WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR SEES MOVING PICTURES AND ROMANCE

She Drops Into a Nickel "Movies" Show and Sees a Famous Actress in Sad Play.

XIV.

The turn of Fortune's wheel is such a curious thing! My second day in Philadelphia was a dreary day, until the evening came, when hope returned to me.

I walked through many crowded streets, with my sad thoughts for only company. Gone, all were gone, the old familiar faces. I was alone, and life was something real and something desperately hard! You know the loneliness of crowded streets, with not a soul to talk to, not one face to recognize? I understand now why old maids have cats and parrots that they grow to love—some day, perhaps, I too will reach that stage, unless I make some friends in this great city who will want to talk, and keep me company sometimes.

I do not think I have a social gift for making friends. I seem to care so much, my feelings go so deep, that words do not come easily to me. I know that friendship, genuine friendship, is the rarest thing for the deep things few can enter in. About the things I care most, I talk least—perhaps it is as well.

"A wretched thing it were to have our heart
Like a thronged highway, or a populous street
Wherein the many come, and go, and meet,
Pause or pass on, as in an open mart——"

Yet I am lonely, and I want, I want some friends: just a few friends whom I can care for, who will care a little bit for me. I hate this lonely isolation in a crowd!

Hearts Adrift

The evening of my second day I passed a moving picture house, where for one nickel one could go inside! I hesitated, and was lost, for glimpsing a large poster, "Hearts Adrift," I knew at once that was a picture that I ought to see. I dropped my nickel at the desk, the doors swung open, and I was inside.

In the dim, shadowy twilight was a restful peace. All tawdriness was glorified in that dim, shaded light to a vague beauty that appealed to me. The orchestra was playing on a softened key; I did not know the drifting air, but it was sweet—and on the screen an old love tale was told. A desert island was the background, and the little fairhaired wife was Mary Pickford, playing "Hearts Adrift." I thought it was the sweetest, saddest tale—self-sacrifice was its keynote, a theme that is enacted in a hundred lives.

To me the little actress in divine, self-immolating love just typified the pathos in all women's lives. Upon that screen she ceased to be herself, and represented Universal Womanhood. I know true love is built on sacrifice of self.

An English Love Tale

More than a year ago in England, when wild roses bloomed upon the Sussex Downs, I saw the prettiest, freshest courtship scene. The daughter of the great man of the place, the village squire, had just returned from boarding school abroad. She was a lovely girl, unworldly and unspoilt, her beauty with the texture and the fragrance of an English rose.

Each morning early, while the dew was on the grass and everything was fresh and clean and young, she galloped on her horse across the moors. Diana never looked one-half so beautiful!

After a time I saw she had an escort on these early morning rides. He was a handsome, clear-eyed boy, and in his gallant bearing one could trace the long fine line of noble ancestors from whom he sprang. He sat his horse as if he were a king! I heard that he was studying for his army entrance examinations, that he was an old family friend—and desperately poor.

A great bush of wild roses grew on the moor outside our garden, and one morning there they stopped—the Squire's lovely daughter and the Boy. I saw him stoop forward from the saddle and carefully pull the tiniest, whitest rosebud from the rest.

He pressed its whiteness just one moment to his lips, then doffed his hat, and with the courtliest air presented it to her. "Please take it, it is just like you," said he.

"A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air can make her."

I heard the girl laugh merrily, then, on a sudden, stop. "Why, Jim, your hand is torn!" she said, in great concern.

The Boy smiled slowly, and I saw he had the kindest eyes.

"A rosebud out of reach," said he, "will always hurt just desperately. But I would rather have that hurt through all my life than try to gather any other flower."

"Oh, Jim, if only you were not so poor, I think that father would consent!" I heard her say, with tears in her young voice.

I think they kissed, and then they rode away. A marriage such as theirs, so young and handsome, obviously in love, would certainly be made in Heaven, I thought.

Then came the following summer, and the scene was changed. The Squire had speculated badly, and as badly lost. An older, wealthier suitor now arrived, with money, lands, position and a name. In birth he was no higher than the handsome Boy-lover, yet with a title—and he had one aim, to make the old Squire's pretty daughter his young countess.

I do not know what happened, but I know that she was young and feared her stern old father. Then I think she felt her duty lay in helping him retrieve his fallen fortunes by a wealthy match. She really loved the boy, who used to ride so gallantly beside her on those early morning canters on the Sussex Downs. Yet wedding bells rang out one summer's day—and the happy bridegroom, though a kindly-looking man, was neither very young nor very handsome.

I stood outside the church gate, and I saw her pass. Beneath a coronet of glittering diamonds, and a misty veil, she smiled at me—but in her pretty eyes a certain young, young light had died, I think forever!

After the gay wedding crowd had passed, I saw a man upwar. He stooped and picked up one white rose that had fallen from the bridal bouquet to the path. He pressed it to his lips and then I saw a thorn had hurt his hand. This time he did not smile. It was the Boy come back again, grown older in a year. The look on that young handsome face made my heart ache! Could such things be?

"Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"

DANCE FROCK FOR YOUNG GIRL

CORRESPONDENCE

WIVES DISCUSS HOUSEHOLD CARES AND PLEASURES

Diversity of Sentiment and a Mild Protest From a Husband.

In reply to yesterday's article dealing with Wife's Dull Round of Household Duties, the following letters have been received. A variety of opinion is shown in them, the attitude of "Appreciative Husband" being particularly interesting.

This Wife Enjoys Herself

To the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Ledger:

Madam—I am quite in sympathy with your article on Woman's Household Care. I am a woman close on to 40, and few younger than I did ten years ago, for the simple reason that, for the past two or three years, I have been going around enjoying myself. I go to a card party once a week, shop one day, the theatre another, and usually find a place to go on the fourth day. I figure that I am doing my duty to my husband if I am home in time to have his dinner ready, especially since he feels that he has done all that is necessary by providing the means to secure it. We very seldom go out together in the evening, because he comes home tired from business, and I am satisfied to rest quietly at home after my pleasures of the day.

MODERN WIFE.

Philadelphia, September 28, 1914.

Her Husband Most Selfish

To the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Ledger:

Madam—Having read your article in tonight's paper, I must write at once to assure you that I heartily agree with every word of it. I am a wife of 15 years' standing, and my husband is the most selfish man I have ever come across. I read your article aloud to him tonight, and I hope it may lead him to appreciate me a little more in the future!

A HARD-WORKING WIFE.

Philadelphia, September 28, 1914.

Contented Wife Stays at Home

To the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Ledger:

Madam—I read with interest the sentiments of the housewives as expressed in your article on the Household Duties of Women. I am a young housekeeper, very much in love with both my home and work; in fact, so much so, that I do it all myself. Some days I am very busy, and others I am not. If I cared to, I could go out three or four afternoons in a week, but what would be the use when I am just as well satisfied to sit right at home. I enjoy going to the theatre, but instead of going to a matinee once a week, I would rather go once a month with my husband in the evening; but, of course, all women are not alike, neither are the men. I, like all other women, like to have my cooking praised, also the appearance of my home, and I feel that my husband shows his appreciation by coming home, enjoying his dinner and settling down for a quiet evening. The countless number of women that daily visit the theatres and stores, and even promenade the streets in the shopping district, is ample proof that there are plenty of others with as much playtime as myself.

CONTENTED WIFE.

Philadelphia, September 28, 1914.

Lop-sided Logic Husband Asserts

To the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Ledger:

Madam—Your last evening's article on a wife's dull round of household duty strikes me as a piece of lop-sided logic. Too many women expect their husbands to sympathize vocally with all their daily household trials, forgetting that he in turn considerately shields her from a daily recital of the many small annoyances that disturb his business life throughout each day. Even the larger troubles he usually keeps to himself, trying in his own way to solve them, and she seldom hears of them, unless they grow so large as to vitally affect their household economics and mode of living.

That the wife should want to divide her difficulties with her husband, while he in turn tries to shield her from learning of his, is far from reciprocal, and certainly not conducive to the greatest matrimonial felicity. His realization of her troubles is shown by the fact that he does not ask her to share his. His appreciation of her work is shown by the pride he takes in his wife and his home, and by the determination with which he faces his daily problems, the smallest one of which is more serious than the largest of hers.

Actions speak louder than words, and it is in this manner that he shows his interest. If she cannot believe her eyes, but needs to hear the words to be convinced that her services are appreciated, it is her fault, and not his.

APPRECIATIVE HUSBAND.

Philadelphia, September 29, 1914.

THE CARE OF TOILET BOTTLES

To clean glass toilet bottles, put a little vinegar and salt into the bottle, allow to stand for two hours, and then rinse out in clear warm water.

Correspondence of general interest to women readers will be printed on this page. Such correspondence should be addressed to the Woman's Editor, Evening Ledger.

CHILDREN GIVE PLAY TO AID WAR'S VICTIMS

Richard Mansfield, 2d, and Companions Help Red Cross Work.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Little folk are proving of invaluable assistance to the American Red Cross in the society's efforts to relieve suffering caused by the war. Instances of what they have been doing to add money to the fund being raised on this side of the Atlantic were pointed out yesterday as examples of what other children might do. Grown-ups are also co-operating, but the society is particularly pleased with the spirit and work of the little ones.

Eight little girls of Morristown, N. J., who held a fair, raised $360, which they contributed to the Red Cross. They were Anna Fraser, Jane Fraser, Elizabeth Hyde, Sybil Hyde, Beatrice Pitney, Dorothy Moran, Nancy Shaw and Eleanor Bushnell.

Richard Mansfield, 2d, son of the actor, and several of his boy and girl friends gave a play at the home of Mrs. Mansfield, the proceeds of which were sent to the New York Chapter of the Red Cross. Mrs. Mansfield wrote: "It gave the young people great pleasure to do this for the Red Cross, and it gives me great pleasure to send the check. We should like it used for the help of all the wounded, irrespective of nationality."

A JAPANESE LOVE TALE

Housewives who find the servant problem a source of endless worry may get some consolation from the fact that in no country is the matter a perfectly simple one. Miss Evelyn Adam, in "Behind the Screens in Japan," describes some of the difficulties of keeping servants in that country.

A lady in Tokio had a valuable servant of somewhat mature years, who rejoiced in the poetic name of "Oharu San"—the Honorable Miss Spring. One day at teatime, Miss Spring did not appear. The kitchen was deserted, the kettle was cold; half the luncheon plates lay immersed in a bowl of soapy water, the other half stood on the sink, ready and waiting to be put away.

The next morning, Oharu San reappeared, and demanded the fragment of wages due her since the beginning of the month. The lady asked why she was leaving so suddenly.

"Oh," replied the Honorable Miss Spring, "just as I was washing the dishes yesterday I remembered that Saito San, the pawnbroker, wanted a wife. Therefore I went out and married him."

THE FAMOUS CHRISTABEL

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, after a prolonged absence from this country, has returned to London, and in an interview said she intended, in association with the Women's Social and Political Union, immediately to open a campaign of patriotic propaganda. Miss Pankhurst, it will be remembered, vanished in the spring of 1912. On the evening of March 5 of that year detectives descended on the headquarters of the Women's Social and Political Union to gether in the leaders of the movement on a charge of conspiracy arising out of the window-smashing campaign. They secured Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and others, but Miss Christabel was gone. Not till September did her whereabouts in France become known.

A WOMAN'S WEAPON

A revolver which has been designed for the nervous woman to carry in her vanity bag is probably the smallest weapon of its kind in the world. From the tip of the hammer to the end of the barrel it measures about three inches and it fires a steel bullet about twice the size of a pin's head. The weapon, which is the latest production of a leading gunmaker, is beautifully made, with mother-o'-pearl mountings.

HOW TO FINISH GILT FRAMES

Here is a hint which will be found useful at cleaning time. Take sufficient flowers of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about 1½ pints of water. In this liquid boil about four or five bruised onions, or some garlic. Strain off the liquid, and let it stand till it is cold. Then take a soft brush, dip it in the liquid, and wash any of the gold frames that require restoring. When it is dry, the gilding will be as bright as when new.

SMILES THAT CHEER

Have you ever given this a thought? Have you any idea what tremendous value there is in a smile? No disease is so catching as the happiness created by men and women who greet their fellow creatures with a smile.

Not only do our smiles cheer others, but if we are sad and try to shape our faces into a smile, we begin to feel better ourselves. Try to smile when you don't feel a bit like it, and see what a difference it will make.

The smile that cheers and greets a friend, making those we come in contact with feel they must smile, too, is a thing to think about and cultivate.

FRENCH ART GIVES RARE CHARM TO GIRL'S DANCE FROCK

Free From Sophistication of Dinner or Ball Dress, but Marked by Premeditated Simplicity.

For the girls who are neither "out" nor "in," and who go to almost as many dances as their elders and betters the dance frock should be chosen with particular care.

It should not have the sophisticated air of the dinner dress, or the ball dress, but its simplicity should be of the premeditated kind, and not the accidental.

It is because the French dressmaker has felt the same "joy of creation" that inspires the artist or the sculptor that Paris has become a Mecca for lovers of beautiful clothes.

A frock must be a picture to realize the French conception, happily harmonious in scheme of color and symmetrical in outline.

They take an almost childish delight in dressing each age not merely appropriately, but in idealizing it, and decking it out in the trappings that will proclaim its exact status so that all who run may read.

The Parisian conception of the style suitable to the "Jeune fille," is to array her in a way that will typify all that there is of freshness and youth, and to enhance the charm that is borne by those that are still "unspotted of the world."

The dress shown in the illustration is designed from the Parisian point of view. In treatment and in the color combination it is essentially French—unmistakably a young girl's frock, with rosebuds to symbolize the age.

It is made of the softest taffeta, a taffeta that has so much in the way of sheen and shadow that it is easy to mistake it for a changeable silk.

The color is blue, the faintly turquoise blue that has a charmingly artless look when it is combined with pink.

To get just the right shades of the two colors, the delicate nuance, is an achievement dear to the French soul.

The bodice is very girlish in design, but the fact that it is sleeveless proclaims it a creation of the present year.

The wide skirt announces this fact also, following as it does a tendency that seems to swing the full reactionary distance of the pendulum of style.

The bouffant appearance that is now so desirable is greatly increased by the ruffle at the edge of the tunic and at the foot of the skirt.

The spot of pink necessary to the effect of the bodice is established by the cluster of rosebuds that is fastened just above the girdle at the left side.

The little bunches of roses that are placed at intervals above both ruffles re-establish the harmony made by the two colors.

Slippers and stockings that exactly much the shade of the dress are an important detail of the costume.

They are more youthful and for that reason more appropriate to the idea expressed by the dress than slippers of bronze or black would be.

It is by the accessories and the details that a dress succeeds or fails.

RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

LEMON MERINGUE

Ingredients: The juice and grated rind of a lemon, one and one-quarter tablespoonfuls of corn flour, one and one-half cupful of boiling water, one cupful of castor sugar, two eggs. Beat the yolks of the eggs until light, add the sugar, corn flour, lemon and hot water and beat altogether till smooth. Cook this mixture till it thickens. Then turn into a deep pie dish or plate lined with short paste, and bake. Beat the whites of the eggs and two tablespoonsful of sugar together on a plate until stiff. When the pie is baked, spread the meringue over the lemon mixture and put it back in the oven to brown.

A DAINTY DISH FOR SUPPER

Take six deep, small patty-pans, well greased (or one patty-pan for each person), sprinkle each with a thick layer of breadcrumbs, which have been seasoned with a little chopped meat (cold ham for preference), minced parsley, pepper, salt, as much meat of any kind is not required. Break carefully into each patty-pan a fresh egg, and pour over each a dessertspoonful of gravy. Put a tiny piece of butter on the top of each egg; take care to break the yolks. Bake in oven till whites are set and firm. Turn out each on to buttered toast and serve with a little chopped parsley.

TREACLE PUDDING

One breakfast cupful of chopped suet, one breakfast cup of breadcrumbs, one breakfast cup of flour, one egg and a little nutmeg grated, three tablespoonfuls of treacle. Chop suet and mix same with breadcrumbs and nutmeg; add treacle and egg well beaten; mix altogether, pour into a greased basin, cover with pudding cloth and steam for two hours.

DATE JAM

Buy the dates by the pound. Remove the stones from three pounds and put the fruit in your preserving pan. Add about three breakfast cupfuls of water. Let the fruit just get hot, and then add a pound and a quarter of preserving sugar, a sprinkling of ground cinnamon and a teaspoonful of fresh butter. Stir until the jam begins to thicken and pot while steaming hot.

THE SERVING OF FISH

Fish should always be served with a frill of parsley or lettuce leaves. Two or three herrings nicely served become as attractive as salmon. A sliced tomato, some watercress, some pieces of lemon—this at once tempts a tired man to eat. Give him a herring unfrilled and he'll shudder.

Salads and salad dressings are most important adjuncts to food. With a well-made salad the man forgives the cold mutton. Here is a simple, yet quite nice, salad. It dispenses with other vegetables. Slice up a small cooked cauliflower, two or three potatoes, two lettuces, one large tomato, a beetroot and a cucumber. Add a little finely scraped horseradish.

So, with the table nicely laid, attractive with ferns and flowers, a spotless tablecloth and the food daintily put before him, the breadwinner will be satisfied.

PINEAPPLE AND FIG JAM

Buy a tin of pineapple and a pound of dried figs. Cut the pineapple and figs small. Put in a basin and add the pineapple-juice, and leave all night. The next day weigh the fruit, and to each pound add three-quarters of preserving sugar. Put the sugar in the preserving-pan, and add enough water to melt it. When dissolved, add the pineapple and figs. Stir over the fire until it thickens, and pot.

CENSORED NEWS FROM THE REAR

"Oh! It Looks Beautiful, Dear! All it Needs is a Little Pressing!"

THE DETAIL VS. THE LARGE-PLAN WOMAN

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK,
Author of "The New Housekeeping"

I learn that business men are generally divided into two classes, one the detail man, the other the large plan man or executive. Sometimes a man combines the qualities of both groups, but generally he belongs distinctly to one or the other type.

Now the detail man is the one who carries out orders. He is responsible for the thousand and one details which make up the day of that particular business. He does not plan for next week or next month or next year. He does what he is instructed for a very small period in advance without question, without initiative, and without using any creative ability.

The "large plan" on the other hand is the one in whose brain originates the general policy of the business, the plans and ideals toward which the business shall work and the larger results not only for next week, but for years ahead. He appreciates the value of detail and knows all details thoroughly, but the bigger idea in his mind is his business in all its departments and as a whole. Without his creative sense and his imagination there would be no business, and on him the burden of responsibility falls.

Now I have often compared home-making to business. If this is true, what type of woman shall direct the business of home-making? Shall it be the detail or the large plan woman? I think you will agree with me when I say that the bulk of women home-makers fall now into the detail class. They perform schedules, they do a great deal of heavy work, they spend unlimited time doing infinitesimal small tasks in housework, but do they ever approach the breath and viewpoint of the large plan executive in business?

I find very few women and mothers who see further ahead than the present week or month. Their marketing is done on the daily or at most weekly plan. Their accounts are kept hazarily, with no idea of a future end or a plan ten years off. When they buy equipment they do not consider it a permanent investment, but a present expenditure. They are tied up in a mass of detail and believe that home making does not offer them the opportunity to use the creative executive and more broadening qualities which they think they possess.

I deplore this because the detail man or detail woman is never as great as the large plan individual. It is seeing only in the present and being smothered in a mass of daily detail that prevents stability and development for the highest kind of family life. The mother who spends unnecessary sums and time on Susie's hair ribbons is not thinking as a rule of practical plans for Susie's college education. The woman who buys what she wants and whose expenses are not run on a budget plan is the woman who is extravagant and who is partly responsible for the high cost of living. The woman who idolizes a fancy guest room and yet has no place in her home for the development of her boy's taste for manual training or electricity is not the large plan woman.

The successful business man is always the large plan individual first. He must and does know details. But it is his visions and ideals which create and build that business to sucess. The successful home maker must also be the large plan woman. It must be her ideals and her perception of a future education, a future permanent home, a future clean city which will make home making the highest success.

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MY LADY'S COIFFURE

The trade in human hair is a big industry. Italians easily take the lead in this traffic, the main source of their supply being obtained from the peasant women of Italy, Dalmatia and Switzerland. Several times a year these human hair merchants send their agents around to collect supplies, which are usually immense, for hair-growing is cultivated on a very large scale by these women, and yields a good remuneration to the producer. Two crops of hair a year, and looking none the worse for the loss, is not extraordinary among these peasant women. Half the hair at the back of the head is shorn off, the remaining half being drawn over the exposed part and dressed in such a manner as only to be detected on very close scrutiny and by those experienced in the trade.

THE FINGER-NAILS

The cutting of the finger nails is one of those little tasks from which we are relieved only by the grave. It is computed that their average growth, in sickness and in health, is one-thirty-second of an inch a week, a little more than an inch and a half a year.

This rate of growth, however, is not the same for all the fingers, the thumb and the little finger being the ones whose nails grow more slowly than the others, while the middle finger is the fastest of the lot. In summer it has been observed that they grow quicker than in winter, and some authorities hold that the nails on the right hand lengthen more rapidly than those on the left. In either case they grow four times as fast as the nails on our toes.

A SCHOOL FOR LOVERS

For some time Munich has had its "school for lovers"—they call it the "Hochschule der Hieratswissenschaften," but it is not nearly so formidable as its name. At this sentimental seminary the student is taught all the secrets of love and wooing; the desirable qualities of a life-partner; how to create the best impression and how to outwit rivals; the proper time and method of proposing, the mysteries of the wedding day; how to make the most of the honeymoon, and so on. The school, we understand, is a great success, and justifies itself by a brilliant array of results.

QUITE SIMPLE

The guests at the table were discussing diets.

"I lived on eggs and milk for two months," remarked one lady, "and gained ten pounds."

"And I," said a gentleman, "lived for over a year on nothing but milk, and gained in weight every day."

"Mercy!" came the chorus. "How did you manage to do it?"

The gentleman smiled. "I cannot say that I remember," he replied; "but I presume my method was similar to that of other babies."

DEATH-DEALING KISSES

The most famous example of kisses that have caused death is furnished by the story of the sprightly young Duchess of Gordon, who raised so many recruits for the famous Gordon Highlanders. In the early days of the regiment recruiting was very slow, but the Duchess attired herself in the regimental colors, and made a tour of the various markets and fairs, offering to each recruit a guinea and a kiss.

Most of the recipients paid for the kiss with their lives. No sooner was the regiment raised than it was sent to fight the French, and in the first engagement in which the Duchess's recruits participated there was a loss of 300 killed and wounded. All the right flanking company was hit save one, and he, curiously enough, did not happen to be a recipient of the young Duchess's kiss. He was a cannie Aberdeenshire man, and for an extra guinea he sold his right to another person to a kiss from the Duchess's ruby lips.

The Gordon Highlanders are fighting in the present war with the same magnificent courage and bravery that have ever distinguished that most gallant regiment.

TREATING DAMP ROOMS

Blocks of camphor dispersed in all corners of damp rooms in a new house will effectually banish damp in a very short time, even when fires have proved ineffectual. They should be simply laid on paper, or on the bare shelves of a damp room or linen closet. The blocks gradually decrease in size, and when they finally disappear should be replaced until their purpose is served.

AMERICAN WOMAN HEADS CLUB TO AID WAR-HIT WORKERS

Duchess of Marlborough Organizes Emergency Corps for Benefit of Europe's Professional Women.

LONDON, Sept. 29.

With a splendid public spirit, which invariably characterizes her, the Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt), immediately following her return to England, set in motion a society to be known as the Women's Emergency Corps. The object will be to aid middle-class professional women workers who are too shy or too proud to reveal their present destitution resulting from the outbreak of war.

In furtherance of her object the Duchess sends to New York a letter appealing to the professional women in America to join hands with their British sisters by subscribing funds.

The letter continues:

They are organized as a community. The only method of reaching them is through such an institution as the Women's Emergency Corps. As the Executive Committee contains the names of many of the most brilliant women writers in England who are accustomed to work in co-operation with these professional business women, they are the most fit persons to organize funds.

The circular promises in return to American women schemes for work to give the destitute women a fresh chance and continuous employment through the war. Among the signers of the appeal are the Duchess of Marlborough, honorary treasurer; Beatrice Harraden, May Sinclair, Elizabeth Robins, Elinor Glyn, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Flora Annie Steele, Richard Dehan, Alice Meynell and Dora Sigerson.

As a result of exchange of cablegrams between the Duchess of Marlborough and J. P. Morgan & Co. the latter has consented to receive subscriptions in New York and remit the same monthly to the Duchess in London.

MISPLACED MOURNING

After a period of six months of widowhood, Bridget consented to again enter the married state. Some weeks after she was led to the altar her old mistress met her in the street dressed in the deepest mourning.

"Why, Bridget," she exclaimed, "for whom are you in black?"

"For poor Barney, my first husband, mum. When he died Oi was that poor Oi couldn't afford to buy mourning, but Oi said if iver Oi could Oi would, and me new man, Tim, is as generous as a lord."

A WITTY RETORT

Up the platform she raced, quite out of breath, and no wonder for she was of an advanced age and the guard had the whistle in his mouth. He saw her just in time, so he delayed until she came up. As he opened the door he jocularly remarked:

"Well, my good woman, you are training for a race?"

"Indeed, no," was the reply as she stepped into the compartment. "I am only racing for a train."

CRACKED FURNITURE

Cracks in furniture should be filled in with beeswax. Soften the beeswax until it becomes like putty, then press it firmly into the cracks, and smooth the surface over with a thin knife. Sandpaper the surrounding wood, and work some of the dust into the beeswax. This gives a finish to the wood, and when it is varnished the cracks will have disappeared. Putty used in the same way soon dries and falls out.