WORK AND PLAY FOR THE IDLE HOUR

Doylies to Put Under Meat Platters

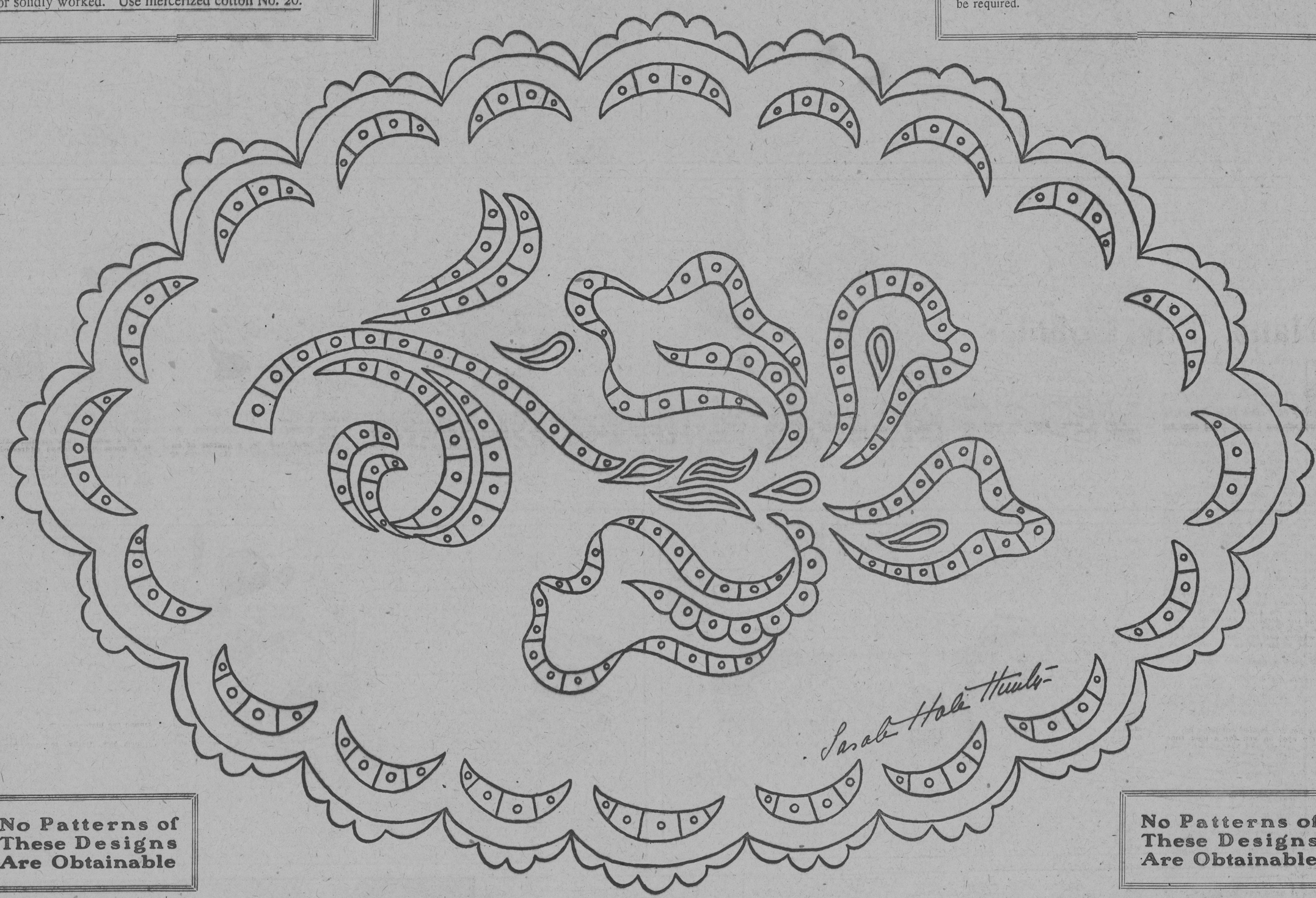
The scallops in the doily should be well padded and closely buttonholed. The design may be done in the outline stitch or closely buttonholed with the dots as eyelets, or solidly worked. Use mercerized cotton No. 20.

DRAWN BY
Sarah Hale Hunter

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

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The Passing of the Proposal

BY ADA PATTERSON.

THE fortunate bachelor who will soon marry Helen Gould, when asked by a zealous, impertinent youth of the press, "How did you propose to her?" answered, "I didn't." To which the reporter countered, "Did she ask you?" and happy Mr. Finley Sheppard responded, "No."

Benedict-to-be Sheppard, being a son of a minister and a man of excellent reputation in his own right, we may not doubt his word. Nor may we assume that he was joking, for he and his fiancee look upon life with serious eyes.

It is nearer the truth to assume that there is a new fashion in matchmaking. We have a good deal of authority for believing that the age of masculine bending the knee has passed; that the proposal as such is passing.

First friendship, then comradeship, then closer comradeship, then by natural graduation, marriage, seems to be the new order of courtship.

"I never proposed to you, you know," teased a successful playwright.

"Upon my word, I think he's right," admitted his plump and pleasing wife.

"How did it happen, Billy?"

"I met you when you were calling on Mary Grimes."

"You walked home with me without even asking."

"You didn't make any fuss about it then. Why begin now?" he demanded.

"I was trying to write stories and he was acting," she continued. "I was terribly discouraged. He said to me one evening after we'd known each other for a couple of years:

" 'Give up this writing game and we'll get married now. What's the use of putting it off any longer?' That's the first I'd heard him say anything about getting married, and I gasped and began to talk about wedding fixings, but he laughed and led me off to a street corner and caught a car that went to a minister's. I don't consider that a proposal."

Certainly neither Miss Jane Austin and Misses Charlotte and Emily Bronte, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes nor Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett would have inscribed it on their burning pages. Leading up to the proposal is half the plot of novels, and the novelists may now go out of business.

A bachelor who had reached the crossroads of life—45 years—said he had never proposed to a girl and never would. If the girl of his heart signified by any of the innumerable signs of womanhood that his society was agreeable to her, he would, when it was quite convenient for him, ask her to put on her hat, throw a scarf over her shoulders—they don't wear hats in summer in Washington, D. C., where she lives, and he, being romantic, prefers a summer wedding—and drive to the minister's.

"Why ask a woman to marry you once you see the 'I'm-willing' look in her eye?" he said. "Just help her to decide on whether it shall be 8 o'clock or 10," he insisted. And since he took unto himself late last summer a dark-eyed young woman with a pleasing mouth I doubt not the program worked.

A woman whose husband is a figure in national politics, and who is herself an illuminant of national society, told me she had had no engagement ring until she had been married nine years. Then her husband bought her one of the largest and most brilliant stones in South Africa and Barney Barnato supervised its setting. "The children admired it very much," she observed.

The courtship of 1913 is a friendship that blossoms gradually into the flower of a wedding day. The woman proposes quite as much as the man does, for she "signifies," as my bachelor friend says, in countless ways her pleasure at his presence. She woes him by welcoming smiles and chatty confidences and her frequent use of "We," the pronoun that suggests a pairing. She knows her wooing has been successful when she sees a spark in his eye that fills her heart with a delicious panic—a desire to run away, but to be overtaken. They begin by mutual consent and with no preliminaries to talk about clergymen or justices of the peace in the neighborhood. A mutual willingness and the only point to be settled—the day—is the present courtship.

Satisfactory and businesslike, it has but one drawback. The light-headed and the hysterical-hearted and they of fluttering pulses may take too much for granted. In the business of matchmaking, like any other business, better not take anything for granted. While men don't bend the knee and play tattoos on their left breast any longer, they talk in a matter-of-course manner of ceremonies and wedding days as business men talk of articles of partnership. Wait for that.

As Usual.

"I'm so glad to see that you have recovered from your illness."

"Yes; but I had a narrow escape. The doctor said if I had waited a day longer it would have been hopeless, and they all said it was the only case of its kind on record. The doctor is going to write it up for a medical paper. The only thing that carried me through was my wonderful vitality."—Judge.

Women Workers of Finland

LONG before reaching Finland one begins to see how successfully Finnish women may compete with their menfolk and what unexpected occupations they may follow, writes a correspondent of the Queen. After the first surprise it seems natural enough that the stewards on the Finland steamer should all be buxom maidens.

But that does not prepare one for the sight of a woman actually in charge of the galley or the appearance on deck next morning of a pretty housemaid, who draws a bunch of cotton waste from her apron pocket and proceeds to polish the brass fittings like an old experienced hand.

Women are at work in the fields of short yellow corn harvesting with the men; they are in charge of the smaller wharves along the highways of the lake; perhaps you will meet them coming south with a tar boat; in the cities they share with men the work of repairing the streets and squads of elderly women may be found engaged in the tedious task of clearing the interstices of the cobblestones ready for retarring, while in the public gardens and parks the print frocks of the women gardeners give a homely air to the scene.

The markets, butchers' stalls and fish boats are almost entirely in the hands of women, many of them old dames whose faces, worn and wrinkled, are so full of character, shrewd and kindly that they are more fascinating to watch than any young beauty could be. Invariably, too, one notices that the working women, however poor, are neat and clean, never ragged or frowsy, cleanliness is a characteristic of the Finns.

The public service employs an army of girl clerks. You buy your railway ticket from a girl; you find women of almost any age in the telegraph and post-offices. The insurance offices are mainly staffed by women, but it was the woman bank clerk whose success I found most surprising. At least one bank in Helsingfors employs 60 women, and the handsome offices are worth a visit, if only to note the activity of these pretty clerks, so alert and businesslike.

They receive salaries equal to those of the men and their sex is no bar to their advancement. The chief clerk of one of the most important banks in Helsingfors is a little lady of very feminine charm, and though no woman has so far been made manager of a central office in the country districts, there are women managers of the branch banks.

Three thousands students attend the university at Helsingfors, 300 of whom are women. The majority of the girls who take their degree specialize in modern languages with a view to becoming teachers. The medical course does not attract many women, probably because it is exceptionally long and severe, requiring at least eight years of study and generally 10, nor is it of any advantage for a student to go abroad to study at some less exacting medical school since only graduates of the Finland University are permitted to practice in the country. Still, though the supply of women doctors is not equal to the demand, one meets there with medical women of whom any country might be proud.

Dentistry does not present such difficulties and this is a favorite profession for women, while many others pass their pharmaceutical examinations and become assistants to the chemists, who seem to be such important persons in all Scandinavian communities. So far no girls have gone in for forestry, though one would think this must possess many attractions, but the engineering school has its women graduates who secure good positions with big engineering firms. There are women lawyers, all of whom, with the exception of one woman well known in a Helsingfors court as an advocate, seem to have confined themselves to office work.

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