

FOOLISH NATURE.

Though I regret exceedingly To say it, still it seems to me That old Dame Nature now and then, Acts like a poor, old, silly hen. She means all right, I have no doubt, But does she know what she's about? She needs some lectures eloquent On scientific management.

HER OWN LIFE.

She paid the landlady five dollars from a plump little purse of gold mesh. "And I'm expecting a—gentleman to see me within the next half-hour," she said. "Certainly, ma'am; I'll show him right into the drawing-room and call you. I hope you'll like the surroundings, ma'am; I have nobody in my house but the most refined—"

"Oh, I'm sure I shall. Good day." She sat on the edge of the bed in the furnished room she had just rented, and her face had the look of the girl's face in a little autotype of "The Soul's Awakening through Books" that hung on the wall opposite her. At last her soul was awake; she could hear it whispering, whispering in her bosom. Or was that sound merely the exultation of her excited heart?

At any rate, her soul was awake. She knew it, she could feel it, and it made her tingle. At last she had broken her bonds, she had proclaimed herself a real person in a real world. Her doll existence and her doll-self were further behind than the doll's house she had left. She was free—free to herself, free to live her own life as her own desires decreed.

"Free! Free!" she repeated under her breath. "Free!" Her very presence gave a glamour to the shabby little room, so palpitating with life was she, so dainty and pretty and sweet, and so palpably young. The coils of her bright-brown hair were smooth and artfully simple, as only the fingers of an expert hair-dresser could have made them; her clear-skinned, brunette coloring showed the fine hand of nature given every chance to produce its best; the delicate, dark curves of her eyebrows, the carmine bows of her lips, the changing, liquid velvet of her gold-brown eyes, were masterpieces of the same supreme artist. She was as fair as an April morning that has somehow strayed into the luxuriance of June.

Suddenly she realized that the air in the little room was close, that the single tall window was closed top and bottom. With a quick rustle of silk-on draperies, she fluttered over to it and threw it wide. The sounds that came in were not the metallic tenor shriek of the "elevated," the rumbling of wagons on cobblestones, the whining of surface cars; they were voices of the world. She held out her arms to them before returning to her perch on the bed.

continued to regard him with the puzzled interest that wonderful objects frequently inspire when seen closely. There was a faint shadow of disappointment on her face, but she did not allow it to linger.

"It was kind—it was awfully kind of you to come," she said. "Shan't we sit down? Do you know, I almost thought you wouldn't come." "Your letter was very interesting," he returned dryly. "I tried to make it that way—so interesting that you just couldn't keep from coming." She folded her hands in her brown-silk lap and gravely bowed her head so that light from the window could bring out the copper tints in her hair. She felt the judicial expression of the gray eyes watching her, and chose the simplest means of making partizans of them. "I was quite desperate, and after I'd read your 'Love's Ordeal' I knew you were the one person who could help me."

"Have you already left your husband?" he inquired. She winced a little, and her brows protested. "You remind me of a surgeon," she said; "but that's what I need—that's what attracted me to you in your book. It's all so calm and simple and scientific. It made me realize for the first time what I was—it and Ibsen's 'Doll's House.' I was nothing but a plaything, a parasite, a mistress, a doll." She bowed her head in shame. The warm color flooding her cheeks was as flawless as that in the finest tinted bisque.

"What you say is very, very interesting," murmured Hallton; and she knew from his changed tone that the fact of her beauty had at last been borne in upon him. With renewed confidence, almost with boldness, she lifted her head and continued: "You see, I was married when I was only eighteen—just out of boarding-school. I was already sick of hearing about love; everybody made love to me."

"Of course," said Hallton, slightly sarcastic. "I couldn't help that, could I?" she complained, turning the depths of her gold-brown eyes full upon him. He lowered his own eyes and pursed his lips. "No, of course not," he admitted. "And then, when you realized that you were—inconveniently situated, you decided to imitate Nora in the 'Doll's House,' and get out? Is that it?"

"Well, yes; but—"

"So you explained to your husband how you felt, and left him?" "I didn't exactly explain; my thoughts seemed to be all mixed up; I thought it would be better to write, after I'd thought a little more." Again she allowed the glory of her eyes to be her best apostle. "I was going to write as soon as I'd had a talk with you. You see, I came away only two hours ago, and Harry—my husband—will just think I've gone to visit somewhere." Her beauty made a confident appeal that he would sanction her position.

But Hallton looked out of the window. "And what do you expect to do to earn your living," he asked, "now that you've decided to quit being a parasite?" "It was cruelly unfamiliar ground, this necessity he put upon her of answering questions with mere words; she had become accustomed to her glances as a final statement of her position, as a full and sufficient answer for any question that a man could ask her. Nevertheless, she drew herself together and addressed Hallton's unappreciative profile.

"My husband will give me an allowance, I am sure, until I decide on some suitable occupation; or, if he is not enough not to, there'll be alimony or—something like that, won't there?" Her eyebrows began to arch a little as Hallton continued to look out of the window, and her lips lost some of their softness. "That is one of the things I wished to speak to you about," she explained. "I thought perhaps I might take up writing, and I thought you might tell me the best way to begin."

How To Regulate Your Weight.

By ROBERT H. ROSE, M. D., in "American Magazine."

If my patient were a woman I should be guided by a different table of weights, but the diet would be worked out on the same principle. The normal weight table for women, dressed in street clothing, follows below.

Table with 2 columns: Food as Served, Household Measure, Calories. Lists various foods like bread, cereals, fruits, and meats with their corresponding measurements and calorie counts.

Overeating seems to be getting more general as our cities continue to grow and hard manual labor becomes less usual. The average city dweller is slow to recognize that since he has little exercise he requires little food. When he goes out for a tramp or a few sets of tennis the unwonted activity is more likely to increase his appetite than his legitimate demand for food.

What Women Should Weigh.

Table with 10 columns: Ages (15-19, 20-24, 25-29, 30-34, 35-39, 40-44, 45-49, 50 over) and 10 rows of height and weight measurements.

WHAT TO DO IF YOU ARE TOO THIN. For the benefit of those who would gain weight, little need be added: they should eat heartily of the very things that fat folk are warned to shun. A diet of high caloric value and rich in fats and carbohydrates can be arranged easily from tables already given.

I will set down, however, a diet I ordered recently for a patient 5 feet 6 inches tall, who lacked twenty pounds of his normal 150. I found that his daily diet was 3,000 calories—a very large amount for one of his size—but he was burning it up by intense activity. My special reason for mentioning this man is that he is the sort of person so frequently pointed out to support the contention that some people are born to be thin, no matter how much they eat. I ordered him to follow the diet, which has over 3,600 calories of food value:

Breakfast: Two eggs, Butter (2 balls), Two slices of bread, Cereal, Cream (2½ ounces), Sugar (4 teaspoonfuls). Lunch: Lamb chops (2), Butter (3 balls), Bread (2 slices), Cream (2 ounces), Potato (1), Sugar (2 teaspoonfuls). Dinner: Meat (5-13 ounces), Rice, Butter (3 balls), Sugar, Cream (3 ounces), Cheese (2½ inch), Salad and oil (1 ounce). Before Retiring: Milk (1 glass), Crackers (4).

There are some individuals who, because of abnormal gastric conditions, find difficulty in eating more than they are accustomed to, and a surplus seems to lie like a heavy load upon their stomachs. Usually I have solved this problem by prescribing frequent small meals made up of the most nourishing foods. In many cases the patient has to force himself for a while to take a little more food than he really wants before he can eat a sufficient amount without feeling uncomfortable.

table of the number of calories in ordinary helpings of various foods any reader who wishes an exact diet to fit his case should be able to figure one out easily. But in selecting such a diet, the statements I have made already about the kinds of food that go to make up a well-balanced diet should be remembered.

affairs, they would pour water into a glass until it spilled over, build a fire in the furnace in mid-July and buy shoes several sizes too big for their feet. It takes only a slight dietetic surplus to set one on the road toward obesity. VonNoorden has estimated that three slices of bread, one-third of a quart of milk or three quarters of an ounce of butter more than the body demands, taken daily, will cause a gain of twenty pounds in one year.

Reduction diets should be coupled with systematic exercise whenever possible. If some part of the body has accumulated a disproportionate amount of fat, one should pay particular attention to exercises affecting that locality—being careful not to overdo at first. Any person with ingenuity can devise such exercises, and there are always books on calisthenics to fall back on.

Peanuts Great Texas Crop.

State Senator Woodward, of Erath county, Texas, one of the youngest members of the Legislature and the "peanut king of Texas," said to the Washington "Post," regarding the production of that luscious nut: "The growth of the peanuts in the South is going to be one of our greatest industries. Its importance can hardly be overestimated. The time is coming when in Texas alone the value of the peanut crop is going to run into millions of dollars annually. This year I will have between 700 and 800 acres of peanuts to gather from my fields. I expect an average production of 55 bushels to the acre, and they will bring \$2.40 a bushel, which is about twice the price for them in ordinary times."

The by-products of this crop are going to prove of extraordinary value. The nuts are now being crushed in the mills, and from them an oil is extracted which, after refining, can hardly be told from the best quality of olive oil. For culinary purposes and for nutritive worth this oil is not excelled by any in the world. The day is coming when it will probably take the place of olive oil to a great extent in the United States.

Chemists not long ago invented a process of combining peanuts with skim milk, from which they produce a butter that can scarcely be distinguished from the best cow butter. This process has not yet been adopted in our country, but sooner or later it will be in operation and will greatly augment one of the most necessary of food supplies. Texas has 1,600,000 acres of land which could easily be planted to peanuts with a certainty of a large yield. Peanuts will grow anywhere in our sandy soil. The Texas peanut is of small size, belonging to what is called the Spanish variety, which has 30 per cent. more of oil than its brother, the jumbo peanut."

Fishing Conversation.

A little fishing trip he took. And he is talking yet. About the fish he chanced to hook. But somehow didn't get. —Detroit Free Press.

may not understand me, but he is kind, and as good as he knows—" "Excuse me," interrupted Hallton, putting his hand to his forehead; "but I have no recollection of referring to your husband at all."

"You spoke of my breaking away from him," she said, "and you called him a beastly artificial—I won't repeat what you said." The delicate curves of her cheeks warmed with the memory of the unfamiliar appellation, with faint doubt as to her first idea of its value. "However, that's neither here nor there. I wish to ask you a simple, straightforward question, Mr. Hallton: do you, or do you not, think it is right for persons to live their own lives?"

For a moment she thought she had succeeded in bringing him back to a humble consideration of her case; he looked at her with something like consternation in his face, his alert, gray eyes blinking rapidly. Light from the window made her massed hair a soft, golden glimmer above the sweet, injured, girlish seriousness of her face; her lips softened, curved downward, like a troubled child's.

But Hallton turned from her to look out of the window. "Your own life, your own life!" he exploded again. "Why, you great, big, beautiful doll, that's your own life—a doll's life! When's a doll not a doll?" He got out of his chair and jerked his coat together at the throat. His lower jaw protruded; he looked through rather than at her, and his eyes were sick and tired. "Even your talk is the talk of an automaton; you haven't an idea without a forest of quotation-marks around it," he said.

"If you weren't so good looking, you'd be a private in that big brigade of late-becoming misanthropes who write soul-cries to the author of the latest successful books. Your beauty removes you from that class—at least as long as I look at you."

He bowed to her, with an expression slightly resembling a sneer. "Your beauty makes you a temptation; for you'd soon be looking for another cage, or another doll's house, and any man might be glad to feed you. If I weren't so busy, and you weren't so devoid of character, common sense, everything else that—"

"Oh, you brute!" she cried, recoiling from the crassly material admiration in his eyes. "How dare you speak to me like that?" He bowed with his hand on his heart. "I press the button and you utter the absolutely obvious remarks. You are a masterpiece—such a doll as would grace any home of the middle of the last century. And my advice to you is to go back to your home and to your devoted husband. I take it for granted that he is devoted; the prices which you mechanical beauties command usually include devotion by the bucketful. But perhaps I'm unnecessarily harsh because I see you slipping through my fingers. Good day, Mrs. Wendell; and good luck!"

She saw him go with a feeling that the universe had suddenly been inverted and that she was scrambling around amid a Noah's ark load of displaced properties. It was not so much that he had disturbed her ideals, her plans, her dream of freedom, but that he could have treated her so cavalierly; that he could have been so immobile, so unreasonable, so brutal; that he could so completely have failed to understand her—that was what left her as dazed and terrified as a lost child.

"Oh, he is a cad, a perfect beast!" she gasped to herself as she fled up the broad stairway to her room. She threw herself down on the hard little bed, crumpled silks, crumpled hair, crumpled rose-petals of cheeks, crumpled pansies-and-dew of eyes. All her sweetness and delicacy wilted and drooped, and quivered in the cold, gathering gloom of the little room. The city snarled and rumbled and hissed and growled outside, and its great composite voice was the voice of loneliness incarnate.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

Simple Home-Made Dyes.—It had gone to the laundry a gray-colored blouse of flaming orange, just the shade that artists delight in, but it had returned subdued and almost somber—dingy, anyway—and the girl who had made it and enjoyed it so much was wondering somewhat dejectedly what she could do with it.

"Why don't you dye it again yourself?" queried the friend who had come home with her. "That is not a hopeless case; I have often done mine over, when the color has been washed out."

"But I have nothing to dye it with," came the objection. "and besides, it is such a lot of bother to dye dyes. You have to cook them on a stove, don't you? I wanted to wear this tomorrow, too."

"Have you any orange-colored tissue paper in the house?" was the next question. "No, that is not at all irrelevant. I have used to good advantage. I had an orange-colored silk blouse, too, and it faded and I did not know what to do. It just happened that at that time I was making a costume of crepe paper of almost that same color, a Hawaiian costume. I took some pieces of the paper and put it in water, to see if the color would come out. I plunged my silk blouse into it, soaked it a little while, kept moving it about so that it would not get streaked, then dried and ironed it and it looked very well, indeed. Of course, I cannot guarantee that it would always work, but I should not hesitate to try it with any color that I wished, if I could get any issue or crepe paper the right shade or nearly right. It does not take much. I used just a few odds and ends of the orange paper which I had left."

"Did you ever try red ink and water for dye?" That works well, too, I have found. I had a pale pink crepe blouse that faded badly. I put a little red ink in a bowl of water and dipped it in. It was not so much enough pink at first, so I took the blouse out, sprinkled in some more and stirred it around thoroughly before I dipped it again. My blouse came out the most beautiful shell pink you could ask.

"I've tried red ink for dyeing other things. In fact, of first heard of it when I was visiting my cousin down in Florida, in a little place far from any town. She was trimming a hat and wanted a pink feather for it. She had a small white ostrich plume, which was just right except for the color. To my astonishment, I saw her dip that feather in soap and water and then, when it was dry, dip it into a bowl of water, colored pink with a few drops of red ink. It came out a most exquisite delicate pink. When it was dry, she curled it herself on a dull knife, and the result was all that anyone could demand. Then I tried my hand at it. I wanted some pink roses for a hat. My cousin had some white ones which she gave me, and I merely tried her scheme, dipping them into water with a little red ink stirred into it and before long, had the daintiest blush pink roses that I could ask, at a small expenditure of time and trouble. I find it quite worth while experimenting in such ways as these. If the color of a knowing, in the case of a faded blouse like yours, that she cannot make it any worse, as it is unwearable in its present state, but she may render it quite presentable once more, at least for a time. Of course, these dyes might prove to be what chemists call 'fugitive.' A laundry, would likely impair the color again."

Simple methods for cleaning spots and stains from clothes are often invaluable to the housewife. Clothes free from soil add much to personal appearance.

To remove grass stains the following suggestions are offered by Miss M. Jane Newcomb, who is student in economics extension at The Pennsylvania State College: Wash in cold water without soap, rub with molasses, let stand a few minutes and wash in warm water.

For tea and coffee stains boiling water should be poured through the fabric. If the stain is obstinate, rub with glycerine or borax. As a last resort use Javelle water, which is made as follows: Put one-half pound of washing soda in an agate pan and add one quart of boiling water, mix one-half pound chloride of lime in two quarts of cold water and allow the mixture to settle, then pour the clear liquid secured from the lime and water into the dissolved soda. Javelle water should be kept in a colored bottle.

To remove ink spots moisten with salt and lemon juice and lay the garment in the sun. Another method consists in applying alternately a few drops of oxalic acid and a few drops of Javelle water and rinsing the garment in warm water. This operation should be repeated until the spot has disappeared. Iron rust may be removed by the lemon juice and salt treatment advised for ink spots. To remove mildew, wash the garment in a solution of chloride of lime or Javelle water. Russia is considering a scheme for the universal conscription of women labor. Women cigar and cigarette workers in Japan receive from 10 to 25 cents per day. Women workers in the British munition factories receive a little over 9 cents an hour. Miss Julia A. McGowan has been appointed as court stenographer in New York city. Owing to the increased demand for experienced inspectors, the United States Arsenal at Springfield, Mass., is considering the advisability of employing women to inspect arms made there.