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

ELLEN ADAIR'S ADVENTURES

She Has One Great Experience, and With It Ends the Telling of the Tale.

XXX.

Upon the vital episodes of life one finds it rather difficult to write. Yet happiness has come to me at last, and a great joy that I have never known before.

The hour is very late, but I must write the happening of this day and tell the tale that now has changed my life. The future has become an El Dorado and a happy land where heartaches die and dreams come true.

Things fell out in this wise: After I told the artist-man I did not love him he went sadly off. I sat there in the firelight all alone, and sadness fell upon me, too. For love had come to me too late. I had just sensed the brushing of love's wings, and known that happiness was not for me. The flitting shadow left me lonelier than before.

A great temptation came to me as I sat in the flickering firelight and gazed long into the glowing coals. I wanted to recall the artist-man and tell him what he wished so much to hear. Yet my ideals and my better self now hold me back. I knew I did not love him—yet I felt so lonely that temptation came to take life's second best and marry just to ease this new dull heartache.

Deep in the midst of glowing coals I framed my idle fancies and saw pictures there. One face rose to my eyes, a dark, strong face I wanted to forget.

I tried to rouse myself from thoughts that never could come true. "You foolish girl," I said aloud, "to think all day of some one who will never think of you! Worse even, for he cares for some one else, some one much prettier, more attractive, than yourself. If you must think of love, and home, and happiness, there is the artist-man, who cares so much for you. Why not marry him and forget this other man?"

The time went drifting past as I sat there, till daylight faded and long shadows fell. I must have sat in that low chair before the fire for long, long hours.

At last I heard a movement in the room. I thought my little hostess had returned. She had gone out on some long shopping expedition, quite fortified, I think, by sentimental hopes anent the English artist-man. She would be disappointed when she heard that I had just refused his offer of marriage—so I did not turn my head at first.

The crackling of the coals and ticking of the clock seemed strangely loud within my ears. Then a voice spoke that made me start in sheer surprise—and something more. It was no woman's voice, but held a deep and Southern note. My heart was beating in the oddest way.

"Your friends seem not at home, because I rang the bell for quite an age. So I walked in—and find you here alone, like little Cinderella sitting by the fire."

I did not speak. Why did the world hold so much pain? Why did I want to hear that voice, yet all the while it hurt me so?

"My friends are out, Mr. Denniston," I said, "but if you wish to leave a message"—

"Yes, I do," he said, and then he paused.

An organ-grinder started in the street to play. The air was called "Because It's You." Why had he chosen such an air today? Its very sweetness filled the shadowy room with pain.

I must have sat there in the firelight, tense and silent, until Mr. Denniston spoke once again. What could he mean, what was he saying to me? Why was there this strange suffocating feeling in my throat?

"I came tonight because I could not stay away, dear little English girl," he said. He crossed the room and knelt beside my chair. "I think I fell in love with that sweet painting of you quite a year ago. Do you think you could ever grow to care for me?"

To care for him! I could not speak. The firelight flickered on his fine, dark head, and showed reflections in his handsome eyes. Could such great happiness be true? He really cared for me!

"I thought—I thought you were engaged," I stammered foolishly, at last.

"I certainly am not," said he, "and never was! Perhaps you are thinking of my ward, the girl who was my dinner-partner the other evening. She is just a child. The only person whom I long to marry is just you—if you will have me?"

If I would have him! Why, I was afraid that all the love I felt would show there in my face, and so I turned my head away.

"I want to know," said he, "because I care so very much!"

"I think that I care just a little bit," I murmured then. I was afraid to tell him more. Words seemed so futile to express how very much I cared for him. My heart was throbbing on a note of perfect happiness.

He took my hand and held it tight in his. At moments such as these I think that El Dorado comes to all of us. I know I touched the topmost rung of happiness. All the old longings were now satisfied, all the old heartaches taken right away.

The organ grinder in the street kept playing "Just Because It's You"—and now I thought there never was a gayer, happier air! For in two minutes life had changed from minor cadence to one perfect melody—and I had reached the land where dreams come true!

The End.

Odd Bridal Customs

In Servia brides are kidnapped. When the lover has made up his mind that the girl is ready to marry him, he and his friends arm themselves with rifles, go up to the girl's house, seize and carry her off to church, and get married on the spot. Otherwise the courtship is almost entirely conducted by the men of the family. The father of the prospective bridegroom and two or three male friends call on the girl's father and bring them a large cake of wheat and poppy seeds. The men of both families have supper and haggle over terms of marriage. When these terms are arranged the son's father puts some flowers and money on the cake and hands it to the girl's father. This act constitutes the betrothal contract.

AN "APRON" FROCK OF VELVET AND CLOTH

MODES OF THE HOUR

This is the Day of the Amateur Dressmaker, for Individuality is the Keynote of the Season.

There is so much variety shown by the frocks designed for autumn and winter wear that it takes a trained eye to seize upon the definite features that may be cataloged as characteristic of the present styles.

Motives such as the basque and the tunic are taken by the modiste and played upon in all the keys of color and combination and with so many variations that the underlying idea that nevertheless dominates is noted, if at all, unconsciously.

The amateur dressmaker ought to be able to manufacture her own clothes this season very successfully. Starting out with a good model, she can make whatever changes in it that will best adapt it to her own appearance and thereby give it an individuality that is more to be desired than the ownership of one of the original models that will be duplicated a hundred times and worn all over the country.

Color combinations are worth a study quite of themselves. With some people color is an instinct, and while it can hardly be thrust upon any one, it can certainly be acquired, to an extent at any rate, by the assiduous and earnest-minded.

This is a generation as much addicted to color as to dancing. Perhaps the two go hand in hand, and perhaps, likewise, it is a deliberate flinging of the gauntlet in the face of a Puritan and Quaker ancestry that subdued nature for a time, but never crushed or really altered it.

The business of living is such a serious thing nowadays that anything that brings a lift to the spirit is a gain, and color, the brighter the better, certainly does it—only let it not be crude.

There are greens and blues this year that are a joy to behold. Orange and yellow, the tango reds, violet in many shades, pink and rose appear in materials that give them a wonderful quality and tone. And the basque and the tunic make a combination of at least two colors a natural sequence.

In the frock sketched today, designated as the "apron frock," two colors are combined very harmoniously. Bodice and underskirt are made of greenish brown velvet and the overdress is of cloth vividly orange in tone.

The result is striking but not bizarre, nor is it outre. The two colors contrast and yet are complementary. The fan-like collar is of finely plaited mull of a creamy note. Here the use of crisp white would jar. The ruffles at the wrist are also of mull plaited in the same way and of about the same depth as the collar.

Stockings and shoes must be brown or bronze. Black would decidedly jar and the "scheme entire" of the whole costume would be utterly undone.

Some day a much tried modiste will write an open letter on the subject of wearing the wrong shoes and stockings with her wondrous creations, completely spoiling her carefully planned efforts.

HOUSEWIFE AND HER MARKETING

The season of plenty is bringing many new arrivals in the vegetable world. The markets show:

Large Casaba melons at 50c., a breakfast luxury.

Small bunches of fresh white Waldorf celery at 25c.

Mushrooms, varying according to size, from 30c. to 50c.

Large Avocado pears for salad at 20c. apiece.

Romaine salad is three for 25c.

Oyster plant has just arrived, and sells for the reasonable price of 5c. for a bunch.

Beautiful Jersey strawberries are an expensive luxury, selling at 40c. a quart.

Pimento peppers are a sort of sweet red pepper, very delicious when stuffed, and selling three for 5c.

Those who can use the pomegranate will find it on the market now, at three, four and five for 25c., according to size.

New peas are here, the first crop selling at 70c. a half-peck.

Large, juicy grapefruit are three for 25c.

The last crop of raspberries is selling fast at 15c. a box, or two for 25c.

The Modern Rejected

Narcissus, gazing in the fount, grew hot
With passion for the seeming water-fay;
Then, sick and desolate from vain desire,
He pined away.

The gallant questing knight of Arthur's days,
Who pleaded for the love a maid denied,
In silence bore the bitter pang—then crossed
The Stygian tide.

The Georgian buck, when chivalry yet lived,
And his hot love was scorned by some fair maid;
For love gave life—and in his aching heart
Plunged his own blade.

But when the life of modern man seems wrecked
By maiden fickleness, or love's miscarriage;
Scorning swift death, he seeks in other arms
Slow death—by marriage!

—London Opinion.

PLAIN GIRL VS. PRETTY GIRL

Which Is the More Successful On Going Out Into the Business World?

Where the mere man is concerned, and more particularly the business man, a thing of beauty may not always be a joy forever!

"Upon my word," cried the harassed young sales-manager in a large office, the other day, "these pretty girl stenographers will be the death of me yet. We have two up here, and between them I shall soon be crazy! There is Miss Brown, for instance, a very good-looking girl, but she knows the fact only too well! She has a wretched little pocket-mirror, and a wretched little powder-puff, and out they both come on all and every occasion.

"Now yesterday an unusually large number of orders had to be filled, and if only Miss Brown would have tackled them in a sporting spirit, they would have ben got through all right. But, dear bless me, no! First thing she had to attend to one finger-nail that seemed to be causing her greater anxiety than the affairs of nations! She spent at least ten minutes over that. Then I thought she was fairly well started but on coming back I found her with the usual pocket-mirror out again examining one eyebrow. Gee! But I was wild. Yet she is a clever girl, and I'd hate to fire her."

"What about the other pretty stenographer?"

"Miss Smith, you mean? Oh, she is worse than the other, if anything—but in a different way. The number of her male admirers is what annoys me so. I put my foot down pretty heavily about having them come up to see her in the office. Then they kept telephoning her at the most awkward moments, and now that I have stopped that, they send in special delivery letters that throw her into such a flutter that she can scarcely work at all! No, the next stenographers in this office will be plain-looking girls, I have quite decided on that!"

There did seem some ground for annoyance in this particular case. Yet the reverse side of the picture is frequently seen. The average man, being merely human and not of the angels, does incline to be attracted by a sweet and pretty face. It is infinitely pleasanter to have pretty things around the office, provided—and here is the crux of the whole matter—that the pretty things are useful as well as ornamental.

Some good-looking girls suffer from a mistaken idea that their appearance will carry them triumphantly through business life, and they rest upon that pleasing thought. To such foolish maidens disaster inevitably comes.

The pretty girl is handicapped from the start, in that her home circle and admiring friends have flattered her and given her the idea that she is rather unusual. On facing the ups and downs of business life she does not, therefore, take well to criticism, and the censure of her business superiors will hurt her more than it might her plainer and less spoiled sister.

Apart from those disadvantages there is no reason why the pretty girl should not possess all the wits and the business acumen of her less favored sister.

"I like to have pretty girls working in my office," said another man. "They brighten up the place and make things look so much more attractive. The only disadvantage is that they are so dreadfully apt to go off and get married."

Mark Twain's Mother

"'You gave me more uneasiness than any child I had,' Twain's mother said once to him in her old age. 'I suppose you were afraid I wouldn't live,' he suggested in his tranquil fashion. She looked at him with that keen humor that had not dulled in 80 years. 'No, afraid you would,' she said."—Mark Twain: A Biography, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

The Girl Who Works Outside the Home

THE spirit of unrest has taken hold of nations, of politics, of the home itself. The increasing numbers of girls who work for a living without actual necessity proves this.

A girl was overheard talking on this subject the other day. "I'm just bored to death," she said. "I get up at 10 o'clock in the morning, and I have a headache. I fool around the house for a couple of hours and then I go down town and shop for a lot of things I don't want, and eat lunch at 2 or 3.

Next I hunt up some one, or meet some one, and we play bridge, dance or go to a matinee, and fool around again until dinner. Everybody tells me I'm lucky and have nothing to worry over, and all that sort of nonsense, but doing nothing is mightly tiresome work.

"When I wanted to find something to do, mother cried, and fathre was hurt! He thought I wanted some extra clothes and things, and said it was too bad if he couldn't give his own daughter enough without her looking elsewhere. So I gave it up! Here I am perfectly dissatisfied, grumpy all day long, and rich in the knowledge that I'm perfectly useless."

Perhaps this is putting the case a little strongly, yet when one realizes that this girl has nothing to look forward to but this luxurious drudgery until some man comes along and decides to take a chance on his happiness, you cannot blame her. And with the training—or lack of training—of these years behind her, her chances for happiness hang on the thin thread of her power of self-control. The business girl on the contrary goes through a discipline which is practically invaluable. She keeps early hours because she cannot afford to get run-down and lose her position. She has to learn punctuality, neatness, and assume a certain amount of responsibility. Her valuation of men is usually pretty correct because she deals with those who accomplish and do not idle. She learns to save, as well as to earn, money, and in this way has the "economic independence" so talked of at present. Her daily intercourse with all kinds of people makes her adaptable, tolerant and more charitable.

Pavlowa, the Peerless

She is on her way to the land of the Stars and Stripes, the incomparable Madame Anna Pavlowa, most bewitching of dancers. A few days ago she boarded the White Star liner Adriatic, and sailed with her world-famed troupe of Russian dancers for New York. There she begins next month her third great American tour.

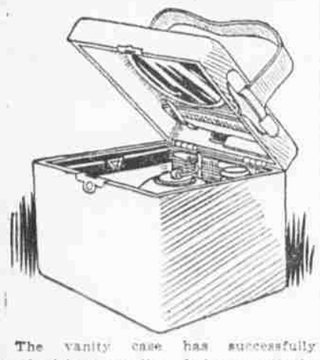
The wonderful dancer has well been named Pavlowa the Peerless. To such as have watched the miraculous grace of her movements, the bewildering intricacy of her airy steps, will the memory of her be unforgettable. She flits and flutters and twirls on the stage as lightly as a lovely ball of thistledown, and with as little apparent effort.

When in the United States, Madame Pavlowa intends to continue her efforts in aiding the Allies, as she has been doing during her stay in England.

Unfortunately for her, she reached Berlin to fulfil an engagement on the very day that Germany declared war upon Russia, the dancer's native land! With the greatest difficulty she got away to Paris, going on to London later, but she lost all the lovely clothes that she had taken to the German theatre. No efforts to recover them availed.

The personality of Anna Pavlowa is a most complex and attractive one. There is a sadness in the fine lines of her beautiful face, and one has but to glance in her lovely dark eyes to read magnetism and power written there.

The Vanity Case



The vanity case has successfully evolved into a reality. It began with the small powder puff of a few years ago. Then followed the coin and cigarette case, and lastly came the little box itself. It is a step toward comfort, as well as luxury.

The girl who meets a friend while shopping in the afternoon and decides to stay out to dinner can overlook her mussed shirtwaist and ruffled hair if she has a dab of powder. She would be surprised to see how compact these cases are. Coin purse, a mirror, a case for hairpins, a nail file, a tiny comb and a bottle for your favorite extract can be found in the least expensive boxes. They run up to all prices, and come in every shade.

WHAT OTHER WOMEN DO

Miss Lois Weber is the highest salaried scenario writer and actress in the world, having just signed a contract with a moving picture concern at a salary of $50,000 a year.

Only 125 mothers are receiving pensions in Pennsylvania, while 1500 who have made application will have to wait owing to the inability of the appropriation to provide for all.

Mrs. Baloil Scott, the famous woman rifle shot of England, is teaching young men and boys how to shoot a rifle with the purpose of having them efficient if called upon to go to war.

Eighteen-year-old Ruth Mercer is the only woman motortruck delivery driver in Cleveland, where she has been the mainstay of her mother since her father's death.

The British Government has decided to suspend the annuity of $15,000 received by the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a member of the British royal family, who by marriage became a German subject.

Kitchen Wrinkles

Cleansing with mustard is said to remove the smell of fish from pots.

If a knife is placed under a tumbler or glass dish, boiling milk or water can be put in without breaking the glass.

Rusty-looking silk can be made clean and new looking if sponged with the water in which potatoes have been boiled.

When boiling eggs, wet the shells thoroughly in cold water before dropping in the boiling water, and they will not crack.

After washing lamp chimneys, try polishing them with dry salt. This gives the glass a brilliant shine and prevents it from cracking.

Combined Forces

"Great is the appeal of a pretty woman in an unapproachable hat."—A Hoosier Chronicle, by Meredith Nicholson.

Milady's Toilet Table

A great many persons do not understand the value of face steaming. This is most essential to a clear complexion.

The enthusiast must guard against steaming all the skin off her face, for if she boils a pan of water and holds her face in the escaping steam she will really injure the skin. But real face steaming should begin by heating a towel in hot water and applying to the face. This should be hot enough to make the skin tingle. The idea is to heat the skin well, but not to burn it. Face steaming by means of warm towels is a good thing, but when the pores are thoroughly opened the face can be washed.

The carbolized face bath is very good for the skin; it consists of a few drops of carbolic acid to a large basin of water. The benzoinated face bath is also excellent. A little benzoin is dashed into a basin of water and briskly stirred. The whole is used as a face bath. It contracts the pores and gradually closes them.

Don't Get Discouraged

Don't get discouraged because you have made a mistake. There has never been a human being who did not make some mistakes. The best we can do is to try not to make the same mistake again, in this way our work will become more and more accurate and we will become more and more reliable.

Don't get discouraged because people laugh at you and ridicule you when you are trying to do right. Every successful man has had the same experience; in fact, it seems to be one of the prices we have to pay for success.

Don't get discouraged about anything when you are striving to do your best. Everything will come out all right and you will laugh tomorrow over the cares and worries of today.

Gems of Thought

The only way to have a friend is to keep one.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

Never mind, friend, what the worry
Of the long work-day has been;
Just you dust it from your being,
Just you let the sunshine in.

Sing—even though you never "took a music lesson." Songs are like sunbeams—they breed cheerfulness. A cobbler who smooths his wax end with a song will do as much work in a day as one given to ill nature and fretting will accomplish in a week. Sing!

There's only one method of meetin' life's test—
Just keep on a-strivin' an' hope for the best.
Keep right on a-goin'; don't stay standin' still.
Some people won't like you, but other folks will.

Worldly Wisdom

"The woman who hates a man very much has generally loved him first."

"A walking cheque-book is a thing not to be despised, even if he has got too much nose."

"They say that chinchilla, red hair and virtue don't go together. But a stuff gown doesn't always cover the ten commandments."

"The powder-puff is as primeval as the first woman. Eve probably used a dandelion ball."

"There is nothing so sensitive to a quick change as the barometer of flirtation."—The Naked Soul, by Louise Heilgers.

The Doubtful Art Craze

We all sacrifice to art, from the lodging-house keeper who fills her house with incredible ornaments to the millionaire who buys old masters that he does not like.—Roger Fry.

What Other Housewives Know

For the numbers who voluntarily or of necessity forego meat the following will be of use:

EGGS IN JELLY WITH CHEESE CREAM.

This requires 5 hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, small bottle of macedaine vegetables, 1 pint aspic jelly, 1½ gills whipped cream, 1½ tablespoonfuls grated Parmesian cheese, seasoning.

Pour a shallow layer of the jelly into a plain-bordered mold, and when this is set arrange some of the quarters of eggs upon it with a few of the macedoine vegetables between. Pour a little of the remaining aspic over this and stand the mold in a basin of cold water until it becomes firm; and continue to use eggs, vegetables and the jelly in same manner until the mold is full. When jelly is sufficiently set, turn the border out of the mold and fill the middle with whipped cream, adding as seasoning a little salt and curry powder, mixed with grated cheese. Serve on salad leaves.

EGGS STUFFED WITH ASPARAGUS.

As many hard-boiled eggs as desired, butter, seasoning, vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of asparagus, one raw egg, bread crumbs, some blanched almonds and mashed potatoes are needed.

Bake the potatoes, remove the inside and pass it through a potato-presser into a basin; season well with celery salt, pepper and nutmeg; add a small quantity of milk and a large quantity of butter, and beat potatoes with a wooden spoon until light. Press them firmly into a round cake-tin, well buttered, and bake in a quick oven for a half hour; cut the eggs through the middle and remove yolks, pass them through a sieve and beat into a fairly soft paste with some warm butter; season with salt, pepper, nutmeg and a few drops of vinegar; then mix in one or two tablespoonfuls of cooked asparagus tips and fill the whites with the mixture. Dip the eggs into beaten egg and cover thickly with fine bread crumbs mixed with an equal proportion of blanched almonds and fry in deep, boiling fat. Arrange eggs on the potato cake and garnish with watercress or parsley.

DEVONSHIRE JUNKET.

Heat blood-warm one quart of milk, add to it one dessert spoonful of sugar and two of liquid rennet. Pour out into a deep dish with two tablespoonfuls of brandy; cover and put in a cool place to set. Then spread over the top a thick cream, grating of nutmeg and a little powdered sugar and serve.

A Way to Happiness

Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like, like what you have until you can change your environment.

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life; find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying, while you keep steadily at work to make it what you desire. Be happy over something every day.

Make yourself worthy of a true friendship and worthy love, and, if any of these emotions seem to prove ephemeral, remember they were not the realities—the real ones will come to you, since you are worthy.

Worth Remembering

We may not accomplish much, but the quality of our work may give it greatness.

Cheerful tempers manufacture solace and joy out of very unpromising materials.

Your anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow; but ah! it empties today of its strength.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

A religion without thanksgiving, praise and joy, is like a flower without tint, perfume or honey. There may be such a flower, but surely no one would care to pluck it.

Surprise for Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt befriended a Senegalese infantryman in the course of her Red Cross work in Paris and when the soldier was leaving the hospital he invited Mrs. Vanderbilt to return with him to Senegal, where she would be made a chieftainess of an African tribe.

Dreams

For a young girl to dream of flirting is said to mean that the one she has at present selected as a suitable partner for life does not possess those solid and respectable qualifications which alone are desirable, and that common sense suggests looking elsewhere.

The Luxuries of Life

The spread of the love of luxury seems to be affecting every one and everything. This year many of our birds have left for the South much earlier than usual.—Punch.

White Chamois Gloves

To clean white chamois gloves make a lather of soap and warm water, in which has been put one tablespoonful of ammonia to each quart, and when the water is tepid put the gloves in it. Let them soak for a quarter of an hour, then press them in your hands; do not wring them. Rinse in fresh, cold water with a little ammonia added. Press the gloves in a towel, and dry them in the open air, after blowing to puff them out.

Sympathy

It isn't as easy to sympathize as it sounds. First of all, it means being able to look at things from another person's point of view. Then it means actually identifying oneself with their troubles and joys, it means putting self and the things which interest and concern self into the background and keeping them there. You can't realize what sympathy does for people. It nerves them to bear a brave front, to conquer despondency, perhaps to throw off despair. You can't sympathize too often or too much.

A man wants it when he's well, to keep him fit and cheerful; he wants it when he's worn out, to help to banish the black fears which torment him; he wants it when he's trying to be good, to keep him on the right track; and if he ever wants it more than any other time, it's when he's inclined to go off the line.

What True Love Is

Love is the master power of the world.

Love is a magnet. No purpose or object can resist the influence of a great and persistent love any more than the needle can resist the pole.

Love creates happiness, health, success and inspiration.

Love is the impulse of nature, which gives us foliage, flowers and fruit. Every blade of grass is a love word of the earth for the sun.

Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.

Love is never satisfied with doing or giving anything but the best.

The Creation of Eve

"When Adam's rib was taken from him in sleep, he lost more than was left him, and woke to find all his finer self gone from him. He was left a blundering bumble-bee; to the rib that was taken from him clung the courage of the lioness, the wisdom of the serpent, the gentleness of the dove, the cunning of the spider, and the mysterious charm of the firefly that dances in the dusk. But to that rib also clung the desire to be loved. Otherwise, in the human race, the male would be slain yearly like the drone of the hive. But the strange thing that grew from the rib, like flowers from buried carrion, desired love. There was its strength and its weakness."—Mrs. Ames, by E. F. Benson.

Disconcerting

"What are you laughing at, dear?"

"I was just thinking how you used to sit and hold my hand for an hour at a time before we were married. How silly you were!"

"I wasn't silly at all. I held your hand to keep you away from the piano."

Which Are You?

Now; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets other bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

Girls Who Shouldn't Marry

The girl who is so utterly selfish that she could not consider or love another more than herself.

Who speaks against other girls and unmercifully criticises them.

Who snubs the man or woman who dares dispute her authority, or whom she considers her social inferior.

Who prides herself on her domestic incompetence, and boasts of her inability to cook a dinner or scrub a floor.

Who displays no love for children, who votes them a nuisance, and who would rather fondle a dog than a baby.

Who lives but for pleasure, and neglects her domestic duties while her mother and sisters slave at home.

Washing Hair-brushes

Hair brushes should be washed in hot or tepid water, to which soda or ammonia has been added. The brushes should be dipped in and out of the water till clean, taking care that the backs and handles do not get wet. After rinsing in clear, cold water, put them in the air to dry; they should never be died close to the fire, or the bristles will become discolored, and the use of soap will make the bristles soft.

Tulip Bread

Holland, the land of tulips, is going to eat tulip bread owing to the scarcity of wheat and the difficulty of importing any from America. A baker in Breda had the ingenious idea of baking bread made from flour composed of two-thirds wheat and one-third ground tulip bulbs.

The bread tastes well, is very nourishing and very cheap owing to the vast stock of tulip bulbs available everywhere in Holland. The association of Dutch bakers have officially sanctioned tulip bread, and a loaf has been presented to the Minister of War, who has recommended it for army use.

Lovers and Brothers

The girl who introduces her fiance to her brothers experiences a secret feeling of dread lest they should not "rub along" together.

Such remarks as "Oh, he's a fairly decent sort of chap," or "Never mind, dear, he'll improve on acquaintance" are not very likely to please the sisters they pretend to think so much of.

Every careless remark concerning him hurts her more than they believe; and if the brothers do not make a friend of him she takes it greatly to heart. This tends to drift the girl more and more from her brothers.

One can readily understand the remark of a recently engaged girl when she declared that the introducing of her lover to her brothers was one of the greatest ordeals of her life.

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