopped to let a carriage pass in front of me, when I overheard two old darky women talking.

"Whar' de hearse? I ain' see no hearse."

Shades of the days when you clutched your mammy's hand and counted the hacks as they turned the corner in slow procession! And they will never change—those dear, simple, black people. A funeral is always their wildest form of dissipation, and to their minds a distinguished gathering, fine clothes and carriages meant the biggest sort of social affair—a perfectly splendid funeral.

BRENT WITT.

Art of Dressing Well.

A famous designer of women's gowns was asked what she thought was the secret of being well dressed. The answer, "Knowing what to leave off."

If women digested this simple advice there would be fewer grotesque human fashion plates to rouse a laugh. Since the vogue of the tailor-made girl there are not so many caricatures in street attire. It is when she is in her festal war paint that many a woman shows ignorance.

A host at a large dance said when leaving the receiving line: "Don't women own mirrors any more? No one who saw herself first would ever be seen in some of the costumes here tonight."

It often seems to the onlooker that women must look in their glass with unseeing eyes. Otherwise they would lack courage to sally abroad.

The fat woman, for instance, cannot realize how she looks, or she would prune her taste for gay colors and broken lines, big figures and shiny fabrics, huge hats and picture effects. She would know enough to avoid all but studied simplicity.

Here is a list of things to avoid:

Motor bonnets, picture hats, ultra short skirts, girlish frocks and rakish angles for the woman of uncertain age. Such are for the young only.

Dutch collars, French necks and hard lines for the girl with the scrawny throat; never a decollete gown for the woman whose neck has shriveled with age and lack of massage.

Loud figures, crude colors, eccentric lines for a girl whose type is not ultra-refined. There are some women who can carry off the bizarre; most women, however, cease to look ladylike.

Hats to the ears or hair to the eyebrows by any one past her first flush of beauty, particularly if she is rotund of figure and square and short of face.

The garb of the stage for the drawing room belle. She may look beautiful, but she does not look smart, and runs the risk of looking what she is not.

The last freak of fashion for the girl who must hang on to her clothes. The one chance for the modest income is unobtrusive dressing that cannot be dated.

High heels, frills and fluffs on the street and severe attire in the drawing room, where frills are in place.

Anything that is too ultra for the community where it is to be worn. What goes without comment in the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House, or on the avenues of our great cities, scandalizes a small town.

Overexaggeration, especially when it verges on lack of refinement. The too scant or too low cut or too transparent gown is bad form, though many well born and bred women offend in this way.

Hair too much curled by the girl with raven locks—the kinks give an ordinary air; an overdressed head by all who aim at smartness and a disheveled head by any one short of a beauty with wavy tresses.

Mourning Handkerchiefs.

A new handkerchief designed for deep mourning is of soft black China silk, hemmed narrowly with black crepe. As these materials are both washable, the handkerchief does not sound impossible. Handkerchiefs of fine white mull edged with wide black Chantilly lace, are shown at an exclusive mourning shop.

When Wardrobe Space is Scarce.

"But, of course, you have no closet or room," remarked the visitor who had been enthusiastically introduced to all the advantages of a studio bedroom, once the drawing room of a large city house. "Haven't I?" exclaimed the occupant of the room gleefully. "Just wait until I show you my closet room!" And she whisked open the door of one of the handsome mission bookcases that lined the walls. All of the bookcases had green silk curtains on brass rods within the glass doors, some of the curtains being drawn and others pushed back to show the books. She showed her guest how the shelves in some of the cases had been removed and hooks provided from which frocks and skirts hung comfortably and entirely out of sight behind the silk curtains. "In these drawers at the bottom of the bookcases," she added, "I keep blouses and lingerie, and everything is out of sight and entirely protected from dust."

Some Ways of the World.

"It's easy enough to reduce the cost of living if you only know how," said the capable housewife. "Take the ice bill, for example. Why should we pay 50 cents a week for ice this kind of weather, when we might just as well make our own ice at no cost at all? Whenever I need ice in freezing weather I just set a pan of water out of doors and let it freeze solid. Then it goes into the refrigerator, where it is just as good as real ice and lasts much longer."

Meals a la tonneau are the inducement offered the enauied woman this spring to induce her to accept invitations for automobile trips. Any car that pretends to have any social position whatsoever these days is equipped with a small cellarette holding a comfortable assortment of drinkables and a buffet which may be used for other refreshments. The wayside inn, that bugbear of fastidious travelers, may now be passed by while the party feasts fastidiously amid its cushions, or if perchance the day be fair, Henri, the chauffeur, may spread the feast upon a mossy bank, where Violet, with her own fair hands, will brew a miracle in the chafing dish.

Many new and alluring roads may thus be explored which wise motorists have hitherto disdained because there was no country club en route where luncheon or dinner could be arranged for by phone, and many a tiresome delay will be avoided at these same hostelries where now, if Phyllis but smile, Henri discovers "something a bit wrong with the car," which he repairs under her supervision, his party kicking their heels the while on the front veranda, helpless and wrathy.

Motor fiends are now saying, indeed, that life promises to be worth living this year, and that as soon as a car is invented with a tonneau long enough to be made into berths when night falls, so that one may scorn the habitations of man at all times, there will be nothing left to wish for.

Our cousins across the pond have a way of developing eccentricities of behavior that either shock the visiting American or else appear "so awfully jolly" that they are straightaway adopted for New York reproduction—often to the openly expressed dismay of the conventional minded guardians of society. These good people are at the present moment having chills and fevers over the "mattress parties" introduced this year into London society. Will they invade New York soon?

"As if the manners of the present generation were not heart-breaking already!" sighed the silver-curled great-aunt of the season's liveliest debutante. "And shall we have to see them sprawling all over the floor in most unseemly fashion by another year? I'm sure I don't know what we are coming to!"

The craze for picture puzzles in London is said to be partly responsible for the new fad, and a moment's thoughtless kindness to a child on the part of a fashionable woman of London gave an onlooker the inspiration for setting the new style. The mattress on the floor is an old and revered institution in the nursery. Thereon the tiny tots sit in comfort, free from devouring drafts, playing with their blocks or pictures, and in no great danger of injury, even if they do roll off. These mattresses in the beginning were covered with gaily patterned (and washable) chintz, which often helped hold the infant's attention as nurse told stories of the birds, butterflies and flowers growing on the scene. It was only a step from the chintz mattress for the nursery to the one covered with brocade and bowed with dull gold or silver galloon, for the corner of the drawing room where it was desired that mother's darling be on exhibition, yet not dependent on the visitors for amusement. So one day as a wee Lady Mary struggled on her mattress with her picture puzzle, the kind-hearted celebrity who was calling dropped down beside her and lent a hand.

That was all; but the fashion spread, till now the mattress has become an acknowledged piece of furniture in the English town or country house, and the present generation swears it will never give up the jolly floor parties it has made possible.

A Brooklyn club woman decided to have a new gown for a recent reception. She went to a New York dressmaker and said: "I wish you to make me a gown that is modest, respectable and stylish."

"That would be impossible, madam, with the present fashion," replied the maker of robes.

"Well, then," said the club woman, "make me as stylish as you can, but respectable I must be."

Bedroom Curtains

Since fresh air at night has become imperative the right way to curtain a bedroom must be studied. Every window must be raised at top and bottom, which is better for lungs and complexion than for hangings.

The specialist advices no curtains, so will most men, who rarely like the dainty draperies dear to women. Few housekeepers agree with this, even the health fanatic. Nothing furnishes a room like fresh white curtains; besides, the publicity of the uncurtained room is objectionable, not to mention the bare look of the outside of a house.

The woman who believes in fresh air never hangs at her bedroom windows curtains that cannot be laundered easily or that are ruined by dampness. Windows up the year around soon work havoc on delicate lace or colored curtains.

Double draperies are not advisable for the bedroom. Too much air is shut out, though they are lifted back each night. Where one will have them, choose denim, wash prints or heavy washable silks that will stand tubbing.

One woman fastens to the side lintels of her windows, high above the middle sash, a small hook. In a convenient place she keeps cords for each half of curtain and her maids are taught when preparing the room for the night to loop the curtains up and back, thus giving a free current of air.

The most practical method of curtaining a bedroom is to divide the curtains in two sections horizontally. A rod is run at the top of the lower sash and the lower half runs on it by a narrow casing. The upper curtain is cut longer than the lower one and hung to a rod at the top of the casement so they conceal the lower rod.

By this arrangement the window can be lifted with no floating draperies to blow out the window and get stringy, yet the room has the benefit of curtains.

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Fur Flowers One of the Novelties of the Season

Sable Roses and Chuicilla Orchids Among Them

"Will you walk into my garden," said the milliner to her friend, "and there I'll show you some of fashion's latest contributions to horticulture? I promise you a surprise or two, and yet I think you will like my blossoms.

"Look at my roses," she continued, and forthwith produced bunches of queer little flowers of every queer colors, such as purple, brown, blue, and brick, twisted into a jumble as of a child's arrangement. They were made of satin, with here and there a leather bud stuck in, and even a bead one, and surrounding the whole was an old-fashioned circle of lace paper, like the bouquet holders of seventy years ago.

Bunches comparatively large and bunches very small were produced, and it was explained that while some were to be worn tucked into the coat, others were to hold the extreme edge of a hat brim upward, or to be placed as if cast from a neighboring bough upon the hat's crown. "And then," said the milliner, "this foolish-looking little wreath is to surround a child's beaver hat."

It was a foolish-looking little wreath, for though it pretended to be a representative of acorns and daisies, the acorns were made of pearls and the daisies of ermine with crude yellow silk centres and the tails left to suggest stalks; really an uncommonly foolish-looking little wreath!

Fur flowers are a new craze. We are to have sable roses and chinchilla orchids, ermine edelweiss and other blossoms equally absurd. Crude they are, but wonderful, for, despite the fact that nothing could be more different in nature's scheme than the coat of an animal and the petals of a flower, a certain likeness in the blossoms represented is contrived by the use of fur.

That it is a more pleasant medium than wool for the purpose of flower making there is no manner of doubt, a fact that ocular demonstration proved when the milliner produced grotesque trails of little dahlias, roses and even fuchsias wrought in crudely colored wools over wire. And the bead ones she showed, trembling on ugly wires, were even worse.

Such flowers are still to be found in some houses edging the crochet mats upon which lamps and even books are placed. They were rejoiced in by their makers when the art of needlework was at a very low ebb and women found pleasure in wax as well as in thread and worsted materials for the making of grotesque similitudes of flowers and fruit.

It is not to all women that the rococo blossoms that have been described, or the fur ones, will appeal. Realism is preferred. Nevertheless, in its best expression, that of actually living flowers, the corsage bouquet is not a lasting joy. An hour may suffice to wither the pretty blossoms, and half a day's wear is certain to end in their complete decay.

To the rescue come artificial flowers that are so like those provided by nature that they can be worn with them, and among the new productions are blossoms made of vegetable tissue, which are absolutely lifelike. They are so lifelike that to the touch there is no difference between them and the real flowers, and the petals actually fall, aiding to their marvelous verisimilitude.

Huge bunches of flowers are worn by women. Like a breastplate is a nosegay of pink roses, branching this way and that from the centre of a fur scarf or a velvet coat. Every taste is met with a corresponding supply of blossoms, for fashion is in this particular by no means dictatorial, her only orders being that flowers of some sort should be worn.

The milliner was asked whether men are wearing artificial boutonnieres.

"That is not my province," was the quick response.—Exchange.