WORK AND PLAY FOR THE IDLE HOUR

THE LONGEVITY OF WOMEN--By The Gentlewoman

A HUSBAND once went home to his wife and said gravely: "I have just insured my life for another $25,000." Not thinking for a moment of the result of such a transaction, the wife replied: "Just like you. Always thinking about yourself." This was an instance of a woman jumping too hurriedly to a conclusion, and by so doing completely reversing the husband's benevolent intention. Most men, like the husband in question, do think very seriously about the future of their wives and children. It is a necessity forced upon them by the physical facts of life. Statistics prove undoubtedly that women live longer than men, and that a grave necessity exists for making provision for them after the wage-earner is dead.

From this point arises an extremely interesting physiological question: How is it to be accounted for that the sex which has always been considered physically frailer than men should in the majority of instances outlive men? If we are to believe the latest authorities on the subject, we find that women are much more tenacious of life and resist disease much more readily than the average man. She is in many respects the superior animal of the two. As a rule, she does not expend her vital strength unnecessarily, while the majority of men, either in work, in play or in pleasure, are literally prodigal of their store. It is rather amusing to think, after the millions of words which have been written about the "weaker vessel," that she really possesses tougher organization than man, and that it is he, poor fellow, who should be made the recipient of all tender care and affections.

A writer has turned out some very instructive comparative figures with regard to the liability of men and women to disease and death. From them I gather that from three to thirty-five years of age the death rate between the sexes remains about even, but afterward the scale turns in favor of women. At forty a woman has seventy-eight chances to one against dying, while man has only forty-nine chances to one. At sixty the odds are nearly twice as large in favor of woman, and at eighty they are five times as great.

These statistics prove the necessity which always exists for man to take the necessary precautions against the emergency which appears to be physically inevitable, and in order to make her own position the more secure in future it would seem a wise plan if the woman could lay aside out of her own savings something to add to the premiums paid on her husband's life. In the full flush of health these things are not thought of, or if they are are considered sordid. A calm view of the situation and the uncertainties of life, however, will convince everyone that it is a subject which should receive the earnest attention of every man and woman.

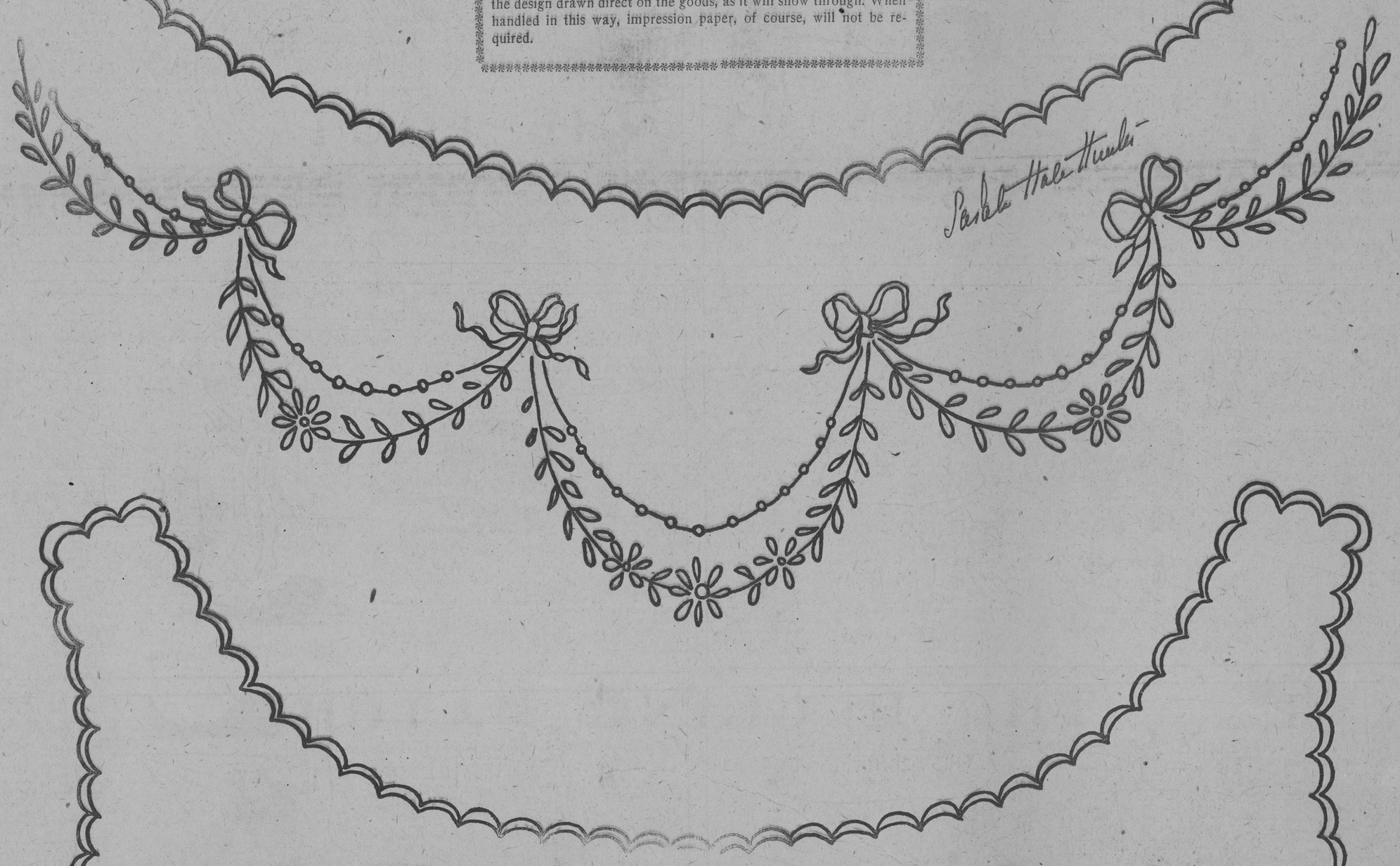
FOR CHEMISE Drawn By SARAH HALE HUNTER

The scallops should be well padded and closely buttonholed. The ribbon, flowers and leaves are worked solid with the dots as eyelets and the stems in the outline stitch. The chemise is fastened on the shoulders with buttons and buttonholes. Mercerized cotton No. 25 should be used.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSFERRING

Lay a piece of impression paper, face down, upon the material. Place the newspaper pattern in position over this, and with a hard, sharp pencil firmly trace each line.

If the material is sheer, this may be laid over the pattern, and the design drawn direct on the goods, as it will show through. When handled in this way, impression paper, of course, will not be required.



No Patterns Of These Designs Are Obtainable

BEING TALKED OVER : : : : : : : : By Ada Patterson

FRIENDSHIP is beautiful and companionship is heart-warming, but they have a drawback, the serious one of being talked over.

Brown and Smith meet at a chophouse and Green's name is mentioned. "Nice fellow; square in his business dealings, but it's a pity he lets his feather-headed wife run him." Brown munches his chop with relish.

"Yes," admits Smith, squeezing the white meal from his baked potato.

"Jones is down on him, you know. Says he turned a sharp corner in that horse deal on New Year's Day. For my part, I've never seen anything wrong with Green."

Green, passing the chophouse on his way to a car, espied his two friends and waved his hand at them and passes on, smiling, in the belief that he was in good hands. Are they not his friends? And they are, as friends generally go, but before the chops and the baked potato and the tomato salad and black coffee have been dispatched these facts have been brought to the surface about Green.

"He is a good fellow. Yes. It was a pity he made that foolish first marriage. His mother's maid-of-all-work, wasn't she? And the marriage was annulled. We all have follies to look back upon if we indulge in the foolish pastime of Lot's wife and look back over our shoulder at the past. Still, that affair has hurt Green. Undoubtedly. Thirty years ago? It didn't seem so long. But that sort of thing bobs up against a person, especially if he goes into politics.

"Mighty fine fellow, Green. Stood by his friends — usually. What was that story about his having forgotten his pledges to Black when Green ran for justice of the peace and Black wanted to be road supervisor? Forgot them, didn't he? Threw Black? At least, that was what the opposition said."

Green was an honest fellow. Always paid his debts, but Smith had it from Smith's wife, who had it from Green's wife, that he was fearfully "near." Took all his empty bottles to the druggist's because he found a housemaid throwing them out. Green said he only got five cents apiece for them, but he had carried seven bottles to the drug store once, and Smith had seen him selling a worn crown from a tooth for old gold at a jeweler's. Why not? That was true. It is spending less than he makes that makes a man rich. Yet, Green would have been less satisfied if he had seen that smile over the salad.

"We talked of you and laughted at you—affectionately," said Black to Green the next time he met him. Green was a busy man—too busy to know or care that he had been talked over. Yet it isn't a pleasant process, and if one comes out of a talking over by accredited friends with a whole skin he has at least some perceptible scratches.

"Remember that your friend hath a friend, so beware." In such fashion the Talmud gives warning.

Your troubles occupy your friend's mind and he relieves his mind by talking them over with his friend. And the friend of the second part talks them over with the friend of the third part. Thus they become common property.

It isn't our moments of joy nor our hours of serene happiness that impress the persons in our environment. It is the time of stress and storm. Our peace vanished from their minds, but our rages and sorrows are indelibly impressed. Upheaval is more picturesque than a level plane. It is our spiritual tragedies that are remembered. When we tell our secrets we are raising the shades at our windows and inviting the world to witness our private drama.

A few persons like being talked over. They regard it as a means of being in the limelight, of holding for that brief time the center of the stage. But the person of balance wants to fight his battles alone. He hates being talked over. He knows that, given the darkness and silence and a brave soul, he can conquer and may soon forget, which the friend who witnesses the drama never will.

If we choose at life's climaxes to draw within ourselves and gently close the door no friend should resent that inclination, and if we find that door closed upon ourselves, we should hold no resentment. The tragedies of life lessen in the silence. They grow by being "talked over."

"Being talked over" will always be a misfortune little short of a calamity until natures grow so broad and vision so clear that discussion will not mean harsh or short-sighted criticism.

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